

A TRANSACTION IN HEARTS.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

COMPLETE

[FEBRUARY, 1889]

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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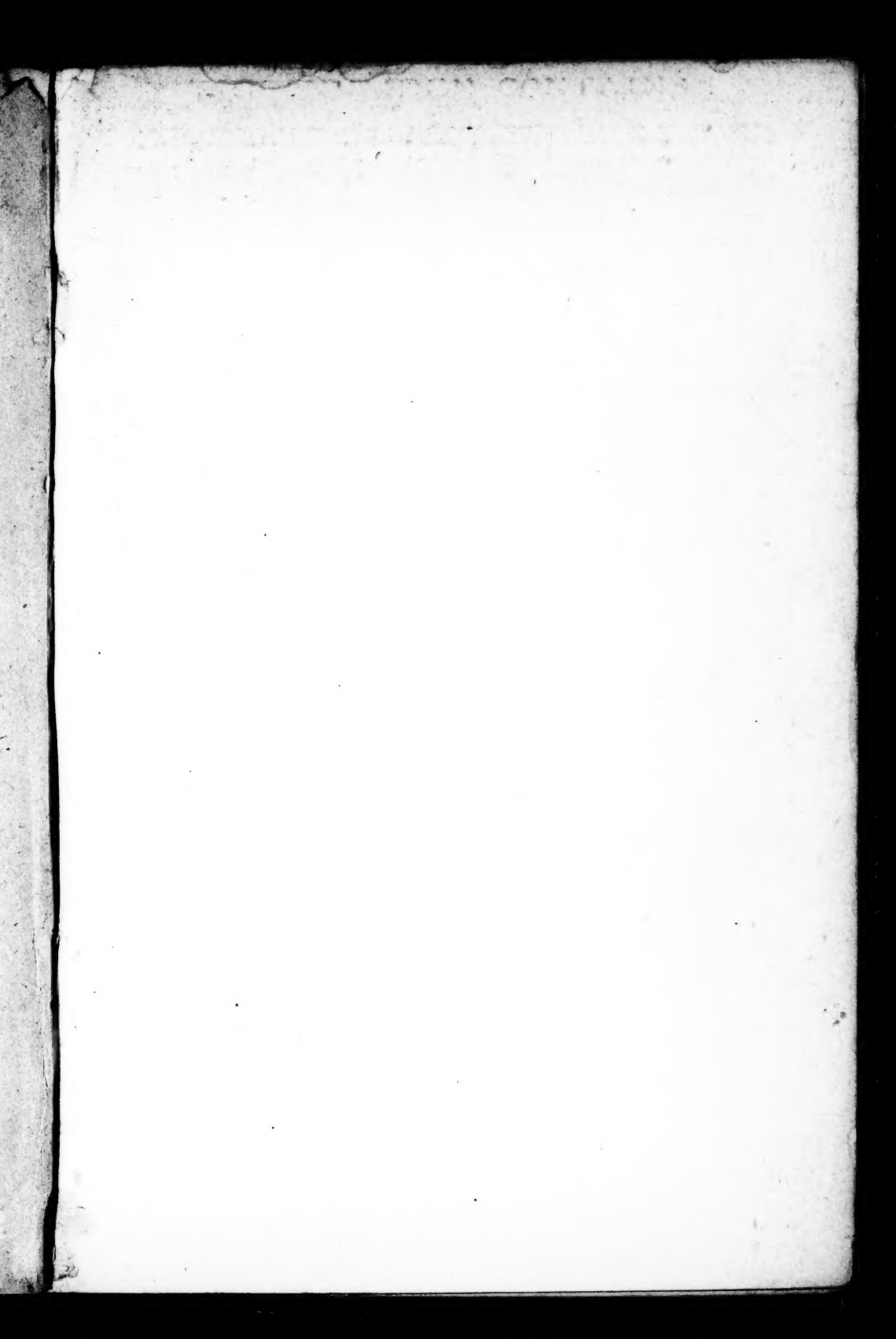
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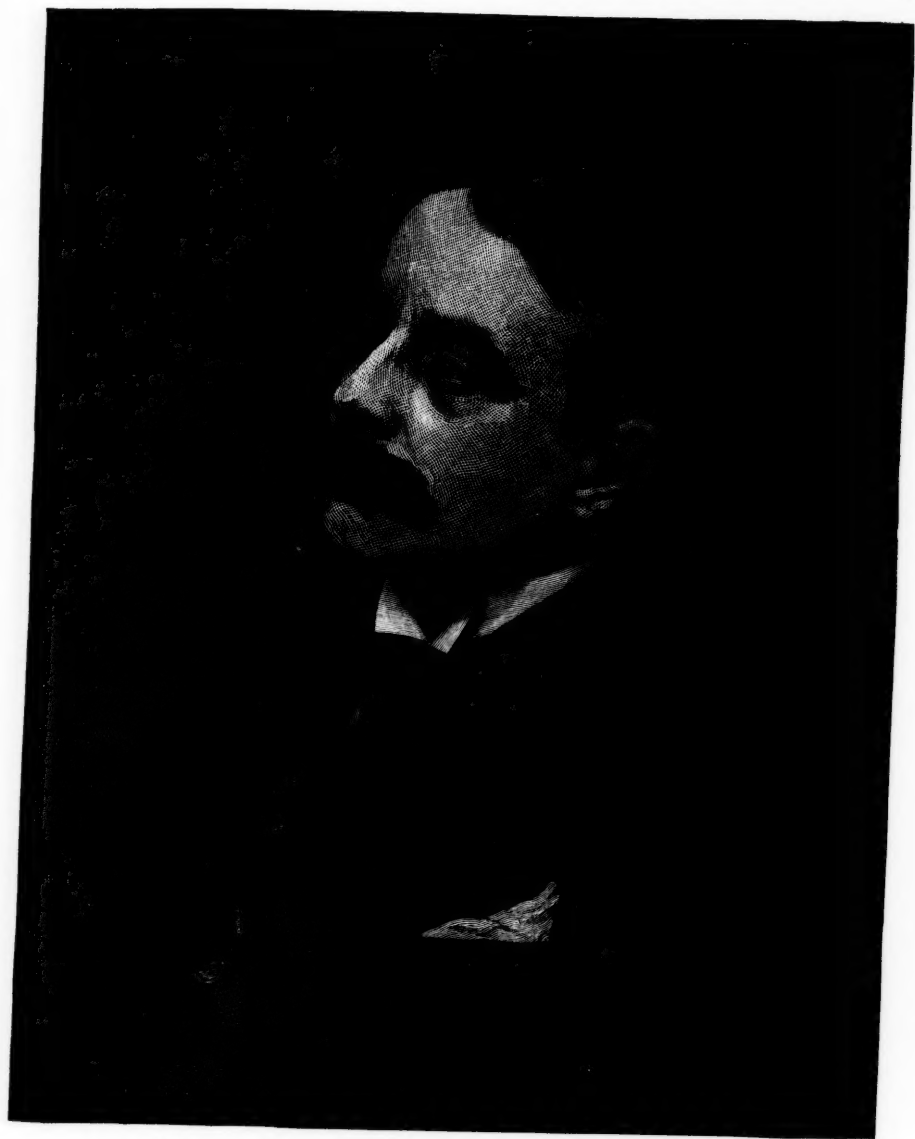
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Yours always
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A

TRANSACTION IN HEARTS.

AN EPISODE.

BY

EDGAR SALTUS,

AUTHOR OF "EDEN," &c.

"Pour estre bien aimé,
Il faut aimer bien peu."
RONSARD.

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

A TRANSACTION IN HEARTS.

I.

THE quiet of the morning was punctuated by a housemaid who, aware that the master was astir, was singing, for his benefit, "Jesus loves me," in a treble of irritating insistence. Already the carriage had arrived, and as Gonfallon drew on his gloves he wondered by what token he should recognize the sister of his wife. He had the vaguest memory of her, a slip of a girl who years before had sat opposite him at dinner, the eyes lowered, the hair in pendent plaits. And as his thoughts went back to earlier days, Ruth called to him from the floor above, "If you don't see her at once, ask the captain: she is in his charge."

Gonfallon was not a whit more unselfish than the best of us, yet that morning, his routine upset, his coffee undigested, the paper barely skimmed, and, paramount of all, Ruth's neuralgia which forced him to the wharf alone, made him conscious that, momentarily, for all of him, in the captain's charge the girl might remain.

But he assented smilingly, as was his wont; and when, after a long sweep down the Avenue and a brisk drive through hideous little streets, he caught a sniff of salt water, his equanimity returned, and as the carriage rolled into the domed and creaking peninsula the momentary annoyance was forgot.

Already the Bourgogne was in the offing, and Gonfallon had but a few moments in which to kick his heels before the great ship was moored and the gang-plank let down. As the vessel swung round he had gazed up at the faces that lined the rail, trusting to his own intuition to recognize the girl unprompted; but as yet among the passengers he saw no one that in any way resembled the shy little maid whom he had come to meet.

"H'm," he mused, "I dare say she has recognized me and is too timid to make a sign." And, reflecting that after all, in view of his

cloth, it would be more dignified to make inquiry of some one than to stand staring women out of countenance, he descended in the caverns of memory and recovered a sentence in French.

"Where is the purser to be found?" he asked of an official at his side.

"Le voilà," the man answered, not over-suavely, and nodded towards an individual bebraided with gold who stood within hailing-distance.

Gonfallon turned to the person thus designated, and presently succeeded in catching his eye. "Would you be good enough——" he began, and, as the purser leaned forward the better to catch his speech, Gonfallon added, "I am looking for Miss Bucholz."

The purser lifted his arms and assumed an expression of the civilest and most amiable perplexity. "Really, sir, I regret, perhaps——" And as he shrugged his shoulders and bowed, as who should say, "It is a grief that I cannot serve you," a young man dressed Piccadilly-fashion touched him on the arm.

"I beg pardon: Dr. Gonfallon, I believe. My name is Mr. Yarde. Miss Bucholz is yonder."

And as Gonfallon, in obedience to the summons, turned again, he heard the purser, presumably to a sympathetic ear, exclaim, "Ah, ça ! Does he think I have his Miss Bucholz in my pocket?"

But Gonfallon had no opportunity of meditating on the variation of demeanor which is peculiar to the French: a moment or two later the guide which Providence or his sister-in-law had sent, had led him through coils of descending passengers to a corner of the deck, which, so nearly as his vision permitted him to discern, was occupied by but one person, a pouting, good-looking lad, such as one may see any day at Eton during term-time, who stood leaning against the back of a steamer-chair in such a manner that only the head and shoulders were visible.

"Here," said the guide, greatly to Gonfallon's astonishment, "here is your quest.—Miss Bucholz, can I be of further assistance?"

Immediately the pout disappeared, and a hand gloved in *Suède* was extended. "Is Ruth not with you?"

And then for the first time Gonfallon realized that he was in the presence of her whom he sought.

"Yes," he answered,—“no, I mean. She is at the house——” In amusement at his own surprise, he smiled a little. "I have a carriage, though——"

The girl turned to the young man who had introduced himself as Mr. Yarde. "You may go," she said, abruptly, and to her lips the pout returned.

The young man made as would he speak, but evidently he thought better of it, and, raising his hat, took himself off. As he moved away, Gonfallon glanced at him, and as he glanced there bubbled within him that unmotivated, instinctive dislike of which antipathy is born.

"Detestable little cad!" the girl muttered, and issued from her barricade.

Gonfallon eyed her curiously. Whatever manner of gown she wore was covered by an ulster. On her head was a sailor-hat, about her neck was a high white collar, the ends bent, and beneath it was a scarf such as is worn by men. She was worse than pretty. In her skin was the hue of that white rose which has a sulphur heart. Her features had the surety of an intaglio, her head was small, the brow low; in her hair, which was short and curled, was the glisten of gold-leaf shown to the sun. Her eyes were of porcelain-blue, the under lids retreating and shorter than the upper. The effect of her mouth, now that the pout had gone, was that of lips untouched and unaware of love. In height she was a trifle taller than the average New York girl. She held herself with the erectness of one accustomed to the saddle. And when again she spoke, Gonfallon felt the charm of that undulant intonation which is the sweetest heritage of English speech.

"Father, I suppose, was too busy to meet me, was he not?" she asked.

Too busy, indeed! Gonfallon thought of the sodden mortal he had seen the week before ambling down a side-street, the stray of millions and of health, and then, remembering that Claire was as yet uninformed of the successive disasters in which he had foundered, he nodded cheerily and smiled.

"Yes, yes, of course. Ruth would have come too, but she is a martyr—no, but really a martyr, you know." For a second he paused, as though in some dumb fashion he might console the girl for the absence of those she loved. "You had a pleasant trip, I hope?" he added. "If you will come with me I will put you in the carriage and see to your traps. Have you the keys?"

An hour later, without further incident necessary of record, the house was reached, and Gonfallon, leaving the girl to her sister's ministrations, went to his study to sandpaper an address for the morrow. But, whether because his routine had been disturbed, or because he was personally out of trim, certain it is that he felt in no mood for the chastening of homilies that noon. For a little while he still fingered the manuscript, striving to coerce his thoughts, until, conscious of the futility of the endeavor, he abandoned further effort and lounged back into the past.

At the time contemporaneous to the episodes with which these pages have to deal, Christopher Gonfallon was in his fortieth year. Across his forehead was a sabre-cut which thought had dealt, near the temples was a suspicion of gray, on either side of his nostrils were the beginnings of furrows, but otherwise the years had been gentle. In his face and bearing was the fragrance of the fields. He wore no beard, his lip was unmoustached. His eyes were of that green-black which is noticeable in dysodile coal. His profile suggested sensitiveness, the full-face strength. Lavater would not have praised his chin. At first sight you would have taken him for a maker of songs and of laws, but his coat betrayed him. By profession he was an ecclesiastic, a priest of the Episcopal Church.

On the conferment of orders he had accepted a call at Bronx, a somnolent New England hamlet, and there during an entire decade he

had wasted his fervors on a collection of cattle, surreptitiously beloved the while by a procession of parochial maids.

Throughout the parish, however, there was at most but one person capable of appreciating the imageries of his speech, and that person, the Countess of Cinq-Cygne, was deaf. To this lady his subsequent and metropolitan success was indirectly due.

The countess, born a Chisolm-Jones, lived in a great stone house that overlooked the village and patches of the surrounding country as well. And this stone house each summer and autumn she was accustomed to populate with detachments and reinforcements of guests. The winter she passed in meditation, though not, presumably, of the count. For de Cinq-Cygne, who had enjoyed the formidable reputation of being the handsomest member of the Jockey, had, after marrying the heiress of Bronx, as the countess was known in her youth, and promenading her through the Tuileries, returned with her to the New England hamlet from which he one day disappeared companioned by his wife's nearest friend. It was rumored that he had returned to the Tuileries and the Jockey Club. But from the countess no mention of him could be wrung. After Sedan she put on black, and it was taken for granted that the count had fallen with the eagle and the imperial bees. Of the fate of the companion of his flight her kinsfolk never asked.

During the last months of winter Gouffalon was a frequent guest at the house on the hill. The countess was too infirm to attend services with any satisfaction to herself, but she was devout, and the visits of the pastor were grateful to her. She was appreciative, and, despite her encroaching deafness, pleasant and intelligent of speech. She had a smile of singular indulgence, and, though her beauty was that of a city raised from the ground, still, you divined among the vestiges the seductions of earlier charm. By repute she had been indeed a belle; and as for her manner, time had coped with it in vain: she was still the high-bred woman who had shown the pinchbeck *maréchaux* and marchionesses of the Tuileries how to walk, and who, when the Emperor on learning that her baptismal name was Helen had exclaimed, "Ah that I were Paris!" had answered, "Sire, you are France."

Of connections she had many, yet of relations but one,—a nephew, Mr. A. B. Fenwick Chisolm-Jones by name, familiarly known as Alphabet, a young gentleman of literary promise which thus far he had failed to fulfil. To the aunt in the sultriness of the summer months the nephew came, and with him any one else who could be lured that way. But in the winter the great house was almost uninhabited; and so it came about that in the soundless dusks the one man in the village who could speak English correctly was made welcome there and at home.

The countess, as has been intimated, was devout. In the old cosmogony she had the amplest faith. To her, heaven was just beyond the stars, and hell beneath the ferrule of her crutch. To the truth of any miracle she would have testified on oath. Had any one so much as hinted before her that the precepts of the synoptic gospels were due

to Socrates and the Socratics, she would have routed the blasphemer with the sign of the cross. It was rumored that in youth she had been less orthodox. But with age religion held her like a vice; it was her ultimate refuge; and as Gonfallon penetrated its abysses he fell to wondering whether his own creed might not be as futile as was hers. Yet to argue with her would have been profitable as the chiding of a river. As a consequence, he held his peace, perplexed at times, but endeavoring in the saddle, in long stretches over bleak, unfrequented roads, to starve his thoughts into submission and sponge his mind of doubt.

Meanwhile, the tenor of his discourses remained unchanged. Long since he had discovered that to move his congregation he needed not spirituality of metaphor, but powder and shot; and yet, through that obstinacy which inhibits the poet from writing to the crowd, he continued to preach, not to his listeners, but to the lintels above. And to them his lessons bore no trace of the dogmatic. Now and then would come a warning, but the detached and terrible maledictions in which the provincial divine delights were never voiced by him. It was to souls he did not see he spoke, and in his speech were exhortations to virtue and pictures of the perfect peace of conscience at rest. His weapons were parables; the ground-work of his instruction was built on compassion. Did he plead, it was for patience, for abnegation of self; did he exhort, it was to charity, to forgiveness of sin.

Christopher Gonfallon did not preach to the lintels wholly in vain. One green afternoon in June, while he was engaged with the litany, a little man, rather stout, rather pompous, yet shrewd of eye, an individual unknown to the villagers, entered the church and dropped into the first convenient pew, the which, thereupon, apparently interested him no further. During the services he remained apathetic; during the sermon that followed he did not once take his eyes from the preacher. And when, to the accompaniment of the usual "Let your light so shine," the warden handed him, tentative fashion, the plate, that gentleman was bewildered at the receipt, not of the fraction of a dollar which he had expected, but of the most majestic contribution which he had as yet borne to the rail.

In a village a bit of gossip seems rather to permeate the air than to circulate from mouth to mouth: it reaches the sojourner whether he will it or not. Before tea-time that evening every one in Bronx knew that the little man was Bucholz the monopolist, a visitor, with his daughters, at the house on the hill, piloted there, it was rumored, by the countess's nephew, Alphabet Jones.

To the house on the hill that evening Christopher Gonfallon was bidden. In summer it was the custom of the countess not to sup, but to dine; and when the doors of the semi-baronial hall were thrown open and a servant announced that her ladyship was served, Gonfallon discovered that it was his privilege to lead to the repast one of the two daughters of the monopolist alluded to. She was, he presently observed, a very fetching young woman. Her skin was eburnean in its clarity, her eyes of iserine, and in her features something there was that suggested a pastel of a politer age, an Eve on a fan. Across the table

her sister sat, an undeveloped slip of a girl, at whom Gonfallon glanced but once. It was to the elder that he gave his attention, and it took him but a moment to perceive that that attention was not thrown away. She was breezy of speech, though not of manner, and she was garmented in a mode and texture which her neighbor did not remember to have remarked before. When he addressed her, he detected her thought running just in advance of his own, completing it as it were with little embroideries of home manufacture; and when in turn she led the talk, she seemed, in comparison to his parochial dames and damsels, the visitant from a larger world. Beside her he felt himself the rustic: for a little space he fancied that he must seem awkward, a fancy which did not tend to an increase of confidence, and when, later on, he journeyed over the yellow road to the parsonage, he noted with a pang of mortification that unconsciously he had been envying the easy assurance of Alphabet Jones.

The Bucholz family disappeared noiselessly as they had arrived; and when the stifle of summer disappeared as well, one of that family was still remembered in Bronx. Now and then, in some leaf-bound quietude that was stirred if at all but by the call of some ruffian bawling to the cows, Gonfallon had caught himself wishing for the wider spheres that lay beyond the hills and musing through fringes of melancholy on the desolateness of his life. Thus far the feminine had been apart from his existence. In the first fervors of the calling which he had adopted, the celibacy of the priesthood in the Mother Church had seemed to him obligatory on whomso devoted his energies to Christ, and unprompted he had paraphrased a familiar dictum,—a cleric married is a cleric marred. As an adolescent he had been of too shy and vibrant a nature to consort in comfort with the combustible maidens of the Massachusettsian town in which his boyhood had been passed, and at the university the mysticism of the spirit had dulled the virility of the flesh. But now the first fervors had gone. He had weighed the Mother Church; her laws had no hold on him. The mysticism with which he had spurned the earth had faded like spilt wine; while of his energies, nothing, apparently, had resulted. In his pastorate he was not disliked, but he was not appreciated. His predecessor had been oafish as his charges, and by that very oafishness the good will of the parish had been won,—he had been of themselves; whereas Gonfallon was of a clay so fine that they felt him above them, a fact which in itself was a reproach. Moreover, he was a bachelor: save his mother, their women-folk had no one to receive them did they perpetrate a contribution-party, and about the stove in the village store the misdeeds of unmarried divines to which the press gave prominence had been chuckled over with envious and suspicious glee.

Presently the summer spent itself, the stifle departed; but before the earliest frost had used its palette on the leaves there came an invitation from the metropolis beyond. The Church of Gethsemane,—nick-named that of the Holy Bilk,—that edifice which from the corner of Fifty-Second Street and Fifth Avenue projects sheer up into carolling azure the brownest and steepest of steeples, was in need of a new incumbent. The former rector—an exegete and eschatologist of more

than passing note, a scholar possessed of rare controversial ability, and, parenthetically, English by birth, a man whose mere attitude and manner were pervasive with a seduction so alluring that through it depopulated pews had been re-peopled and filled—suddenly had come to grief. In spite of the wage, ten thousand a year paid quarterly and in advance, he had managed to run up a hillock of debts which if not fabulous in size had been noisy and unseemly of utterance. At the initial clamor there had been a hush, then a murmur and an effort to suffocate the scandal in its cradle, but inarticulate whispers floated the facts abroad, the rector vanished, and Gethsemane, dubbed there and then the Church of the Holy Bilk, witnessed a procession of clerics ascending and descending the pulpit stair. But apparently no one of them had more than momentarily pleased. Then a call, prompted by Bucholz, had been voiced in Gonfallon's ears. If he hesitated, not even his mother knew it. The dust of Bronx he shook from him. He came, he preached, and when the benediction was given, the rectorship was his.

At the hour when that intelligence was conveyed to him he escaped into solitude and with a finger beat a tattoo on his teeth. During that tattoo his thoughts went forward and back. He reviewed the negligent years, he interrogated the future. Behind him were bundles of baseless appearances, the mysticism which had shrouded his youth, the akosmism into which Berkeley had led him, then the long halt, the lintels of the village church; but now Fifth Avenue lay at his feet, beyond were the insignia of the episcopate, while in him pulsed that strength which brings the strophium to the conqueror. And as he peered at the stranger that was himself, any one who had chanced that way would have discerned, not a man, but an aim. That day he called on Bucholz, and, not finding him at home, gave an hour to his daughter Ruth.

Gonfallon's metropolitan success was immediate. He made no attempt to theorize with history; he did not meddle with Paul; the expounding of the gospels he left to others. With a set of people that fancied themselves in possession of advanced views and were still in the Middle Ages, he achieved the impossible: he not only consoled, he flattered, he persuaded and fascinated as well. In a word, he detained attention, not with home truths, however, but with issues and questions which few have energy enough to probe for themselves, and of which every one wishes to be informed. And therewith he could be austere, stern even, and he could wield an epigram like a glaive. He was in earnest, too.

It was towards the close of a political contest that he first donned the rector's gown. On that occasion the President happened to be in the middle aisle. Gonfallon, however, with an apposite text for foreword, took up the question at once. For three-quarters of an hour he held the most indifferent congregation in New York with the topic for which they cared the least. And at the close, with a gesture that swept the church, "Not politics," he cried, "but religion is the nation's soul." It was in this wise that the congregation was won.

Incidentally he did not neglect Bucholz, nor yet Bucholz' daughter. The girl was shyly willing; as for Gonfallon, he was wholly in love.

The dream of celibacy faded, as dreams ever do. He asked, and with sweet reluctance it was given. His mother, who had migrated with him from Bronx, departed to the Massachusettsian homestead; and after the brief honeymoon he settled down to his pastorate charge.

Meanwhile, Bucholz' younger daughter, Claire, had been sent abroad in search of masters of foreign arts and tongues; and abroad for four years she remained,—in fact, until Bucholz, caught in a mouse-trap which that arch-hunter Jerolomon had set for him, saw the amassments of his own booty, twenty million at least, evaporate in a night. Six weeks later Claire landed in New York.

And now, the morning of her arrival, as Gonfallon lounged back through the past, the episodes of his career paraded unsummoned before him. He saw himself on the singing sands of the Beverly coast, he saw the elms of the village street, he heard the unprompted prayers of his youth and the sound of his own voice vibrating for the first time through the aisles of Gethsemane. Faces long forgotten returned to him and smiled. Incidents that were trivial ousted others that were grave,—the trick the countess had of polishing the handle of her crutch, the vividness of certain dreams, one in particular that had haunted him, sporadically, for years,—the idea that he had ascended the pulpit in pajamas and was unable to hide,—the tennis-match in which Ruth had played, and which, a sunstroke and a check of perspiration aiding, had resulted in the neuralgia which kept her to her room.

At the thought of her he drew a breath that resembled a sigh. For Ruth, in her enforced seclusion, seemed to have resigned herself to invalidism and the matter-of-fact. The breeziness which had won him to her had gone, gone too the impromptu of her speech, the savors that had so allured. Three years of marriage, and in place of the sensitive, high-strung girl there was a languid woman who each day at stated intervals consumed a furtive pill. His love for her, that love which he had accounted measureless, and which in the earliest transports of the unexpected had thrown him at her feet, impelling him in the belief there was none that could fill his life as she, and prompting him in the utterance, *Non hodie solum, sed in æternum te adorabo*,—that love which in the possibilities of its expansion had seemed a contingent of the infinite had narrowed into an unsuggestive bond. Where is the Vandal that invented marriage? Gonfallon put to himself no such query. Unquestionably he was happy in his household; but to the happiest of households there comes a moment of regret.

II.

Claire transplanted took root at once. It was only now and then, in a bow not from the neck but from the waist, in an intonation, in a hap-hazard phrase, that you divined the foreign-bred girl. A month had not spent itself before she was in possession of a list. Each day was marked by scrawls from people she had met no one knew how or when. In the evening and in the late afternoons the sitting-room of the rectory, a room which Gonfallon in the earliest awkwardness of pros-

perity had fitted in that lovable Latin fashion which excludes everything but the necessary and inhibits every adornment introduced for ornament's sake,—the bare tableless sitting-room, with its infrequent chairs and pedestalled lamps, was peopled with guests astonished enough to find themselves in so sedate a home. Mrs. Manhattan, on the wing from Newport to New Jersey, had happened in twice, a signal mark of favor from one as socially occupied as she. And with her, or without her, yet inevitably in her train, were other ladies of lesser note,—Miss Nevers, for instance, a young woman who had preferences for everybody and attractions for none; Miss Pickett, whom Claire had encountered in that vague region which is known as Abroad; Mrs. Usselex, a parishioner of Gonfallon's, the bride of a year, more familiarly known as Eden; the Pondirs, *mère et fille*, recruiting, as usual, for their musicales; Miss Raritan, with whom scandal had been busy and who ignored that scandal as only the virtuous may; the Duchesse de la Dèche, born a Wainwaring, very fetching in her widow's weeds, now courted, it was rumored, by Mr. Incoul. And with these ladies there was a contingent of men,—Dugald Maule, a young lawyer who dreamed of the bench, famous for the art with which he abandoned a sweetheart and preserved her good will; Harry Tandem, a youth of such lively taste in dress that the previous winter on asking Nicholas Manhattan to suggest a costume that he might wear to the Amsterdams' fancy-ball he had been answered, "Go as you are, Harry; you are fancy enough as it is;" George Rerick, a young man so vacuous of expression that he had been nicknamed *It*; Tremont Yarde, Claire's fellow-passenger on the voyage over, a scion of the house of Yarde and Company, bankers; and, last and least, Alphabet Jones the novelist.

The sudden infatuation of these people for his sister-in-law was a phenomenon which Christopher Gonfallon was at a loss to explain. Everything about her, the innocence of her eyes, the purity of her lips, the atmosphere which she exhaled, everything, even to the ripple of her laugh, seemed at variance with such as they. That she should be admired was a thing which he accepted as a matter of course: she was, he had already discovered, admirable in manifold respects. But she was not a catch; the recent disasters of her father must have bespattered her not a little; she was not, never had been, and in all probability never would be, in what is colloquially known as the swim; and yet, seemingly, without an effort on her part, a bouquet of the flowers of the upper four was claiming her as its own. Truly he could not make it clear. Now and then on returning to the rectory he had loitered a second at the sitting-room door, surprised at the murmur of voices, the hum of a conversation that seemed to flutter from ear to ear, interrupted, if at all, by a laugh, or the click of a fan furled suddenly; and through it he would catch Claire's intonation, undulatory yet vibrant as a child's, and he would see her, behind the teacups, in her face the flush of the rose, in her expression the guilelessness of one too young to be aware of wrong.

Once only, on the impulse of the moment, he had ventured in, but his cloth must have jarred, for immediately there had been an escape, delayed only by Mrs. Manhattan's superior tact, which had led him into

a corner and forced him into platitudes on the subject of the Bond of Hope, a benevolent institution for deserving poor, over which as rector he presided.

Ah, yes, the Bond of Hope was doing famous work. And even as he asserted it he remembered a smothered scandal of the month before— Ah, yes, the Bond of Hope indeed! But as he smiled assuringly he caught in Mrs. Manhattan's congratulations an inflection which told him she was not the fool she looked; and when Mrs. Manhattan had taken her Directoire coat away and the other visitors had departed, he himself had lingered, refreshed by Claire's limpid smile, the guilelessness of her face.

Guileless she was,—so guileless, so pure and chaste of face and way, that a day or two later, when Gonfallon, outwearied with the effort of setting new thoughts into archaic frames, dropped his pen, determining, if need were, that he would exhume a sermon from the package he had brought from Bronx, the charm was upon him. Already he had discerned in her something of the confidence of a flower, a flexibility which a passing wind might disarray, that innocence which a breath will tarnish and which it was for him who stood quasily *in loco parentis* to preserve unsullied by the world. For a moment he pondered on the possibility of mating her to some earnest young cleric, Mr. Qualms, for instance, one of his own assistants, a recent graduate of Trinity, a sturdy servant of Christ who possessed a look of feverish determination and trousers that bagged at the knee. Yet, somehow, the idea seemed incongruous and unpleasant; this thought took a tangential flight, and he fell to musing as to what Claire could have in common with her guests and they with her.

So far as the feminine element was concerned, little there was to be said. Mrs. Manhattan was indeed a butterfly of fashion,—rather mature and stout, but still a butterfly,—yet did she not each Sunday occupy a pew that fronted the pulpit, under the very drippings of the sanctuary as it were, and was not her husband warden of the church? Miss Nevers, he understood, had been taxed with inconsequences; but society he knew to be censorious. Besides, was she not the originator of the Girls' Friendly Aid Association?—and, moreover, when after some sudden peroration he had extended his arm, with that gesture with which all New York was familiar, and asked the congregation, as though it embodied a unit, Are *you* one of those miserable sinners? he had watched Miss Nevers and marked that not so much as an eyelid had quivered at the taunt. With Miss Pickett no fault whatever could be found: her attendance at communion had the exactitude of an eclipse. And so far as the duchess was concerned, albeit on marrying a Frenchman she had renounced the Episcopal Church, was there not, poor, errant lamb, a chance of winning her back to the fold?

But of the men he was by no means so sure. Jones, certainly, apart from the ribaldry of his fiction and a mania he had for collecting plots, was harmless as a strawberry festival, and an old friend to boot. Maule was of a different class: he had a coarse mouth, and his reputation was sour. Rerick was not a bit better. Tandem he dismissed with an epithet,—popinjay. But Yarde detained his thoughts. Concerning him he

had obtained information,—information which the young man's appearance refuted, for he was fragrant, colorful, and grateful to the eye, evidence, however, which Gonfallon was not inclined to accept in his favor. And in declining he was logical; for if Satan be not seductive how can he ever enthrall?

As he thought of Yarde his perplexity increased. He was welcomed from one end of Fifth Avenue to the other. Outwardly he was not ill-behaved, a little effeminate perhaps, but not actually offensive, and yet about him was an atmosphere which Gonfallon could not breathe. It seemed to him that beneath the affectations of a peacock he concealed the beak and talons of a bird of prey,—the sort of man that ought to have the danger-signal hoisted wheresoever he went. But still, if Claire chose to receive him, what manner of complaint could be made? Because he himself happened to be of the cloth there was little reason why he should expect his wife's sister to be exclusive as a nun. Were the girl under any other roof than his own, no form of remonstrance could be voiced. Nevertheless he felt that some remonstrance should be forthcoming. That afternoon he had seen Yarde's brougham at the door; he had seen it there the day previous, and the day before that. He felt vexed at Claire, at himself,—the more so, perhaps, in that he was unable to put his finger on the exact cause of the vexation and display it guardian-wise to her. The only plank that drifted to him seemed to inhibit speech. Claire was so evidently innocent-minded that did he venture to warn her, either she would not understand, in which case explanations would be impossible, or in comprehending she might feel herself aggrieved. In consequence, but one course seemed open to him,—to speak to Ruth and ask her to catechise the girl in his stead.

Despite the lancinating neuralgia which imprisoned her for days at a stretch, Ruth preserved the disposition of a sundial: it was only serene hours of which she took count. There was nothing dolent in her tone; her manner, if languider than before, was unwarped by pain. About her husband, the parish, everything in fact, down to the minutiae of domestic economy, she was still alert. The servants adored her. In moments when the agony of her temples was acute enough to turn each individual hair above them red, when a pang would scatter through the cheek-bones, loiter under the teeth, and then distend in zigzags and spirals through every nerve of the face, a moan might come from her, but never a complaint. Dr. McMasters, who attended her,—a physician who had passed his prime among the poor, and whom the resuscitation of a stock-jobber encountered by chance had lifted from the purlieus of Abingdon Square to the precincts of Fifth Avenue,—expressed full confidence in her recovery; but meanwhile he marvelled not alone at her self-control, but at the solicitude which she was able to maintain in those of his indigent patients whom he had not the heart to abandon, and whose sufferings, if less acute than her own, poverty rendered more poignant. In these, as in many others, Ruth's interest was unrelaxing, and her assistance life. While as to her pleasures, the which indeed had become scanty of late, the greatest, the unique of all was the touch of her husband's hand. To her he was always the perfect lover whose charm had won her heart and the attention of all New

York. She was proud of him as only a woman can be whose love has idealized a man into something more than flesh. And when, with the selfishness of those who know themselves adored, he would come to her in some momentary depression, it was joy to her to encourage him anew. To her individualism rarely an allusion did she make, and then so casually that you would have thought her discussing the momentary malaise of some stranger whose indisposition rumor had brought to her, or else so hopefully that you expected on the morrow to find her with health restored. Indeed, she was self-abnegatory, fretting only at the imprisonment which kept her from her husband's side, supervising from her chair everything, even to the coal in the cellar, and in her darkened room clairvoyant as a nyctalope and weariless in thoughts and devices for him.

And this evening as he entered the room, "Chris!" she murmured, "it is so good of you!"

In her smile, in her gesture, in the expression which her lips took on, there was an ambient gratitude, a welcome, and a delight.

"You are better, are you not?"

"All day I thought if I could only get away from the pain; but see, you come, and the wish is fulfilled. Yes, I am better now. And you? Were you at the Bond to-day?"

"I was; and as I came from it I saw Yarde's brougham at the door. What does Claire have him for?"

"Really, Chris, it is not her fault. He insists on coming. But if you object I will speak to her."

"It is she that should object, not you, nor I."

"Yes, Chris, it is for us. Claire!—why, she is a child yet: any one can see that. Besides, she does not like him: she told me so."

"H'm! she has an odd way of showing it, then."

"Do you know, Chris, she really does dislike him? When she met him in Paris, she was taken, oh! just a little, as a girl might be,—it appears that there are no young men in Paris,—and so, as he seemed nice and agreeable, she was a little flattered, and, I suppose, just a little bit pleased as well. It is so easy to please a young girl! Well, from what she told me, he did not act right. He met Miss Pickett, Claire even introduced him, and then, how ever it came about I don't know, but the attention which he had previously given to Claire he bestowed on her friend. He sees his mistake now, that is evident; but Claire will have none of him."

"She has him here every day."

"Chris, really, I think she hates him. She admitted as much the other night. When he comes here she snubs him. On the ship she was barely civil."

"He hasn't enough reputation to last over-night. Jones told me any number of things about him. It is an outrage that he should pursue her here. As for hating him, that's all stuff and nonsense: she is too sweet-tempered to hate any one. Besides, even if she did; it would only show that she was dead in love with him."

"That is not like you, to be cynical." And into Ruth's face a sudden sadness came.

"There, sweetheart, forgive me. I am irritated to-day. I would not vex you: you know that. I will speak to Claire myself." As he spoke, he took her hand in his, and Ruth, comforted by the caress and by the title, smiled anew.

"Yes, Chris, speak to her; and I will speak to her too."

For a while husband and wife sat together, discussing matters of common interest,—the illness of the bishop, the condition of Ruth's father, the possibility that before the winter set in she herself would be able to assume the duties in the sphere to which she had been called; and when at last he rose to go, she declared that every ill had vanished. When a woman loves a man, his mere presence is a tonic.

As Gonfallon descended the stair, however, his thoughts were not of his wife. The brougham which had stood before the rectory that afternoon had in departing carried his fancy afar. It had roamed in and out of the possibilities of that young man's career, and it had not roamed with approval.

According to Jones, Tremont Yarde was hardly such an one as a young girl should know. Among women he had the reputation of a freebooter; the men, Jones asserted, were more lenient. But, then, are not men always that? Provided their own family be secure from attack, at deeds of a certain kind they were apt to wink, and approvingly too. Moreover, though the young man had a number of zeros behind him, those zeros were fronted with figures. The house of Yarde and Co. was, with that of Usselex, foremost in the Street. Of course the men were lenient,—and the women as well. Gonfallon was not a fool. He knew that everything, virtue, genius, beauty,—everything can be talked away, but never wealth. He had not lived under the shadow of the Bleeckers for nothing. But now, as he descended the stair, even that was forgot. One thing was present with him,—his antipathy to Yarde, and the warning he must give. That young man, he decided, might disport himself wheresoever he listed, but Claire he should not approach. And with this decision, to which, since his conversation with Ruth, he made certain the girl would concur, he entered the room where she sat.

Claire was lounging on one of those sofas in which the occupant can fall asleep without being preached to. At Gonfallon's entrance she looked up, and a book which she held fell from her. Her head was on one cushion and her feet on another.

Leilah swinging in a hammock in a garden of Ispahan was less clothed, perhaps, but not more indolent, than she. At sight of her he seemed to catch some echo of ghuzlas and cithars. From above the lamp-light shuttled her curls. On one ankle which the negligent fold of her frock disclosed, glittered a gold thread, the clock-work of the stocking. As he approached there came to greet him the clean odor of acorns and of pines.

Suddenly the curtain must have claimed his attention, for for a moment he busied himself with it. Then he turned again to where she lay.

"Did you ride this morning?" he asked, and, without waiting for

an answer, he added at once, "You don't get this Indian summer over there, do you? H'm. Rather close, though, don't you think? By the way,"—he had been talking at the wall, but now he looked at her,— "by the way, Claire, whose trap was that at the door this afternoon? Rather neat, I thought."

And Claire, with that inappositeness which constitutes one of the crimes which the law cannot reach, murmured from the tips of her lips, "I say, would you mind lowering that wick?"

Gonfallon did as he was bidden, adding, as he moved to the lamp, "That brougham, I mean. The man on the box had two pair of reins; I counted them."

"Is Ruth coming down?"

"I think not. She is expecting McMasters. Whose affair did you say it was?"

"The brougham, you mean?—bottle-green, with yellow wheels? Yarde's, I fancy."

"Ah, yes,—that young fellow that crossed in the steamer with you. I thought—h'm—however—Claire, do you know he is not at all the kind of a man for you to know? Some one happened to speak of him the other day. To oblige Ruth and myself, I wish the next time he calls you would send word you are not visible. You see——"

The girl interrupted him with a yawn: "It was that lamp over there I meant." And as she spoke she covered her mouth with her hand.

"You see, Claire," Gonfallon continued, after he had attended to her behest,— "you see, while I presume that this young man is not in any way personally offensive, yet, er—well, he is not of a class that we care to have you associate with."

"Ah?"

"Not of that class at all."

Claire raised herself a little on the lounge and looked up at Gonfallon. "And what class is it that you prefer?" she asked.

"H'm. Well, Claire, this Mr. Yarde is notoriously a loose fish. It is unnecessary that I should particularize; but we prefer that you only see men whose intentions are honorable."

Claire laughed. "There aren't any," she answered, and let her head fall back on the cushion.

III.

For a moment Gonfallon stared, open-mouthed, astonished as a yokel at a thimble-rigger. And as Claire picked up the book which she had dropped at his entrance, he stood quite still, groping among the obscurities of her speech. But it was impossible, he told himself, that a girl so fragrant of innocence should wittingly make a remark as paradoxically unanswerable as was that. It was a mistake; he had not heard her words aright, or else she had uttered them as a child utters hap-hazard a phrase caught up and retained. But something in her attitude, the manner in which she turned the page, the carriage of her head, the abandonment of the body, the indiscretion of a foot uptilted on a cushion, the contraction of the under lip betokening a smile suppressed

and suggestive of merriment aroused not by the book she held but by some picture which memory had just disclosed,—these things, intercepted in a glance, revealed a Claire unknown and wholly undivined.

Noiselessly as he had entered he turned and left the room. Across the hall was his study; and as he sank on the ample lap of an easy-chair in which it was his custom to scaffold his homilies, suddenly his pulse was stirred. At the moment he made no attempt to dominate, he sat in wonder at himself, the will refractory and perverse. But presently he was on his feet again, his teeth set, and in his eyes that expression which the horseman has when he masters with curb and with knee.

On the mantel before him was a mirror, a convenience serviceable on those occasions when, surprised by some unawaited visit, it was necessary to filch a reflection for the adjustment of neckcloth or of hair. But now in the surprise at a visitant such as he had never encountered before he fronted the mirror, his teeth still set, the jaw unrelaxed; and as he stood the rumor of the inward conflict moved his lips. "Ah, Tartufe!" he muttered, "is it for this you toiled?"

In his ears a ripple of laughter still rang, a laugh that was sylvan, the laugh of a young faun made merry by the sorceries of spring. "Ah, Tartufe!" he repeated. And still the ripple continued, insistent, insinuating, jubilant in wantonness, clear and heady as the upper notes of a flute. "Is it for this?"

With the grimace of a hound at a vagabond he glared at his image. He was angered and distraught at the intussusception of a presence more terrible than that which Luther outfaced in his cell. "Do you think," he cried in menace at himself, "do you think that I have fear of you?" At the unanswering mirror he raised his hand. "What have you to do with her, or she with you?" And as his arm fell again to his side some fume of disgust must have mounted to his brain, for he added, in a murmur, "I am as a Jesuit: I argue with myself."

"Did you call, Chris?"

Gonfallon turned with a start of a subject awakening from a trance. In the door-way was Ruth.

"Did you call?" she repeated.

He blinked, but made no answer. And Ruth, gazing at him from the door-way, one hand on the wood-work, the other upholding the curtain, her eyes full of interrogations, her lips just parted, her head nimbused with the jonquil of her hair, had about her a suggestion of that grace with which Boucher pleased the Pompadour. To one as myope as her husband, the lines that extended from the edge of the nostril, the circles that shadowed the cheek-bones like inverted circumflexes over an *i*, were unperceived. Through the saffron shade of the lamp she appeared younger, more tentative, than she had for months, and in her voice which now seemed to reach him across inordinate distances was the caress he had loved so well. But he was still imprisoned in himself. He shook his head and blinked as one does who passes from darkness into light.

"No," he said, at last, "no——"

"Oh, Chris, you are composing your sermon! Forgive me: I did not mean to interrupt."

With a finger she threw him an apology and a kiss. The curtain fell again, and she was gone.

Sermon, indeed! The sermon was in that patient face that just had disappeared. He sat down again on the chair, and let his thoughts roam back again to Bronx and the wooing of his wife. When first she had put her hand in his it was as though life were fulfilled to its tips: he had conceived no greater earthly joy than the possibility of calling her his own, to his after-days she had brought the blithest airs, and now, after three years of marriage, if nothing remained save that friendship which is born of love and which the fabulist has declared to be better than love itself, if of the ardors which he had believed extinguishable only cinders remained, was the fault his own? Surely he had been sincere. It is a maxim in law that against a promise to do something in the future no charge of fraud can lie. And if the maxim hold good in law, why not in love as well? When before God and man he had promised to love her always, had he not as fully intended to keep that promise as the honest trader does who makes a note? If bankruptcy intervene and the note be protested, it is humiliating, no doubt, but conscience at least is undisturbed. And yet an elenchicism such as this one with which, as was his duty, he would have dulled the remorse of any parishioner who had come to him in similar strait, left him rudderless and derelict. Truly the advice we give is rarely that to which we hold. Gonfallon sounded its sophistry with a sneer. He would have given hope itself to be able to touch Ruth's hand and feel again the electricity which it had once communicated, that spasm which in days gone by had seized him between the shoulder-blades and gone pulsing down the spinal cord, leaving him during the moment that followed quasi-dumb, and ineffectual of speech; indeed he would have given much could the old thrill have outlasted satiety, and, though it were through the very force of love that satiety had been begot, he wondered could the fault be nature's, not his own.

To Ruth he had brought his first-fruits, and in the bringing he had deemed them imperishable as the apples of the Hesperides. He had revelled in the offering of them; he had laid them glistening at her feet; he had marvelled at the blossoms with which she crowned the gift; he had thought them both enduring as the stars; he would have staked his soul that their twin hearts made one would mount, inseparate, into those realms no eye has scanned, but which the gracious Christ, his Master, has vouchsafed to whomso does believe in Him. These things had been the securest tenets of his marriage-pact. And then, as sometimes happens with those mated over-hastily, he awoke one day to the knowledge that it was the woman he had loved, not the individual,—the bottle, not the wine.

Of sweeter than she, one fairer and more gentle, a woman kindlier, juster, yet more debonair, it was not within his power to conceive. She was still to him admirable in each respect, a woman whom as sister he would have adored, as another's sister he would have envied, but who as wife left him as marble is, unmalleable, and chilling to the touch. Where had the emotions gone? Where were the roses of the yesteryear? Where was the vision he had sought to clasp? Though the

flutter of her kiss still hovered, ambient, in the air, he told himself that her love had departed like his own, that between them but one thing subsisted,—the sanctity of the marriage-vow, unbreakable by either. Of her, in that regard, he had, of course, no fear. And it was perhaps that very confidence, that security and facility in love, that had brought him to his present pass. Whoso has nothing to desire has nothing left to dread. But for himself he had trembled indeed. Claire had exhaled an atmosphere headier than the headiest breath of spring. There was about her an attraction, undiscovered till that night, but which, latent perhaps for days gone by, had suddenly enveloped and coerced him with its force. But now that too was gone.

Ah, yes, it was gone indeed; and he cracked the joints of his fingers in testimony to his deliverance from its spell. For a second he had been weaker, more unstable than water; and now, as he smiled a trifle grimly at the remembrance, he bethought him of the legends of the saints, of Saint Anthony, Saint Dominick, Saint Maur. It was a disaster which overtook all men. But it needed strength to combat,—he would have added faith, but something choked the utterance down,—it needed strength; and that strength was his. Again he smiled. He would have no need to cope again. Yet, for the moment, he wondered what sudden invocation of the flesh could have oppressed him so. Nothing, he could have sworn, in connection with that girl that lay sprawled on the sofa across the hall. No, it was not that: it was one of those ills which had afflicted and would continue to afflict many another more steadfast than he. Besides, independent of that, what had he of all men to do with such a thing? aside from his cloth, were not his temples gray? and, save spectacles, what better guarantee against love can there be?

In thought he had really tried to trick himself, but in an instant he was at the mirror again. At school, at the seminary, even so recently as the preceding summer, he had been spoken of as That Handsome Gonfallon. And as he sprang from his seat he remembered a bit of gossip that had been brought him, an anecdote culled in the vestibule of the church, a conversation overheard and apposite to the infatuation of his parishioners, in which the first speaker was reported to have said something about Dr. Gonfallon's congregation, while the second, interrupting, had interjected a remark unreportable here.

But now, as he stood again before the glass, it was as though it pictured not the present alone but the past as well. He saw a lithe, dark-eyed lad, clear of feature and of mind, hurrying to some distant goal, arrested by a mirror that showed him back not youth, but age.

Through the window a moon luminous as sulphur shone. Beyond, the spires of Gethsemane pierced the night. The street was quiet. From afar came the accent of the Elevated, rushing, dragon-wise, in mid-air, lulling the neighborhood with the strain of its incessant surge. After a dusk in dead rose, the sky had become visibly blue.

And as he stood, interviewing the night, determining that the pulses should subside with years, from the hall came the rustle of a dress. For a second's space he clutched at the wainscot. The glass

gave him forty years, his blood nineteen. Then at once he was at the door, drawing the curtain on its rings aside.

"H'm,"—he affected a little cough, and held himself as though an accident had brought him there,—“h'm, Claire, is that you? I thought you had gone to bed.”

“Going,” the girl answered, negligently, and yawned as she spoke. “One has to come to New York to go to bed early.”

Then, something that he could not afterwards explain, some one of those unanalyzed causes that transform the gentle to the brute, claimed him as its own. His cloth, his vows, the rectory itself, everything, even to the presence of Ruth on the floor above, vanished as had they never been. With a spring his arm was about her neck, his lips were on hers, the odor of her hair, of her face, the moisture of her mouth, were his, and just as he strove to clasp her closer yet, with an undulant movement the girl slipped from his embrace.

“There, don’t hurt a fellow,” she exclaimed; and as she retreated, smiling yet breathless, to a step beyond his reach, she added, with her faun-like ripple, “I say, Chris, you seem to like the breed.”

From strength to weakness there is but a kiss. During the moments that followed, Gonfallon felt as were he astride a runaway horse. At first, as he plunged through unimagined thickets, striving as best he could with knee and curb to stay the flight, a stirrup went, then another; the beast had got its head, and as with ever-increasing speed it bore him over quagmires, obstacles, and intervalles, at last his own brain caught fire, and he urged with incitements of spur and of whip. In the distance was everything he had held most dear, the route was strewn with his illusions, gone were his unprompted vows, the truths that had been savors of life unto life fell from him undetained, the white assumptions of conscience at rest vanished with retiring landmarks. And, still in fancy propelled, suddenly he discerned a sense of that freedom which is the synonyme of joy. It was good to feel one’s self untrammelled, delivered of the compunctions of the herd; with every breath he drew came a foretaste of larger life, his lungs expanded with fresh odors, beyond was a new horizon, brutally beautiful, wholly solid, dreamless and real, and in it, fairer than the desire of a fallen god, was Claire, her arms outstretched.

IV.

The morrow was a blank. Gonfallon attended to his duties with the air of a somnambulist. In the morning at the meeting of the Church-Workers, in the afternoon at the Friendly Aid, the echo of Claire’s laughter rippled through the tidings which it was his office to proclaim; and when the last rite had been performed he shook from him a young licentiate who fain would have passed a moment in Christian converse, and strode out into the gathering dusk and on to the outlying regions of the Park.

Above him was a sky of zinc. Beyond, to the west, the sun had slashed the horizon with belts of amber and agonizing green. The air was chill: he raised the collar of his coat, and as he hurried on unim-

pressed, unobservant even of the salutations of acquaintances whom he chanced to encounter, never yet had he felt more averse to his cloth. Yet did he relinquish it, what was there left? He was too old to begin life afresh: he lacked that energy which permits and even forces some men to turn from one calling to another; he had a wife to support, and down in a Massachusettsian village was his mother dependent on his wage. Truly it was easier to keep up a brave face and draw ten thousand per annum than to pull a wry one and advertise in the papers for an occupation suited to a man of scholarly attainments. If Bucholz had not gone under, there, indeed, would be a different guitar: he could have leaned on him, he could have entered, if need were, into his employ. As it was, instead of the opulence which Ruth might one day have inherited, it seemed not improbable that he would be called upon to contribute to Bucholz' support. Not later than the previous day a whisper, a breeze that loiters, had told him that his father-in-law passed his hours in extracting, and not painlessly, either, small loans from former companions of his banditti-days.

No, that dream had gone. There was no one to whom he could turn. However unfitted he might be, the pastorate was a refuge still. Yet, even supposing, for argument's sake, he relinquished it and another cleric mounted the pulpit in his stead, would the congregation be bettered by the change? He knew his parishioners through and through. Half of them were superstitious as ballads, the other half sceptical as himself. There were those who sat very erect and said "Amen" to impress their neighbors, and there were those who allowed themselves to be impressed thereby; there was a collection of boys and girls to whom the church was indeed a meeting-house, there was also an assortment of neurosthenes; and did he leave these people, in what manner would their salvation be affected?

The mere query was puerile. He shrugged his shoulders in annoyance at himself. Eastward, a splatter of stars, some livid, some as lights seen through canvas slit, betokened the advance of night. He turned, and, musing still, retraced his steps. When he reached the rectory his eyes were eager and his face was flushed.

The hall was silent, the sitting-room untenanted. He put his hat and coat aside, and ascended the stair. To the left was Claire's room, the door ajar. At the threshold he lingered a moment and listened. Then, hearing no sound, he pushed the door and entered in.

On the sofa some raiment was strewn,—a gown, a petticoat, a corset; from the latter a white string hung pendent, the steel tip idling on the floor. At his feet a rose had fallen. On a table beneath the gas-jets utensils were scattered, instruments for the hands in stained ivory, brushes with silver backs, quaint little boxes, curious of form, a rumpled sachet, stamped Cordova leather, four bonnet-pins, a curling-iron, and a collar. In the air was the aroma which women exhale.

Beyond was a bed, the coverlet smooth as an anapest, surmounted by monogrammed pillows. It was white, virginal as its owner, alluring as spring; and as Gonfallon gazed at it the flush on his face increased. "What am I doing here?" he mused, and held his head as one who listens, fearful of surprise. From afar came the rumble of the

Elevated, but the house itself was dumb. For a moment he loitered, his eyes fumbling the counterpane, his pulse fluttering like a bird ensnared, and presently, as he stole from the room, he was conscious of that elation of spirit which had visited him in his youth when on the Beverly sands he had crouched close, yet never close enough, to the swoon and the surge of the sea.

That evening Gonfallon broke bread in solitude. Claire had been bidden somewhere,—to Miss Pickett's, the housemaid thought; and Ruth, whom neuralgia had seized again, was lying in darkness, waiting the release of sleep. By his plate was a telegram, which he pushed aside, his thoughts occupied with other things; but when the maid removed the dishes he opened it and read the message it contained:

"We are sorely visited," it ran. "The Bishop entered into rest this noon. Your brother in Christ,
JABEZ FOAN."

The yellow slip fell from him undetained. It was so pregnant with intimations that the restless current of his thought was changed. For the time being he forgot all things, even to Claire, and sat, one finger just separating the lips, staring after the retreating past and far out into the chartless morrow. The bishop he had known well. He was one of the few whom he had really revered, a man simple and sincere, earnest for the best, indulgent to the worst, a man who had but one creed, Charity, but one text, Good-will,—a man whose face was so luminous with spiritual reflections that whoso saw him thought he truly walked with God. And now he was gone. The grave would open and close again: to-morrow he would be forgot.

"I wonder," mused Gonfallon, "that He who made space for the infinite and eternity for time should not have created a being capable of mounting sheerly to some fringe of His mantle of stars, instead of a groping phantom incompetent to leave behind so much as a shadow on a wall. I wonder——"

And as he mused he was visited by an idea which at first he repulsed and then beckoned back. It was that however ephemeral life might be, it was yet clothed with radiant possibilities. Throughout the length and breadth of the diocese there was no ecclesiastic more prominent than himself: it was he who would be nominated for the bishopric.

While he still mused, the door opened, and Claire appeared.

"Did you miss me, Chris?"

She was in street-costume, a trim skirt, a cloth jacket descending to her waist, her hands cased in *Suède*, her face unveiled, and on her head a low-crowned hat of felt.

"Did you miss me, Chris?"

As she spoke, her lips parted as a flower opens to the sun: he could see the edges of her teeth, and in the lamp-light they seemed to reflect the rose of her mouth and tongue.

"And Ruth? Is she no better?"

Her hat she removed and tossed pin-pierced aside. Her jacket she had already unbuttoned, and as she raised her arm to divest herself of it Gonfallon sprang to her aid.

"There, let me help you," he said.

As he caught at the sleeve, he touched her wrist. From her hair came the clean smell of acorns and of pines that had greeted him the night before; and as he bent to aid her, there was a cleft in her neck which might have tempted a saint.

"I didn't hear you come in," he added.

"Thanks, put it anywhere. Oh, didn't you? I have a key, you know. Pickett came in this afternoon and wanted me to dine with her: her people have gone to Lakewood, and she was alone. What of Ruth?"

She had turned to Gonfallon, who stood, her jacket in his hand. At the question he made a gesture indicative of discouragement.

"Give it me," she continued. "I will go to her now." And as she stretched her hand, Gonfallon caught it in his own.

"Sit with me a moment, Claire."

"I might have a cigarette, don't you think? Pickett,"—and she ushered a memory with the ripple of her laugh,—“Pickett was afraid to have me smoke, on account of the servants.”

She moved from him and drew out a case, a toy of fair gold, on the mirror-like surface of which she glanced at her own reflection.

"Try one," she added, and extended the case.

"No, Claire, I do not smoke, nor should you. But there," he continued, hastily, for on the girl's lips a sudden pout had appeared. "Do as you will."

"What's gone wrong? The ten commandments are gayer than you, sir." And to her lips, from which the pout had retreated, a smile returned.

"You were not annoyed at me last night, were you, Claire?" And as the girl, answering nothing, stood gazing at him, her virginal eyes a trifle dilated, her lips just parted, her head drawn back, he added, huskily, "You know I love you," and hesitated,—for encouragement, perhaps, or else rebuke.

Then, as she seemed about to move from him, he detained her with a gesture that was at once an apology and a plea, the gesture of a mendicant accustomed to rebuff. "Claire, let me tell you. I know, none better, that it is wrong for me to speak to you as I do. I have no excuse. Yet when you came—see, it is but a month ago—you brought a gladness and a sorcery. At first I did not understand, but last night it was as a sense recovered: I knew that all my life I had hungered for you. You were the odor of a feast at which I had longed to sit, the shadow of a hope which I had dreamed to claim. Claire, listen to me. It is not years that make our age: I was old at twenty, I am young to-day, and it is youth that loves best and most. Let me love you. There, I will ask nothing in return, but I have such need of you! Each emotion I compressed expands to you, every illusion that I lost you can restore. You are to me the fulfilment of an anterior promise, the requital of an earlier mistake. Were I free I would speak to you less gravely, but I am bound as never Tantalus was. I can ask nothing, I can take nothing, I can only give. And there the misery of it is; for my power of giving is slight indeed. Were I master of fate instead of slave, and had you a wish, like a spaniel that wish

should nestle at your feet. But this is idle speech; forgive it me. The fact remains, I love you, not alone with all my heart, but as no other has loved you yet, as no other can love you now."

The initial phrases of this address had come from Gonfallon haltingly, but as he warmed to the work they fell from him in rounded periods, as they were wont to when he preached. And that magnetism which was in him, the electricity which he diffused and which had made him what he was, the foremost ecclesiastic in the largest of provincial cities, seemed now to be coercing the girl, despite herself, to his mood. Her eyes drooped, her lips were compressed, in her cheeks the color rose and subsided, vacillating as it were with retroacting and contending currents. And Gonfallon, as he scanned her face, felt an exultant throb. With a movement of the arm that would have encircled an oak he caught her in his embrace. The jacket had gone from her, the gold toy had disappeared. For a second that was an eternity he was conscious of her emollient mouth on his, his fingers intertwined with her own. In that second he really lived,—perhaps he really loved.

Undulantly she disengaged and freed herself. She stooped for her jacket, and when she stood up again there was no sign of vacillation in her face. The back of her hand she drew across her lips, but whether to brush away the kiss that had been placed on them, or the smile that hovered in their moisture, Gonfallon was unable to decide. She had retreated a little, and he made a step to her, but as he moved she retreated yet farther away.

"Claire——" he murmured.

"Oh, I say, Chris," she interrupted, "drop all that." The curtain parted, and she had gone.

In a second he was in the hall, but already she had reached the floor above, and, foreseeing the futility of pursuit, he entered his study and threw himself on a chair.

For a while he sat palpitant in alternations of elation and remorse. His path, doubtless, was straight, but it was by no means clear. The mystic penumbra of accepted tenets was still about him, yet through them shone the wonder of landscapes undivined. He was as one who awakes at dawn and finds the night still there. And as he alternately detained and dismissed now elation, now regret, he was aware of that confusion of purpose which visits those that puzzle over a problem they are in haste to solve. The signification of his own attitude was that which stirred him most. At the moment it seemed to him impossible that he should have acted to the girl as he had, and not impossible alone, but cowardly as well. Of the two, was not he the stronger? was it not for him to guide, to protect her, if need be, even from herself? And yet, without even the excuse of celibacy, without receiving from her so much of an invitation as can be conveyed in the quiver of an eyelid, he had performed the most ignoble *rôle* that man can play. Had it been love that had impelled him, some excuse might there be. But it was not that. Love would have slit his lips to the ears rather than let him touch her own. There would have been no elation then, no remorse, only an abandonment in spirit, the escape of a dream that might have come true, and then oblivion which is the novitiate of death. But

no; it was not that. He needed no one to prompt him that in his heart were none of those choirs which love awakes; not a hymn had been summoned, not a harmony evoked. No, it was not that; it was the beast that is in us all, lashed down, kept cowering and hidden in the deepest cavern of our being, till in the inadvertent moment it leaps into light and claims its prey at last.

Through the silence of the house he heard a door open and another shut. From above, overhead, came the faint fall of moving feet. She had left Ruth, he knew; she had gone to her room. Now she had latched the door; now she was at the window, he heard the shutters close. The footfalls seemed to cross the room, and for the moment he pictured her standing as he had seen her once, before the glass, her arms raised, the fingers interlocked behind her head. What was it, after all, he wondered, that had impressed him so? It was not the refinement of her nature: there were times when he thought her almost coarse. Her mind was a rendezvous of platitudes; and as for her beauty, he could have sent a prayer-book skimming from the pulpit and in whatever aisle of Gethsemane it chanced to fall would be a girl fairer, more feminine, more appetizing yet, than she. But would there, though?

An almost imperceptible footfall from the room above aroused him from his reverie. The sound was fainter than before; the feet that stirred were unshod, stockingless perhaps. Their faint tinkle ushered a fresh vision into the chambers of his mind: he saw her in a fabric so delicate of texture that it could be drawn through a ring, a garment immaterial as a moonbeam, her neck uncovered, and about her half-closed eyes and red moist lips the subtle smile of a faun.

In anger at himself he sprang to his feet. On the table before him was a heap of the manufactures of rationalist, of sophist, and of sage. Every one of those who have taken the nimbus from a god and pointed to an eternal grave had left a text-book there. For some time they had been accumulating on back book-shelves; but the day before, with some sermon in view, he had got them within reach. It is good to be valiant in the pulpit, it is good to confute; and the privilege of demolishing any doctrine that conflicts with Christianity, particularly when there is not the slightest danger of being answered back, is a pleasure in itself. But each time Gonfallon had handled a materialist, zest in his own creed declined. An Englishman, Clifford, who described the universe as an immense Sir Roger de Coverley, in which the dancers were atoms and the ball-room space, had the power to take him into an abyss so dank that the candle of faith was snuffed. A Frenchman, Flavet, had shown him the provenance of the parables. In Assyro-Accadian myth, Schrader, a German, had displayed to him the fabric of the Pentateuch.

An idle task, Voltaire has said, an idle task it is, this pulling down of enchanted castles. It is better far to examine truths than lies. But where are the truths? Gonfallon had asked himself the same thing not once, but many times. As yet no answer had been vouchsafed.

And now, in anger at himself, in an effort to banish Claire, he picked up the book that lay nearest to his hand. "Comprends," it shouted at him, "comprends que tu portes ton paradis et ton enfer en toi-même."

"Perhaps," he muttered.

He put the book down and took another. It happened to be one of Renan's melodious fumisteries; and as he opened it a phrase jumped out and stabbed him in the eyes: "*La vertu est une suprême illusion.*"

"Perhaps," he repeated.

A third volume, a summary of German metaphysics, lay within reach. "The heavens are void," it insisted. "There has been nothing, there is nothing, there will be nothing, save a constant evolution, a continuous development, with death for a goal."

"Nothing?"

He left the table and its blasphemies, and turned to the window. His anger had gone, his thoughts of Claire as well, and in their train seemed to have departed the strength—or the weakness, was it?—which had visited him the preceding night. Yet as he looked up into the taciturn sky, something must have rebelled within him; for he groaned to the stars, "O Chaos, take that Nothing back and give us Satan in its stead!"

V.

Decidedly the days were shorter. As Gonfallon let himself in with a latch-key, it was barely five, yet already night had come. The hall was dark; and as he drew off his gloves, straightening and folding them methodically as was his custom, he told himself that Jane must have forgotten the gas.

From the sitting-room came a murmur, and through the portière a thread of light. "It is Ruth," he reflected. For that morning she had appeared at breakfast, declaring that she had rested well, and that for the time being at least she was free of pain. "It is Ruth and some visitor," he reflected,—Mr. Qualms, perhaps,—and he made to enter the room, but at once he drew back. The glimpse which he caught had shown him not Ruth, but Claire, and at her side Trement Yarde. They were standing a little apart from each other, their backs turned to the door, and for a moment Gonfallon hesitated, his hand on the curtain's fringe.

Since the preceding night he had not seen the girl. She had breakfasted, as she usually did, in her room, and, shortly after the morning meal, matters connected with the bishop's decease had demanded his presence abroad, detaining him until now.

And as he hesitated, Yarde, who had been speaking in a monotone, pitched his voice in higher keys. Gonfallon's fingers tightened on the fringe. He hated the man, he hated his looks, the cut of his coat, his intonation, everything, even to his manner and the trick he had of contemplating his finger-nails.

"This is the third time I have asked you," Gonfallon heard him say.

"If it is the last," Claire answered, "there must be luck in odd numbers, after all."

"You are decided, then?"

"Fully."

"Very good. It remains to me—there, listen a moment, won't you?"

During the pause that followed Gonfallon fancied the young man eying the polished tips of his fingers.

"It is this. Some day you may be in need of assistance. If you are, believe me, there is no one to whom you can turn more readily than to me. You know where I live, and, parenthetically, I can assure you that the walls of my apartment are dumb——"

"Leave the room."

The command reached Gonfallon with the resonance of a bell.

"Certainly, since you wish it. In fact, I was on the point of doing so. Save at your invitation, I will not venture to enter it again."

It was evident that Yarde had turned. Gonfallon dropped the fringe, and groped back into the shadows.

"I am sorry to have annoyed you," the young man added. He had reached the threshold, and Gonfallon moved yet farther away.

"If you do not leave I will ring."

"And I must assure you," he continued, "that I would not have made this suggestion had I not—unless, h'm, well—I saw my father this afternoon. He is in Wall Street, you know. Good-night, Miss Bucholz."

There was a rush of light, the curtain fell again, the front door opened and closed.

Gonfallon still stood in the darkness, one arm extended along the wall, the other pendent at his side. His head was bent, his eyes fixed on the stair. From the adjoining room came the sound of Claire's uneasy tread: she seemed to be pacing the room, restless as a panther is, lashing the furniture with her skirt.

What manner of girl was she, that Yarde should permit himself such a speech? And what manner of man was he, that he should suffer such a speech to pass unpunished? Gonfallon's hand clinched, and the arm which had extended along the wall he raised in anger. But it was himself he could have struck: he was humiliated at his own attitude. He knew, none better, that it had been his duty to interrupt, to protect, and to force that libertine from the door.

And Claire! He heard her cross the room again, and felt that the indignity was smarting still. If she had repulsed the man at first, might it not be because of him?

He left the shadows; in a moment he was with her. The promise had ceased: she had thrown herself on a lounge, and sat, her feet crossed, her virginal eyes upturned and pensive.

"I saw that man Yarde go out," he began, abruptly. "What was he doing here?"

Claire lowered her eyes from the ceiling to the wall. "Really," she answered, "I took no note of his action. He spoke of the weather, I believe, and—let me see; oh, yes, he quoted a passage from Horace, which if I understood I would repeat, and—and asked after you. Ruth seems better to-day, doesn't she?"

Gonfallon's breath came quicker. The change in Claire, a change which since the preceding night was greater than that of an August displaced by March, the flippancy of her indifference, the enervations of the day, the conflicts with himself, the conversation overheard and

uninterpreted, the unexplained presence of a man whom he loathed and whom he could give himself no valid reason for loathing,—these things had put him in a state of irritation which is comparable only to that which comes of a sudden depletion of force. But of the inward ferment there was little if any outward show. He eyed her narrowly, his lip austere.

"At your age, Ruth would have felt herself contaminated by such a man," he said, at last, and paused expectant of some reply.

But Claire answered nothing. Her eyes had gone up again to the ceiling. From beneath her skirt a patent-leather shoe, narrow and pointed, moved in and out.

"Did you not hear me?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, with her negligent drawl,—“yes, I heard; but you see, Chris, customs have changed since the fall of Troy.”

To this Gonfallon feigned assent, his lip austerer than before.

"Very true," he said. "Yet, if I may not admonish you, it is at least my duty to inform your father that you receive a ruffian to insult you in my house."

"Ah!" As though battle were imminent, she straightened herself. Her expression had lost its flippancy; it had become frosty and brilliant. "Do you know, I thought you were listening? In regard to father, do as you like; only don't tell him you mistook his daughter for——"

The speech unfinished was like a bugle blown through the crimson of an autumn eve. It was harmonious, it was inspiring, but it jarred. It awoke Gonfallon from a trance. Claire's eyes were no longer pensive; they had the chill and glitter of steel. And now as she laughed her voice was hard and metallic as her eyes.

"There, Chris," she added, in lighter tone; "I am not one of your congregation yet."

She had arisen, and was about to pass him by, but something in his face seemed to detain her steps. Through one of those influences occult yet recognized, her lips took on their former sweetness, her eyes glowed, and she smiled.

"Claire——" he murmured, and would have caught and held her, perhaps, but a voice in the hall, unheard by him, must have alarmed her: she eluded him, and disappeared in the dining-room beyond.

"Mr. Bucholz, sir, and can he see you?" It was Jane the housemaid, angular as a hendecagon and prim as a Puritan Sunday.

Gonfallon started. He was as an aeronaut dropped from colorless ether into some dank moraine.

"He says it's most important," the woman added, and patted her apron flat.

As yet he was not wholly himself; the variety and multiplicity of emotions had not had the effect of a sedative; but he nodded gravely enough, and presently he caught a whiff of alcohol: Mr. Bucholz was before him.

"Take a seat," said Gonfallon, mechanically.

"Thanks, I've just had one."

The tone in which he spoke arrested attention. For a second Gon-

fallon eyed him suspiciously. Could it be that Claire—— But no; such a supposition was absurd.

"Gonfallon, I want a moment with you. Are you busy?" Mr. Bucholz spoke with the air of one to whom the possible occupation of his host was a matter of no importance.

To Gonfallon's hands came a sudden moisture. "No," he replied.

Mr. Bucholz had a forehead that was wide yet low, the forehead of a murderer. His face was thin, his body obese. Since his disasters his complexion had assumed the hue of a brandied cherry. He looked shabby, and he was unshorn. His manner was a compound of alternate pomposity and jocularity. To Gonfallon he was revolting. To Jane, and possibly to others, it was a matter of wonder that such a man could be the father of a girl like Claire.

"You are well, I hope?" Gonfallon added.

At this Mr. Bucholz laughed aloud; but his laugh was nervous, yet unsonorous as a muffled bell,—a laugh that came wholly from within, a laugh which frightened and which chilled.

"See here, parson, I want you to do something for me,—something—how shall I put it? Well, let us call it *ad majorem Dei gratiam*. That is technical, is it not?"

"And concise."

"And concise, as you say. By the way, I think I will change my mind. Suppose you sit down too."

Mr. Bucholz found a seat, and Gonfallon, relieved of his sudden panic, followed suit.

"You remember," Mr. Bucholz continued, "that when Jerolomon got me in that corner everything went. Twenty million; not a penny less. The place at Irvington, the house on Fifth Avenue, the yacht, the stable, stocks, bonds, all the tra-la-la of wealth, evaporated in a night. I lost my grip. The few hundred thousand that remained followed in a fortnight. The last fifty-dollar bill I could call my own I dropped in a bucket-shop. Curious, isn't it?" And Mr. Bucholz put his hand to his head and for the moment seemed to lose himself in thought.

"Well?"

"Ah, yes." And Mr. Bucholz looked up again. "Well, after that, as you know, Usselex gave me his gold-business. It was good of Usselex, for I had squeezed him once myself. Jerolomon, I have reason to believe, suggested it to him. However, it was four thousand a year,—just the salary I paid the gardener who did picturesque geometry for me at Irvington: why, you get almost three times as much yourself. Or rather," he added, in an undertone, as though reflecting on the point of the speech, "or rather I got it for you. But that's as may be. A week ago I learned, accidentally as I then thought, that Jerolomon was engineering another corner in wheat. I went to him and asked a loan. He laughed at me. I told him he had taken everything I had. 'Bucholz,' he answered, 'I took back at compound interest what you once took from me. I am not lending money to-day: I am paying off old scores. Good-morning to you.' And he turned on his heel. In the course of the afternoon I got ten thousand dollars:

I went in and bought. Yesterday the market fell: the ten thousand were wiped out."

"Dear me!"

"And now," continued Bucholz, "that ten thousand must be repaid."

"Of course it must be. Only——"

"Only you haven't got it, I suppose. Not even *ad majorem Dei gratiam*. Well, sir, you have got to get it."

As he spoke, he rose from his seat and fronted his host. His face had changed. Up to this it had conveyed the varying shades of indifference, apathy, and disgust, but now it was resolute, it expressed a determination menacing and inflexible as a bayonet, and of which Gonfallon seemed to feel the point and the chill.

"You have got to get it," he repeated, "and before Saturday at that."

And as Gonfallon made no answer, Bucholz bent over him until his face almost touched his listener's ear. "I put Usselex' name on the check," he whispered, and drew himself up.

"You—you say you put Usselex' name on the check?"

And as Bucholz nodded encouragingly, invitingly even, to the dawn of understanding which he discerned breaking in Gonfallon's eyes, the latter cowered in his chair. "Why, that is forgery!" he gasped.

"Be still," hissed Bucholz; "be still." Then, seeing that the shot had told, he nodded again, and added, with a negligent, musing air, "Yes, that, I believe, is what it is called." He laughed a little,—or was it a laugh?—a sound that had in it the ghoulish mock of the graphophone, a tone that runs cracked and thin, like a man's laughter, as Swinburne puts it, heard in hell, far down.

Gonfallon still cowered in his chair. Bucholz assumed a graver mien, and, affecting to ignore his son-in-law's attitude, monologued at the wall. "There was a time," he said,—“but bah! what is the use? Why, I couldn't turn a block that some one didn't rush to me with hands outstretched: 'Oh, my dear Mr. Bucholz, how are you?' To-day the same people,—and to every man jack of them I have been of use,—the very same ones, people whom I lifted not out of the dust alone, but out of the mud, will not loan me a dollar. After all, they are only human, I suppose. What is that line in the catechism? However, that is not to the point. I am sorry about it all, but it was not for myself I worked, it was for Ruth and for Claire. It was for them I made myself rich, respected, famous even. It was for them I got into that trap of Jerolomon's. It was for them I did this thing. Ruth you can always look after, but Claire—well, I used to think she would be the richest girl in the land. The hope of a *parvenu*, you will say. I grant it; but it was for her I cared, for her and for Ruth, not for myself."

"I can do nothing," said Gonfallon. In his eyes was the look of one who has sounded an abyss. "No, nothing. The very utmost I could raise would not cover a quarter of the—the——"

"Forgery is the word, but theft will do."

"Of the amount," he continued, in a dogged effort to pass the interruption unheeded. "And there is no one to whom I could go," he

added, reflectively, "save perhaps to Nicholas Manhattan. And if I went to him I would have to explain; which of course is impossible."

"Not impossible in the least," said Bucholz, very gravely; "not impossible in the least. I don't see at all why you should say so. Nothing could be more proper. Mr. Manhattan is your parishioner; he is even a warden, isn't he? I haven't the pleasure of knowing him personally, and yet I am quite sure that he wouldn't let a trifle like ten thousand weigh with him if he knew your good repute and that of Gethsemane was concerned."

"My good repute! My good repute has nothing to do in the matter."

"You are mistaken, dear boy; it has. When I am promenading a striped suit through the corridors of Sing-Sing, it were facetious indeed did my son-in-law continue to officiate in the Church of the Holy Bilk—I mean Gethsemane. Your parishioners in whom you have instilled so well all the beautiful precepts of Christian charity will show you the difference between theory and practice. Not an atom of charity will you get from them. Why, dear boy, you might just as well begin to pack up at once. If this thing gets out, never will they let you preach again. Really they won't. I think you can take my word for that—Why, Claire, where did you spring from?"

Unobserved by either, the girl had entered the room. To her father's query she made no direct answer; she hastened towards him and gave him a fleeting caress.

Then, turning to Gonfallon, "Ruth wants you," she explained.

"Can she have heard?" he wondered. He scanned her face; it was untroubled, and as she spoke, her voice assured.

"She has not heard," he decided, and, waving at Bucholz, "I will be back presently," he said.

"Saturday is the first of the month," that gentleman announced. "The bank-account will be balanced then."

But Gonfallon had already left the room. As he ascended the stair, he felt as though it were giving way beneath him. On each side were threatening hands. Yet above no haven was discernible, while below was an abyss.

"Of us two," he muttered, "the nobler still is he;" and then, mentally, he bolted at the eccentricity of his own thought. "I am daft," he told himself.

The stair, however, did not give way beneath him, the threatening hands did not detain his steps; he reached his wife in safety and sank in a chair at her side.

"Were you busy, Chris?" she asked. "I could have waited. It is merely a line from Mrs. Manhattan: she wants us all to dine with her on the 12th. I, of course, cannot go. But you will take Claire, will you not?"

"No, no," he answered, impatiently. The 12th, indeed! He would be in little mood for dining then. "No," he repeated. "Send a regret."

"But, Chris, Claire will want to go. Do——"

"Then let her go alone: as for me——" He halted abruptly: an expression in Ruth's face warned him that he was betraying an obses-

sion of which no sign should be conveyed. "I am tired," he added, inconsequently.

"Chris, you work so hard——"

To this, with a despondent air, he assented remotely.

"And a little gayety will do you good. Besides——"

"If I could only get away," he thought. "Is there no place where I can hide?"

"It is one of your duties to go about among your parishioners. I believe it is even a canon in ecclesiastical law." Ruth laughed as she spoke, and gave her husband a look in which pride and love commingled.

"There," he said, "do as you will."

After all, what did it matter? When the time came, Mrs. Manhattan would expect neither him nor Claire. And through his thoughts but one thing fluttered,—the longing for a place to hide.

"That is sweet of you, Chris. I will write to Mrs. Manhattan at once.—Come in."

Some one had rapped on the door, and in a moment Jane entered. "A letter for you, sir," she said, and extended a note on a salver.

Instinctively he shuddered. It was about that accursed check, he knew. But the superscription reassured him. "It's from Jones," he mumbled, and tore the envelope apart.

"DEAR GONFALLON," it ran,—*"I have just received a telegram from Bronx. My aunt is dying. She begs you to come to her. I go down in the eight-o'clock train. Will you not meet me at the Grand Central? In haste, yours always, A. B. FENWICK CHISOLM-JONES."*

"It is there," thought Gonfallon, "there that I can hide." He turned to the servant and handed the note to Ruth.

"Is any one waiting? Very good. Tell him to say to Mr. Jones that I will be there."

He stood up, and added, in an undertone, "Tell Mr. Bucholz——" But whatever message he had wished to send was lost.

"He's gone, sir," the woman interrupted.

And Ruth, intent on the note, murmured, as Jane withdrew, "To think that it was in her house we met! It seems but yesterday to me."

"I must hurry," said Gonfallon: "it is seven now."

VI.

It was midnight when the train halted at Bronx. During the journey Jones had been loquacious and Gonfallon dumb. To the one the illness of the countess represented an eternal farewell to the exigencies of syndicates and publishers; to the other, a refuge from the scandal with which New York would presently resound.

Jones, enveloped in an Inverness, wandered out into voluptuous anticipations of wealth to be. "I can go to Constantinople," he confided to his companion, "or, like Stevenson, I can sail the Southern seas. I can lounge in Quaritch's, or on the Grand Canal. I can go

to Ecuador and foment a revolution. I can turn Buddhist and penetrate Thibet. From an editor's chair I can bombard my friends and caress my enemies. I will have time to be noble, to be just, and to forgive. I can disappear as though the earth had swallowed me, or I can write a book to please myself. I can live, as Baudelaire wanted to, in a grot of basalt surrounded by slaves whose sole duty it will be to discover the secret of my immense ennui. Like Flaubert, I can call to a chimera to lift me on its wings. Like the Chimera, I can whisper to the Sphinx, 'O Unknown, I am amorous of thine eyes.' On the fingers of my sweethearts I can put the crystallized essence of bank-notes. I can even pay my debts,—some of them, at least. I can——"

And while Jones rambled on, discounting his inheritance in advance, Gonfallon's thoughts had also taken him afar. In the abruptness of the departure he had no time to make so much as an effort to stay the approaching joust; and now, as he tormented himself with its possibilities, some breath of the philosophies to which the preceding night had been given rose to him, graciously as a balm. "Whatever will be, is," he mused. "No one can combat the inevitable. If it is written that Bucholz is to founder in the mire and bespatter us all with the mud, no act of mine can prevent it." But, even as his fancy was comforted, abruptly before him the reef to which he was veering loomed, and in the wreck which it menaced he saw the bishopric gone forever, Gethsemane lost as well. He saw himself a wanderer in unfamiliar parishes, the pulpit loaned on trial, the subsidence in some Western town, and then that most terrible trial of all, the attempt to begin life anew.

In his misery he moaned, dumbly and vaguely afflicted. In an effort to console himself he reflected that Jesus had been a vagabond too,—one who had not where to lay his head. Yet Jesus, he instantly remembered, had conquered the world, while he could not conquer himself.

Presently his thoughts deserted father for daughter, and as the train flashed through the night, something in the roll of the car seemed to echo the music of her voice. The irritation which had visited him in the afternoon faded, as irritation ever does. He closed his eyes: he was alone with her again, in his ears was the bubbling ripple of her laugh, his lips were on hers, his were the savors of her skin, his the wonders and caresses of her hair.

Yes, the poets were right: nothing in all the world imitated happiness more perfectly than did love. And if only that nightmare would disappear! If the memory of Bucholz and of his visit would vanish, life, full surely, would be a pleasant gift. But Bucholz declined to be dismissed. He surged like a partition between happiness and Claire. He dominated and appalled. It was all very well to rememorate the precepts of the masters, yet in the rememoration Gonfallon recalled that speech of the warrior Frederick, "Against the ills of the past or of the future philosophy is the best of remedies, but against the ills of the present it is without effect." And as the train cleft the darkness he blamed himself for his cowardice, for his haste, for the weakness which had made him accept the first excuse for flight, and wished himself

back in town, imploring aid there of Usselex, of Manhattan, of Jerolomon even, of any one who had the power to throttle this thing at its birth. Again he groaned and writhed as Laocoön did.

"It is Wednesday," he told himself: "by to-morrow noon I can be back in town. Cost what it may, I will get that money, and everything may yet be well. Surely Manhattan will not refuse; and if he does, and Jerolomon declines, then will I mortgage the homestead. H'm, it is odd I should have thought of that last. Meanwhile——"

"Bronx!" The door before him had opened, and a brakeman was bawling in his face.

"We are punctual as a comet," he heard Jones exclaim.

Gathering their traps, they descended into the night. At the station but one vehicle was discernible, and that, from a loutish driver who stood dandling his whip, they presently discovered was for them. "You ought to have come earlier," he remarked, with the affectionate familiarity which is peculiar to the New-Englander. "It was sun-down when she died."

"Well," said Jones, when they had seated themselves in the carriage, "she was a good woman, and a Christian. It's deuced rough I couldn't have got here in time. I was her favorite relative," he added, meditatively. And with that he drew out a large cigar, which he lighted with infinite care.

Through the window Gonfallon gazed at the frost-bitten road which he knew so well. Over there, to the right, was the parsonage he had occupied. And here, to the right, was Sever's house. How small it looked! And as the carriage rattled over the ruts one after another, he recalled the names of retreating structures.

"Yes, indeed," he answered; "yes, indeed."

"A woman," Jones continued, "who may have been misunderstood, as good women often are, but who was never the subject of gossip. I was in knickerbockers when her husband ran off, but I can see him now. He looked like a young emperor of old Rome. And from her never a murmur could be wrung. She did not so much as mention him, or her friend, even, who disappeared at the same time,—Mira Wheat her name was, the Admirable Miranda I remember she was called, a famous beauty, and a catch to boot. The count went down at Grave-lotte, but what ever became of his travelling companion no one ever heard. It's odd, those abrupt disappearances. You knew of the Besaluls, didn't you? There's a case in point. Besalul married a girl,—a Miss Forbush, I think: to all intents and purposes they were dead in love with each other. Two months afterwards, when Besalul, after bringing his wife home from some reception, was sitting in the parlor over the *Post*, the butler announced dinner. 'Go up-stairs,' said Besalul, 'and tell my wife.' The butler went up and came down: Mrs. Besalul was undiscoverable. They searched the house. In her room were the mantle and bonnet which she had worn at the reception, but of the lady herself not a trace. The night changed to morning, and morning into noon, and still no sign of the absentee. No one had heard her leave the house, and it seemed impossible for her to have done so unobserved. Detectives were summoned, rewards were offered,

but all in vain. Three or four years later, when she was practically forgotten, a friend of Besalul's happened in journeying through France to stop at Toulouse, and while wandering about the town recognized my lady in a rose-garden. She had run off with a man with whom no one knew she was even acquainted."

And Jones, flicking the ashes from his cigar, added, "I would have worked it up into a novel, but somehow it lacked the dramatic. I never seemed to get a climax. Ah! here we are."

A servant, a pensioner rather, Rebecca Hays by name, a woman white of face and of hair, whom Gonfallon remembered well, met and led them into the hall. Grief or excitement seemed to have made her vague of speech. The lids of her eyes were watery and pink, her lips twitched spasmodically.

"*Elle est devenue idiote*," Jones remarked. "I suppose we had better go up."

And, motioning to the woman to precede them, the novelist, followed by the clergyman, mounted the creaking stair.

It was a large room which they presently entered, a room that leaned to the south. Across one wall was a stretch of tapestry, not Gobelins, but Gothic, and pictorial of the visit of the Magi. The angle was bare, the other walls cut by windows that gave on the valley below. The floor was of lacquered wood, the centre protected by a rug. Between the rug and the tapestry was a bed draped with curtains that fell from a canopy affixed to the ceiling above. On either side of the bed was a chest of oak. And on these chests candles had been placed.

Very reverently Gonfallon drew one of the curtains aside, and then, as he took one of the candles and held it aloft that he might see the better, Jones peered over his shoulder.

Death had dealt gently with the occupant of that bed. The hue of the skin was little different from what it had been, the folded hands not a whit more transparent than before. Even the expression of the face had not altered: in the elevation of the brow which death had not lowered, in the resignation of the mouth which it had been impotent to distort, the countess looked in the shroud as she had looked in life,—as though under her something had been killed, a hope, an illusion, or a dream.

"I am the resurrection and the life," Gonfallon through sheer force of habit repeated, and turned to his companion; but Jones had already left him; he stood a little beyond, reading some paper which the white-haired woman who hovered in the door-way presumably had brought.

Ah, yes, the resurrection and the life! He let the curtain fall, and moved to a window. Save for the uncertain rustle of the paper which Jones was reading, the house was so still that one might have thought the countess had already elected it for her tomb. The air, too, was still. Gonfallon looked out into the shadows. To the left some leafless trees crossed their arms, beyond them others, blurred by the night, seemed to crouch in suspense, while beneath in the valley was the shimmer of a lake in which the hill-side had turned upside down and the moonbeams danced with the ripples.

"The resurrection and the life, indeed! Where is the faith to which I clung? Gone are its flowers," he mused, and with a finger beat a muffled tattoo on the window-pane. "Well do I remember the days when death to me was an illusion, a mask of the continuity of life. Now, what is it? At most a chasm into which the stars fall and nations disappear, a depth from which no spar returns, a silence from which no cry ascends. Is there in its darkness a flicker, an intimation even other than that of the ephemerality of man? There may be. Yes, there may be, but to me no sign is vouchsafed. The countess who died steadfast in the unalterableness of her perfect faith must at the last have caught the flutter of angels' wings. The grace which —eh?"

"Read that." And Jones, who had approached him, thrust a letter in his hand.

Gonfallon crossed the room to the candles and leaned on one of the chests. The paper which Jones had given him was undated, but evidently it was old: the ink had faded a little, the writing was not wholly legible, and from the paper itself came a faint odor of must and of decay. So nearly as Gonfallon could discern, it ran as follows:

"Should you, my dear nephew, survive me, as I trust you may, you will find by my will that your wants are provided for. In return for this, I wish to ask of you a last favor. In my bedroom, where this letter, should you ever receive it, will be given you, are two chests clamped with iron. These chests I beg you to carry, with Rebecca's aid, to the dining-hall below. They contain nothing of value; merely a few odds and ends, mementos of my late husband, that are of interest to no one but myself. When I die, they can be burned, and no one will be the poorer. Take them, then, unopened, to the dining-hall: they are not too large to go in the fireplace, and by putting in one at a time they can be easily destroyed. I rely on you, Fenwick, to do as I bid.

"Your affectionate aunt,
"LAURA OF CINQ-CYGNE."

And beneath, by way of postscriptum, though evidently of more recent date, was written,—

"Rebecca seems to be failing. If possible, get Dr. Gonfallon to assist."

"Well?" said Jones.

Gonfallon had read the letter, and stood eying the superscription. "Well," he answered, "there is a law, whether common or statute I am uncertain, but there is a law which inhibits just such a thing as this. To oblige your aunt is an easy matter. The question is——"

"The law be blown! The question is whether you will assist me. Whether or not the mementos consist in the frippery of a dead soldier, what does it matter, after all? My aunt speaks of her late husband: who knows what she meant? Women have odd circumlocutions. It is my duty to do as she bids, and do it I will."

As he spoke he turned to one of the chests, and, removing the candles, drew it to the centre of the room. "See," he added, "if it were packed with tracts it couldn't be lighter." And the gesture which he made was so cynical yet so sincere that Gonfallon, divining the uselessness of argument, nodded his assent.

"Now," continued Jones, "if you will take one end I will take the other. Yet wait a second." He left the room, and presently returned. "The way is clear. The sooner we get them down, the better."

At once then, the chest between them, they moved out into the hall. From the floor above came the faint waver of a light. Beneath, a lamp was burning. As they moved, the flooring creaked; the great house was alive with echoes.

On the landing Jones stopped and lowered his end of the chest. "I will get a candle," he said, as he did so. But his movement must have been ill calculated or over-abrupt,—both, perhaps,—for the added and unexpected weight which Gonfallon was then called upon to maintain found his fingers unprepared; the chest slipped from him and with the reverberation of thunder bounded down the giant stair. Barely had it started in its tumultuous descent before it seemed to leap sheer into the air and fall with a final crash on the floor below. Yet even in that infinitesimal space of time, above the reverberations soared the anguish of a woman's cry; and for one second, leaning on the banister above them, in the uncertain flicker, both caught a glimpse of the white-haired retainer, her eyes dilated and mouth agape. Then, at once, you could have heard a lizard move.

"H'm," muttered Jones, with an uncomfortable shrug; "let's ask the other chest to be good enough not to be in such a hurry."

"Look!" Gonfallon exclaimed; "it has either split in two or the lid has been wrenched open."

The novelist extracted a monocle from his waistcoat and gazed into the shadows.

"Serves it right," he answered, and leisurely descended the stair. "'And of the remnants——'" he continued, but midway in the quotation he halted. On the floor at his feet was something that sent a thrill down his spine, an object but a trifle larger than a Dutch cheese, one that had ossified and turned from dull red to dingy white, an unpleasant thing that had no business there.

He stooped and eyed it. Near the base was the rictus which the New-England lad cuts in the face of a pumpkin, and above it near the top was a fissure that resembled the signature of an axe. By it a scrap of paper had fluttered, and just beyond, the chest lay yawning and empty.

When Jones stood up again the paper was in his hand,—a square bit of parchment stamped with ensigns armorial, under which for legend ran the splendid device, *Malgré tout*. Beneath, three or four lines had been written.

"This," he read aloud, "'This is the head of Jean-Renest-Marie, Count of Cinq-Cygne, Seigneur of Dol, at one time second lieutenant in the 19th Dragoons. May God have mercy on his soul!'"

He tossed the paper in the chest, and turned to Gonfallon. The latter was livid. "What do you say to that?" he asked. And then, as his friend steadied himself against the wall, "I will wager," he continued, "that a companion-piece is in the other chest, another memento like that on the floor, and another document couched perhaps somewhat as follows: 'This is the head of Mira Almer Wheat, daughter of Arthur Percy Wheat, of New York, esquire;' and for epitaph, 'Wheat is not quickened except it die.'"

"Hush! for heaven's sake, hush! Some one may hear you."

"Bah! The servants sleep in the wing; in this part of the house there is no one but Rebecca,—an accomplice I presume, an imbecile I am sure. And to think," Jones added, after a moment, "to think that for twenty years that aunt of mine should not only have jockeyed the world, but that each night of those twenty years those chests should have been on either side of her, the last things she saw before closing her eyes, the first she saw on awakening! Why, Gonfallon, they were with her sleeping or waking; they were in her dreams, in her nightmares; she had made the dead her life, revenge a sustenance. What a plot! Shade of Balzac, what a plot!"

"Jones," expostulated Gonfallon, "you are indecent."

"Ah! I am indecent, am I? Well, perhaps,—perhaps. But if you knew what a trade fiction is! Whoso enters there leaves every blush behind."

He picked up the skull, and, turning it in his hand, half to it half to his shuddering companion, he continued in a lower tone, "I am not a whit worse than another, and yet the desire for exact representation is such that if I hold a girl in my arms I study her abandonment; does she weep, I seek a simile in her tears; in her smile is the possibility of a metaphor; I even count my own pulse. To one in my trade nothing imaginable comes amiss. When a fellow adopts letters he must analyze his own sensations. Has he an emotion, he detains it; a grief, he enjoys it; a pleasure, he torments it into a phrase. He lives not alone in his own individual skin, but in that of every one he encounters. The expression of a face is significant as a panic on the Exchange. A bow in the street will tell him as much as a page of Montaigne. He is in pursuit of the evanescent, a seeker after the key of the little dramas we all of us live and all of us conceal. If need be, he will hold his own linen to the cackle of the public. He is the comedian of the pen: it is his duty to amuse, to entertain,—or else to hold his peace. No wonder the critics bark; though, to be sure, they have nothing better to do. No, a viler profession never was. I hate it, I love it. It sends you rummaging where you have no business to be, it burns your fingers, it destroys your eyesight, alienates your friends, bars you from the sunlight, and for reward it offers—what? A back book-shelf and a reproach. Ah, Gonfallon, preach to your congregation, but not to me. No sermon ever delivered is worth one of my aspirations. Yet see, I am indecent no longer." And, shoving the skull back in the chest, he murmured, with the grimace of an East-Side actor, "Alas! poor Yorick!"

"And now," he added, "let us get these odds and ends away."

VII.

At the breakfast-table on the morrow Jones was taciturn and Gonfallon white. When a little before in the dim baronial hall the flames had lapped at the climax of three lives, there had come to them unawares one of those emotions that are as potent for good as the conglomerate precepts of sayers of sooth. It was not that sin had appalled, for that it always does: it was that forgiveness had been impossible to one they deemed a saint. And before their vision, as the drama unrolled, each had pictured it according to his nature, but both had dreamed.

To Gonfallon it had displayed another of the uncircuitable labyrinths of the human heart. To Jones it had been a document. Gonfallon had imagined the countess pleading with her husband, pleading with her friend, until forbearance had been warped and the deed was done. Jones had evoked the jealousy of a woman accustomed to reign; he had seen, as in a glass, the first suspicion, the affected cecity, the studied calm, the uncertainty, the vigilance, yet still the smile, the laughing yet observant eyes, then the accumulating trifles, some partial evidence, the lure, the surprise, the axe, and death.

Where Gonfallon had been perplexed at the absence of a tenet which he strove to hold paramount, that tenet which the Christ instilled, which turned the pagan into the knight, founded courtesy and banished the boor, charity to the failings of others and abnegation of self, where he had been perplexed at the absence of this sweetest virtue in one whom he thought little short of perfection itself, Jones had seen the artist in life, one who, having tried every means to retain supremacy and failing, had not hesitated to crush. And as both pondered on the two decenniums in which the countess, with her skulls in her bedchamber and her skeletons in the cellar, had fronted the world without once betraying her secret,—that secret which now was theirs,—“It is hideous,” thought Gonfallon: “It is great,” thought Jones. And both were wrong, and both were right.

And now, as they sat together, one was taciturn and the other white. Gonfallon broke his bread absently. Into the horrors through which he had strayed, there surged the lancinating dread of the scandal at home, and by way of accompaniment to his thoughts was the memory of Claire. Already he meditated some plan of escape. Truly the office for which he had been summoned was fulfilled, and was he not free to go?

“Jones,” he ventured, at last, “it is the same to you, is it not, if I leave to-day?”

At this the novelist started with the air of a man awakened abruptly, and Gonfallon felt himself called upon to address the question again.

“Absolutely,” Jones answered, as its meaning reached him, and at once relapsed into dream. Apparently, to him, everything had ceased to be.

Gonfallon left the room and interviewed the coachman. Then, his valise repacked, his preparations completed, he descended the stair and rejoined his host. But during his absence a mourner had come, a little

old lady, her face full of wrinkles and benevolence, a friend of the deceased, and a former parishioner of his own. Jones, seemingly, was annoyed at the intrusion, for he sat gnawing his thumb, his face one great scowl.

"Oh, doctor!" the lady exclaimed, as Gonfallon entered, "is it not sad? What shall we ever do without her? And Mr. Jones! Oh, doctor, don't let him sit there eating his tears; tell him that in the midst of life we are in death, tell him he should not grieve, tell him his dear aunt has gone to a better world, tell him——"

"Gag that woman, can't you?" Jones muttered in an aside to his friend; and, rising from his seat, he nervously paced the room.

At this the poor lady, anxious only to console, nay, even to distract, waded through the feeble channels of her thought till she encountered her son, a young man who was endeavoring to become one of the ten thousand lawyers with whom New York is blessed.

"And Alfred!—Mr. Jones, the countess always liked him so much: she even promised to give him a case,—one of her tenants who kept sending her bills for repairs. Do you ever see him, Mr. Jones? He is very studious; he works I forget how many hours. But the law is slow, is it not?"

"And so is the turtle," snarled Jones, "but it gets in the soup all the same."

"Oh, Mr. Jones, you do say such encouraging things! I must write that to Alfred. He will value it coming from you. You know he is a great admirer of yours, Alfred is. I haven't read any of your works myself, but he says they are great. Tell me, Mr. Jones, do you write, as he does, with a quill?"

And Jones, almost brutally, with a shrug of the shoulders that was tantamount to a slap in the face, answered, "No, madam, I write with my nerves," and stalked from the room.

Gonfallon lingered a moment with the benevolent lady, and then, with a murmured apology, followed his host. Already the carriage had arrived, and on the porch was Jones.

"You will be back for the funeral, will you not?" he asked. "I would rather you officiated than the ignoramus that is here. Besides," he added, "it would be more becoming."

Gonfallon flicked from his sleeve a speck of dust. To the sensitive there are few things as contagious as irritation, and the irritation which Jones exhaled had not left him unruffled. But immediately he recovered himself. Because Jones happened to be vicious there was little reason why he should imitate him.

"I will be back, of course," he answered, sedately. "But, Jones, if I were you I wouldn't let this thing—h'm, you know what I mean: it's bad enough, in all conscience, and I can understand that you are upset, but——"

"Upset? You think I am upset? Is that what you call it? I am in a rage beside which the anger of Achilles was a fleeting annoyance. Upset, indeed! Gonfallon, this morning—no, let me begin aright, last night I was imbecile enough to build the usual castle in Castile: I had a right to, hadn't I? I was my aunt's favorite relative.

She had forty—fifty thousand a year. With an income like that, and strict economy, a man can go far. I intended to. I saw myself in Tahiti, in Japan, at the same time even. There is not an inviting shore in the world that I did not propose to visit,—in my own yacht at that, and with a picked orchestra in the forecastle. And this morning, before I was so much as able to get the taste of last night out of my mouth, Tapling turned up——”

“The attorney, you mean?”

“Yes, the attorney; and, from what I could squeeze out of him, that dear aunt of mine, for whom I am guilty of compounding a felony, has left me this—this cemetery and eighteen hundred a year to keep it up with. Eighteen hundred a year, Gonfallon; fancy the infamy of that!”

“And the rest?”

Jones gave his head the shake which a bull gives at a *toreador*. “To the devil,—to some other Jones,—to you, perhaps. As if I cared. It's gone: that's the end of it.”

“I am sorry; really I am. I can understand——”

“Yes,” replied Jones, “I am sorry too.” He paused and gazed at the points of his patent-leather shoes. His anger seemed to have spent itself.

“You have no plans, have you?” Gonfallon asked, as a servant appeared with his valise.

“No,” Jones answered, pensively. “No; for the moment, none at all. I may stay in the country and raise hexameters, or return to town and dabble in experimental physiology. But as for Tahiti and Japan, I must give them up. Hereafter I can travel, as I have hitherto, on the map.—Well, I am sorry you have to go. Remember me to your wife.”

“And now,” murmured Gonfallon, as the carriage swept down the hill, “to the rescue.”

VIII.

But for that day the rescue was of necessity postponed. Shortly after leaving Bronx the train in which Gonfallon was seated hesitated and halted, barricaded by the derailment of the Boston Express. And there between open fields for four mortal hours Gonfallon sat and twirled his thumbs. Instead of arriving in town at noon, the encroachments of dusk had begun before the station was reached.

As he drove to the rectory he weighed the feasibility of bearding Usselex in his house or of waylaying Manhattan at his club. On Jerolomon no attempt could be made, for that vulture took wing each night to an eyry on the Palisades whither pursuit were futile. The cab moved slowly; a stream of carriages was descending from the Park, and suddenly the rumble of the Avenue was punctuated by a stroke of brass, the trailing cry of a horn, and a coach swept by displaying for a second's space a panorama of high hats, smart bonnets, and grooms the arms folded, impassible, correct. In its wake came a landau, the panel decorated with a coat of arms that was haughtier than a closed crown, and for occupant a brewer's mistress. And behind it, interrupted by

drays and hansoms, came traps from the stables of Robinson, of Madden, Dunwoodie, Forbush, and Attersol, men whose signatures could ransom popes, to whose daughters princes offered their hands, not the left either, but both, and whose wives could not find houses large enough for the plenitude and atrocities of their taste.

These people Gonfallon passed on his way to the rectory, and as the cab turned into Fifty-Second Street an omnibus lumbered by, and in it he caught a glimpse of Bleecker Bleecker, the richest man out of mythology, who sat caressing his chin, his coat-collar turned up, and in his face that vacuity which only omnipotence can bring.

It was to these people that each Sunday he spoke. At their marriages he officiated; when death came among them, so did he. It was he that baptized their children, it was he that gave them Bread and Wine at the Supper of Our Lord, it was he that counselled and that warned. He was their spiritual guide, their friend as well, one whom they welcomed and feasted and in whose converse they took delight. Yet did he in the direness of his distress go to any one of them now, what metamorphoses might he not encounter, interest changed to apathy, cordiality to rebuff, and, for climax, the door! As he stepped from the cab there came to him the giddiness of a sudden fall. On one side he saw the frayed coat of the mendicant priest, and in it an outcast that was himself; on the other gleamed the rochet, the satin robe, the insignia of the episcopate. It was for him to choose; and as he let himself into the rectory, about the muscles of his jaw there seemed to rise the stamp of that force which is known as Will.

"That money shall be got," he muttered, "ay, though I dig it from the earth with my teeth." And as he threw his coat from him, raging at the pusillanimity which had sent him careering over the country, losing him hours of which each moment was a treasure, and determining that, however late it might be, he would not sit himself down until the means of intercepting that forgery were obtained, his eye fell on a telegram that lay awaiting him on the table. "More about the bishop, I suppose." And thereat he opened it with a stab of the thumb.

"God will reward you," it ran. "I have only thanks." And for signature,—BUCHOLZ.

Gonfallon read the message twice, gazing at it the while with the air and attitude of a lunatic who thinks himself the proprietor of the asylum in which he dwells. For the moment it even occurred to him that Bucholz through some sympathetic intussusception might have divined the current of his thought and was expressing in advance his gratitude for the effort about to be made in his behalf.

"He is mad," he muttered. "What can he mean?"

"Chris!"

Rumpling the telegram, he turned.

"Chris!" From the floor above, Ruth's voice descended, and as he looked he saw the jonquil of her hair.

"Yes," he answered, "in a moment." And presently, the telegram in his pocket, his gloves withdrawn and folded, he mounted, still perplexed, to where she stood. "He is mad," he kept repeating.

"Oh, Chris, I am so glad you are come! I hardly expected you

to-day." As she spoke, her voice wavered, as though she too were thinking of other things.

"Your father has been here, has he not?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," she replied; "no one has been here. Is she better?"

Evidently she was referring to the countess, and by way of answer Gonfallon made a vague gesture. But the question seemed to have slipped from her, and to the gesture she gave no heed. She turned and appeared to listen.

"What can he mean?" he repeated to himself. "What new abomination is he at?"

"Come with me," she continued, and motioned him to her room.

"I must go to him," he thought, "or I must write." But he followed her, and when he found a seat he added, aloud, "She died before we got there."

"Ah!"

"Yes; and I must get back for the funeral,—that is, if I can manage it. How is your head?"

"Oh, as for my head——!" And she made a movement as though her head and she were separate, as were it a thing that existed only when other things ceased to be. She went to the door and closed it, and then at once, still standing, she turned to where he sat.

In her attitude, in the expression of her eyes, was a fixidity so unusual that mentally Gonfallon gasped. For the time being Bucholz passed from his thoughts and the telegram was forgot. "She knows all," he reflected. "Claire has confessed." But of the inward perturbation his face gave no sign, and for the moment, as the earlier danger sank in sight of this newer one, he told himself, "If she believes it, she will leave me."

"Yes," he repeated, "she died before we got there. I suppose I should have remained; but the bishop, you know——" and thereat he nodded, as though the death of that prelate had absolved him from every tie. And as he nodded he eyed her, prepared at the first accusation to affect an appearance of speechless indignation under cover of which he could not only stalk from the room but slam the door as well.

Her lips trembled; she shook her head, almost absently it seemed to him, and one hand which had detained the fold of her gown she now raised, and, drawing it palm foremost across her brow, let it fall again to her side.

"Chris, listen to me. Last evening—you had barely gone—Claire rang for a messenger—she often does, you know—and sent some note. I thought nothing of it, and asked no questions. For a while she sat here talking about a habit she was trying to get, and a little later, it was barely ten o'clock, she said something about being tired, and went to her room. H'm. I think I must have fallen asleep. In any event, I heard a noise such as the front door makes. At first I thought you might have returned. I listened a moment, and then went out in the hall. There was no sound. I went to Claire's room and tapped: she did not answer. I tried the door: it was locked. 'She is asleep,' I told myself, and listened again; but I heard nothing more, and, deciding that I had been mistaken, I came back here and tried to read.

But I must have dozed off; for suddenly I awoke again with a start: I was sure I had heard that noise a second time. In a moment I was in the hall, and there, on the stairs, was Claire."

"Claire!"

"Yes, Claire; it was then after one. She had been out at least two hours,—perhaps even three."

"But where? Where had she been?"

"I asked her, and she said she had been to Miss Pickett's."

"But she is often there. She was there only the other night."

"Yes, I know. She told me that Miss Pickett was having a dance, and that she thought she might as well go. The messenger, she explained, was for the cab."

"Really, Ruth, it was unconventional, I admit, and you must tell her not to go out in that way again, but, aside from that—no, really, I see no cause for anxiety."

As his wife had spoken, a great load had been lifted from him,—one, however, that was immediately replaced by another. "I must attend to Bucholz at once," he decided.

"No, perhaps not," Ruth answered, pensively. "Only she did not seem to be in ball-dress, and——"

But Gonfallon had no time to listen further. "Ruth," he exclaimed, "I have many things to attend to. If you don't mind, I will get Jane to give me a bite, and then I must go. Don't sit up for me; and there," he added, "I will see that the front door does not creak."

She had fallen on a lounge, and, bending to her, he brushed her forehead with his lips and left the room.

IX.

"Did you ever see a ventriloquist? The ventriloquist speaks, a manikin answers. The questions are so adroit, the answers so natural, that every one, even to the manikin, thinks that the dialogue is real. Such, Miss Raritan, is love,—a duo in which one of the vocalists grimaces while the other sings for two."

"Mr. Jones, I knew your wit was copyrighted, I did not know it was profound."

For centre-piece that evening the dinner-table had blue lilies afloat in a silver pond. About it were a handful of people, a dozen or fourteen at most, who had assembled at the bidding of Mrs. Manhattan partly to greet Mrs. Jerold Fox, a lady who some years before had deserted New York for the allurements of Paris and the Mediterranean coast, and partly to enjoy the *primeur* of a bishop *en herbe*. Mrs. Manhattan, be it said, was just the person to do things by halves.

And there, at the hostess's right, as Gonfallon, expressing in eye and in mien the indulgence which comes of dishes perfectly served, sat listening to the conversation that fluttered about him, attentive the while to Mrs. Manhattan, affecting even to chide her for a jest which she had invented for the evening and which consisted in bestowing on him the title of Lord which the English give to their bishops, it was apparent that he was at peace with the world.

The episcopate, indeed, was not yet his, but during the fortnight that had elapsed since the terrible journey from Bronx, many things had happened which pointed directly to him as its future possessor. Moreover, the nightmare which Bucholz induced had vanished as abruptly as it had come. An anonymous benefactor, one whom Bucholz fancied to be none other than Gonfallon, had sent him the amount in time. And that anonymous benefactor, whom, in the earliest perplexity which beset them when Gonfallon on the evening of his return from Bronx learned from Bucholz' own lips that the money had been brought to him and Bucholz learned from Gonfallon that he knew nothing of the sender, that anonymous benefactor, at first unimaginable as Abistek, they ultimately decided must surely be Jerolomon, and, presto! in the eyes of both, the vampire changed to a dove.

Relieved of this burden, Gonfallon had returned to Bronx, departing only when the grave had closed and the last rite had been performed, but not, however, before his old parishioners, radiating in the presence of the now famous cleric who once had been their own, had insisted on his delivering one of his spiritual harangues again. Then, the dust of Bronx barely shaken from him, his mother had been taken ill, and he had been forced to journey to the prim Massachusettsian village in which she dwelt, and to linger there until through an unexpected turn in the malady his mother had been declared out of danger and he was suffered to return to his pastorate in town. Meanwhile, he had caught but infrequent glimpses of Claire; indeed, during his absence such a mass of duties had accumulated, so many parochial matters demanded his attention, that until this evening he had had barely a moment which he could call his own.

But now as he sat at his hostess's right, interrupting the conversation that fluttered about him now with one of those pleasantries which the popular divine can permit himself, now interjecting some apposite sally,—sounding as he did so that resonant accent with which his famous phrase, "Religion, not politics, is the nation's soul," had been fired point-blank at the President,—he looked once again a maker of songs and of laws and every inch a prelate. With Bucholz inoffensive and the bishopric full in sight, he could well afford to be himself. It was good to smile, and his smile was contagious. There was but one thing that jarred.

On the opposite side of the table, at the farther end, between Mrs. Fox and Miss Raritan, Jones was seated, his recent mourning noticeable only in two microscopic studs of onyx, or of sapphire, the which, parenthetically, give the same effect. On the other side of Miss Raritan was Tremont Yarde, and next to him was Claire. To Nicholas Manhattan, the gentlest yet the most easily bored of men,—and to whomsoever else would listen,—Mrs. Fox was relating a few of her triumphs. Her conversation, such of it at least as reached Gonfallon's ear, was a glittering spangle of noble names. During her sojourn abroad, seemingly with no one of lesser degree than a baronet had she ever exchanged a word. Her speech was striated with foreign idioms, and occasionally she lapsed wholly into French.

But it was not Mrs. Fox that jarred on Gonfallon: it was Claire

and Yarde. From the first, through one of those illogical processes which often hold the core of logic itself, Gonfallon had detested the young fellow; everything about him, from the part of his hair to the soles of his St. James Street shoes,—everything, even to the trick he had of contemplating his finger-tips, was antipathetic in the extreme. Later, when Yarde had become a visitor at the rectory, haunting it as it were with his unwelcome presence, the antipathy had changed to detestation; and now that he was talking to Claire, and talking to her moreover in a voice so modulated that no one save the girl herself could hear him, Gonfallon's detestation addled into rage. For the moment he pitied the girl, and sorrowed for her that she should have for neighbor a man she loathed. But suddenly his pity was shot with wonder, his anger with surprise. During the early part of the meal Claire had chatted amiably enough to the man seated between Mrs. Manhattan and herself, and Yarde had delivered himself up to the fascinations of Miss Raritan. But now the conversation had changed, and Yarde was devoting himself to Claire.

That the former should address the girl whom he had taken in to dinner was a thing which, however objectionable in the abstract, was in the circumstances perfectly proper. Indeed, Gonfallon told himself that although Claire in that conversation which he had overheard had snubbed the fellow right roundly, still the dinner-table of a third person must and should interrupt the continuity of a quarrel subsisting between a man and a woman whom the hostess has placed side by side. And now, in spite of that snubbing, did Yarde not address Claire, and did Claire not respond, it would be unmannerly of the one and unseemly of the other. Platitudes are easy of utterance, and the weather, however beastly, has never caused a shipwreck yet.

But as Gonfallon watched them it was clear to him that no exchange of commonplaces was taking place. When he had last seen the two together, Claire's attitude had been that of an insulted princess, in her voice had been a threat; now disdain had vanished, where the menace had been was now a smile. On her part the transformation was greater than any regard for the proprieties demanded; while as for Yarde, in place of the sulk of a whipped spaniel there had come an air of confidence which was insolent to a degree. Through some jugglery which Gonfallon felt himself incompetent to fathom, he seemed to be engaged in filching from him a thing which after—nay, with—the episcopate was more precious than all things else. And at this jugglery, at this open pillage of his own chattels, conventionality compelled him to assist, inhibiting him even from so much as warning the marauder off, and demanding that he should laugh, that he should jest, that his flow of small-talk should not tarry.

"Don't you agree with me, doctor?"

In the little drama Gonfallon played the hero's rôle. Of the jealousy which had sprung into being within him, that jealousy which spends itself not in a scene but in a crime, of the revulsion of feeling, of the anger and surprise, he gave no outward sign; not an eyelid had twitched, not a muscle of his face had altered. His observations, however long in the telling, had in reality not outlasted a

moment; and Mrs. Manhattan, who had been expressing her views on some subject which was doubtless of importance, never dreamed that the guest who appeared to be giving her his fullest attention had in that moment traversed the world, unconscious of her presence, deaf to her speech.

"Perfectly, my dear Mrs. Manhattan," he answered. "I agree with you in every respect."

From the other end of the table came the falsetto laugh which Mrs. Fox used as fanfare to sound the retreat of some noble personage from her speech. She was in great good spirits, and looked around, for admiration perhaps, at Jones. Presumably she had been informed of his calling, one which doubtless was to her incompatible with the usages of the selectest set, for over the oysters she had ignored him entirely, over the roast she had given him a glance which she was prepared on the instant to bestow on some one else. But with the sweets she was surprised into remarking that he looked enough like the secretary of the Austrian Legation to be that gentleman's brother.

"Who did you say he was?" she asked of her host.

"I call him Alphabet," Manhattan answered, "but his name is Chisolm-Jones."

"Not a nephew of Madame de Cinq-Cygne?"

"Her nephew."

The questions and answers Gonfallon garnered unconsciously. He was in the cerebral condition of a chess-player whom the remark of a by-stander addressed during the absorption of the game reaches only when the move is made. Do what he might, his attention was centred on Claire; and through that attention filtered the conversation of the other guests.

Miss Raritan was talking across the table, praising Massenet and the inspiration which that composer displays. Mrs. Manhattan had turned to the man on her left. For the moment both Claire and Yarde were silent. Mrs. Fox was captivating Jones.

"And that dear countess! How is she?"

"Better than she has been for some time," Jones answered. "She is dead."

"I am so glad," Mrs. Fox rejoined: it was evident that only the initial sentence had reached her. "I am so glad. There are few whom I have known—among my own compatriots, of course—who speak French as well as she. Do you know, it is really difficult for me now to accustom myself to my own tongue? You must have experienced the same thing yourself."

"Often, Mrs. Fox."

"I was sure of it. Nous autres, n'est-ce pas? Mais tout le monde parle Français maintenant. Figurez-vous qu'à Cannes, l'hiver passé, j'étais vraiment étonnée de trouver ma langue dans la bouche du Prince de Galles!"

"Son Altesse aussi sans doute," Jones answered, with a sniff.

"What do you think of her?" asked Miss Raritan, in a whisper.

"Fox et præterea nihil," he replied; a jest which the young lady

did not wholly grasp, but at which, as was her wont, she smiled approvingly.

"And now, do tell me," Mrs. Fox continued,—"you know I have been away so long,—what is the last scandal?"

"The last scandal? Let me see." And the novelist seemed to meditate. "Ah, yes. You remember Mrs. Gwathmeys, don't you?"

"Cynthia Van Dam that was?"

"Exactly. Well, the other day her husband picked her pocket."

"Mr. Chisolm-Jones?"

"You don't understand. It was a pleasantry on his part. He saw a bit of paper peeping out of her bodice, and snatched it from her."

"You said her pocket."

"Isn't a bodice a woman's pocket? However, Gwathmeys seized the paper, and suddenly he cried, 'What is this? *My love, my chosen, but not mine, I send my whole heart to you in these words I write.*—Who is it wrote that?' 'Owen Meredith,' his wife answered."

"The shameless thing!" interjected Mrs. Fox.

"'I will kill him!' shouted Gwathmeys." As Jones spoke he imitated the voice of an ogre in a fairy-tale.

"And quite right, too."

"As you say."

"And did he?"

But Jones's answer was lost. Mrs. Manhattan had moved, and at that signal her guests rose from the table. When the men, after accompanying the women-folk into the drawing-room, returned for coffee and liqueurs, the novelist seemed absorbed. He took little part in the conversation, and, until his host suggested that it might be well to join the ladies, he sat now puffing at a huge cigar, now flicking the ashes on the floor.

The drawing-room which they then entered, the smallest of the three which the house contained, was so cunningly furnished with everything that you would have expected most, that it was even comfortable and unsuggestive of a sheriff's sale. At one end a screen served as a partition between two sofas. Near to one of the sofas was a mantel, near to the other a piano. Throughout the room other nooks had been arranged. It was one of the few places where a *tête-à-tête* can be enjoyed in a crowd.

When the men entered, Miss Raritan was at the piano. On the sofa nearest the mantel Claire had just seated herself. The other women were in a group. Gonfallon at once took up a position by the mantel, on which he leaned, his back turned to his sister-in-law; Manhattan lounged near the piano; and Tremont Yarde sat himself next to Claire.

For a moment the room was resonant with that accent which is peculiar to the after-dinner speech. Then, as Miss Raritan's fingers strayed over the keys, there was a lull. Presently the girl's voice sounded, low as yet, for she was heating her throat; then suddenly it rose, and dilating filled the room, and, as she sang, each note was evocative of fancies, each word clear as the token on a coin.

Baise-moy, mignonne, cent fois rebaise-moy.

The refrain of her song drifted from her in a murmur of applause. When she had finished, Jones crossed the room to where Gonfallon stood, and, leaning against the mantel, for a moment he gazed at Claire, still seated with Yarde on the sofa just beyond, and plucked at his yellow beard.

With an effort Gonfallon roused himself from a reverie into which he had sunk. "She sings well, does she not?" he remarked. "I wish I could induce her to join the choir." And, as Jones answered nothing, he added, after a moment, "You are the last person I expected to meet to-night."

"Because of my aunt? What nonsense! Though, to be sure, after the manner in which I was treated one might easily expect me to be in sackcloth. No, Mrs. Manhattan asked me before the Bronx episode occurred, and, having accepted her invitation, I saw no reason to back out. Yesterday I got together a change of linen and a metaphysical theory, and here I am. It is ghastly in the country. If it were not for my man, I give you my word, I believe I would keep myself full as a harvest-moon."

"Your man?"

Jones had been speaking in the leisurely growl that was usual to him, in a voice in which a drawl and a snarl seemed to struggle for prominence. But now his face lit up, he straightened himself, and, with a glance at the sofa as though to assure himself of the inattention of its occupants, he plucked again at his beard and continued in a clearer key:

"Yes, the one luxury that my aunt's munificence has permitted me. I have only had the beggar a week, but I have told him that if he behaves himself I will promote him from valet to secretary. His life has been a magic-lantern: he has visited all sorts of impossible places; he has been to Bokhara, to Quito, to Boston,—to Mars, for all I know. If I had had a fraction of his adventures I could busy a room-full of stenographers with the dictation of plots. He keeps me in a fever with his anecdotes; he——"

"Is he an Englishman?"

"No; he is a Swiss, or a Pole,—both, perhaps. However, I wouldn't rely on his veracity. He tells me he has only been in this country a few weeks, two of which he passed as servant to some young man here who sent him adrift because he couldn't marrow-bone his boots."

"H'm."

"Yes, so he said. He told me something odd about him, too,—rather typical, I thought. The substance of it, I fancy, he must have obtained through the keyhole and his master's correspondence,—a supposition which may account for his dismissal. But to come to the point. It appears that the young man, after the fashion of his kind, was smitten in a certain quarter. The object of his affections, poor, parenthetically, but presumably virtuous, would have none of him. In fact, she detested him as only a girl can who has nothing better to do. It may be——"

Gonfallon had ceased to listen; his thoughts had wandered to the

dinner-table, and then, returning, settled on the occupants of the sofa at his back. At the earliest possible moment he determined to take Claire and go.

"It may be," Jones continued, "that the young fellow, in the vivacity which youth will cause, had played some little trick on her which she resented. Joseph—my man—described her as haughty as a Wittelsbach, and of course, as such, not one to take things lightly. Be that as it may, one afternoon our hero sauntered forth, his boots radiant though unboned, a flower in his coat, and the smell of iris on his linen. It was evident to Joseph that he intended to conquer or to die. An hour or so later our hero—h'm, his name was—er—no, Joseph told me, but I have forgotten,—however, our hero returned, looking blacker than Cain, abused Joseph about the first thing that came in his head, and shut himself up in his room. Joseph, as a good servant should, loitered within call. Presently, a ring at the bell, a messenger and a note. No sooner did our hero read it than his face changed from Cain's to Abel's. It was then eight o'clock. Ten minutes later he was in evening dress. 'I will dine at the Club,' he said: 'meanwhile, do you go to Klunder's and get all the flowers he has in his shop: cover the room with them, cover the carpet, fill the vestibule if you can.' Joseph did as he was bid. He secured a hundred dozen roses, a basket of mignonette, and yards of smilax. When his master returned, the apartment had the breath of the Fortunate Isles. I mentioned that he lived in an apartment, didn't I?"

At the question Gonfallon looked up. Jones seemed to be speaking less to him than to an audience behind his back. Mechanically he turned: apparently Claire and Yarde were talked out, for they sat as though listening to the novelist. Gonfallon felt for his watch and consulted it furtively: five minutes more and his cab would be at the door. "Yes, yes, of course," he answered, absently. "Well, what then?"

"Then our hero dismissed Joseph for the night; but Joseph must have preferred to await developments. He declares that he had some brushing up to attend to, over which he fell asleep, and on awakening did not wish to make his presence known. But my own opinion is that during his master's absence he found the note that had been brought, and that that note so piqued his curiosity that he hid in some closet in the hall. However, to make a long story short, just before midnight he heard the bell ring, and presently the sound of a girl's voice. It was evident that she was excited. She entered the apartment like a tempest, and as she spoke her words came from her by jerks, as though wrenched by the effort of one whose patience or whose breath is gone. 'See,' said our hero, attempting to soothe her, 'these roses are in welcome of you.' 'It is not for roses I come, but for money,—I am here.' Then the door of the room which they entered was closed. For a moment there was a murmur, then an exclamation. Immediately the door reopened, and Joseph heard them pass out. This time the girl's voice was assured. 'Will you ever forgive me?' she asked. 'Will you think better of me than before?' he answered. Seemingly——"

Gonfallon, weary of Jones and of his tiresome tale, consulted his

watch again. Down the room some of the guests had encircled Mrs. Fox. At the piano Miss Raritan was still seated, her exquisite face upturned to some man who was fingering a sheet of music. From behind, Gonfallon heard a rustle, Jones ceased speaking, and abruptly the room was in commotion.

Miss Raritan, rising from her seat, hurried forward, followed by Mrs. Manhattan, and in a moment by the other guests.

Gonfallon started and turned. On the sofa, Claire, her eyes closed, her head on her shoulder, her face but little less white than her frock, seemed to have sunk into a heap. "She's fainted," he heard Miss Raritan exclaim, and saw Mrs. Manhattan raise the girl up and beat her small hands with her own. Almost immediately the girl opened her eyes, and Gonfallon rushed to her aid. Yarde, who had stood up, glanced down at her and then over at Jones.

"There, I am right enough," she lisped.

Again Yarde glanced at her, and then, as though assured of her well-being, he moved to where the novelist stood and looked him in the face. "You brute——"

Jones caught him by the arm. "Listen to me, Tremont. There, don't struggle: she's over it already. Besides, Gonfallon has his eye on you. Did you ever hear of Balzac? Of course not. Well, Balzac was a machine that blackened paper. One day, or rather one night, some one said to him, 'There's a pretty girl.' He answered, 'You mean a plot.' Not a novel did he write that he had not dug from a woman's heart. For a week I have been hunting for a climax. This evening I tried an experiment; it succeeded. I have my climax now. Call me a brute if you care to, but be good enough to understand that I am perfectly domesticated and thoroughly well trained. I always mask my heroine. There, Miss Bucholz is motioning to you."

And with that Jones turned on his heel and adjusted his cravat. "I wonder," he mused, "I wonder what that little imbecile would think of Vernet, who lashed himself to a mast-head that he might study a storm?"

X.

The drive from Mrs. Manhattan's to the rectory was always a short one, but on this occasion it was brief indeed. The noise of the wheels brought to Gonfallon the echo of Miss Raritan's song; and as in a constant resummings of the same refrain it beset and pursued him, forcing him whether he willed it or not into a lunatic duo with the vehicle in which he sat, a disorganized lamp-post caught and detained the obsession, and he fell to wondering whether electricity was preferable to gas.

Then at once the query departed of itself. Jones was standing opposite, relating less to him than to an audience behind his back some endless story of nothing at all. And that story, to which five minutes before he had accorded only the show of interest which civility exacts, suddenly became poignant and fraught with interest.

At Mrs. Manhattan's, in the earliest surprise at the unexpected, he had attributed Claire's collapse to fatigue, to the heat of the room and

the strain of her stays; but now, in fumbling about for the logic of Jones's anecdote, he recalled the novelist's significant forgetfulness of his hero's name, the manner in which he had talked at the occupants of the sofa recurred to him, he remembered the epithet which Yarde had blurted out, and at once a panorama unrolled. He had not been the auditor of a pointless tale; he had assisted at the fabulization of a masquerade; but the clock had struck, the dominos had fallen, the masks were raised.

In a confusion of visions he saw Claire dismissing her suitor like a lackey, the interview between Bucholz and himself, interrupted by her and indubitably overheard; he divined the conflict within her, the remembrance of Yarde's offer, the knowledge of her father's guilt. Then one after another he comprehended the first incitement, the inward revolt, the renewed assault, the rebellion in her of all that was best, the martyrdom that ensued, the self-crucifixion, the tension of nerves, the defeat that was a victory, the agony over the wording of the note, the despatch of the message, the comedy played for Ruth, the suffocation hid with a smile, the anguish of the preparation, the dread, perhaps the hope, of detention, the horror of the unlighted stairs, the tragedy of the cab that waited there, the agony of her thoughts as she was driven away, her hysterical entrance into Yarde's apartment, and then, to the man she loathed, her offer in payment of her father's shame. No, it was more than noble; it was Greek.

Of her possible contempt of him, Gonfallon gave no thought. And as his fancy veered from Claire to Yarde it was with a little undercurrent of applause. Truly he had misjudged the man, not much perhaps, but still misjudgment there had been. He could have throttled him on that afternoon when he had heard him, in anger at his rejection, make that offer which he had coupled with the insulting assurance that the walls of his rooms were dumb. Yes, he could have throttled him then with delight. And yet, when Claire, in her haste to rescue her father, had in her helplessness knocked at his door, he had been better than his word: assistance had been accorded unexactly, and so soon as rendered, immediately he had let her go. However the episode might be viewed, in this respect at least Yarde's conduct had in it a dash of the *talon rouge*. No wonder Claire's attitude had changed: it were ungracious of her had it not. But there the matter should rest. Claire should be under no further obligation to smile at this subtler Lovelace. The money he would find means of repaying. As for Jones, he could be hushed with a word.

The cab had stopped, but it needed a movement from his companion to remind him that the journey was done. He got out, aided her to alight, and unlatched the door. As yet, neither had spoken. On entering the house Claire made directly for the stairs.

"Don't go up yet; I want a word with you," he muttered, and glanced at the banisters above.

"What is it?" She halted and turned. The cheeks were still pale, and the white fur of her wrap increased the pallor of her face.

He put his hat and coat aside, and, raising the curtain of the sitting-room, motioned her to enter.

For a second she hesitated and looked at him inquisitorially, the brow contracted; then, gathering a fold of her frock, she obeyed the gesture, and, entering the room, she stood, her wrap drawn about her, her head thrown back, one foot beating a measure impatiently on the floor.

Gonfallon glanced again at the banisters and let the curtain fall. "Claire," he began, "there is but one explanation of what occurred this evening. The fault, perhaps, is partly mine. I had intended on my return from Bronx to take immediate action in regard to your father, but you forestalled me. You forestalled me, moreover, in a manner which—which—well, of which the least said the better. Fortunately, matters are not as bad as they might be. You have been exceedingly imprudent, and I have been remiss. As for that young man, his mere presence is sufficient to tarnish a dawn. From your own demeanor, from things which Ruth has let fall, I understand that he is as objectionable to you as he is to me. The obligation which he has placed us all under must of course be cancelled, and to that I will attend; but hereafter it is impossible for you to see him again. You agree with me, do you not?"

In and about the girl's mobile lips a sneer hovered like a bee on a rose. Leisurely she undid her cloak. "Not in the least," she answered.

"But you know I dislike him; you know——"

"And why should you?" Her head, which had been thrown back, she now held a trifle to one side. "And why should you? Has he ever done you a kindness?" She paused a second, and added, "You dislike my father too, don't you?"

The thrust was keen and venomous as the tooth of a rat. But on her mouth the sneer was so quickly effaced by a smile that one might have thought that in her heart a bird had suddenly burst into song.

At the change in her expression Gonfallon forgot to heed the taunt. "He is unprincipled, Claire——"

"Ah! He is unprincipled, is he? And what of it? You have no principles of your own to boast of. No, Chris, you have none."

She pointed at him. On the end of her finger were all sorts of pretty gestures, and in her face, to which some trace of color had returned, was the mimic of a child saying, *Fi!* "You must find a better reason than that."

At the movement of her hand the wrap fell from her. She was bare of neck and of arm. Her frock was after that English model which gives some freedom to the limbs yet keeps the waist well girt. It was colorless yet scintillant, and in it, with the white of the fur at her feet, it needed little imagination to fancy her a statue of Injustice vacating its niche.

The slender finger still extended seemed to pierce him like a gibe. "You must find a better reason than that," she repeated; "you must, indeed." Her smile had bubbled into a ripple, her eyes laughed, and she flushed.

Gonfallon's breath came faster. He had been staring at her. "It is because I love you, Claire," he whispered. And in a moment he

caught her to him and pressed her lips of silk to his. At their emollient touch his anger evaporated as utterly as had it never been. "Sweetheart," he murmured, "it is because you are more than all the world to me."

He gazed into her deep eyes' depth. Instead of an answering gleam, there was in them an apathy, stagnant and unmoved. "Sweetheart," he repeated, and as he did so the eyes into which he gazed dilated as at some sudden dread. From behind him came a smothered cry. His arms fell again to his side, and he wheeled about. In the door-way Ruth stood, her face barred by a shadow. Claire stooped for her cloak, and Gonfallon bit his lip.

Ruth advanced to where they stood. Her face now they could see had on it the stamp of unvanquishable pain, seared in, immutable and already cold. She glanced from one to the other.

"Claire," she said, and as she spoke her words fell from her very swiftly, unseparated by intervals, as though in speech relief might be,— "Claire, our mother died when you were born. The first thought I ever had was of your good. The earliest effort I ever made I made for you. I tried to be not a sister alone, I tried to replace the mother you had lost. I have failed."

Claire made as though to speak, but already Ruth had turned to Gonfallon.

"Christopher, the first dream of my girlhood belonged to you. The only thoughts I did not give to Claire were those I gave to you. You took so many, Christopher! I gave you my whole heart; I thought you gave me yours. I was wrong."

"Wrong?" cried Claire; "you are stark, staring mad, that is what is the matter with you, Mrs. Gonfallon."

"I am sure," Gonfallon hazarded, "I don't see——"

"I did," said his wife. The monosyllables fell like a sentence.

"Well, Ruth," Claire broke in, "if you object to Chris kissing me on an occasion like this——"

"Like this? What occasion can it be?"

"Why, Chris was congratulating me on my engagement. Don't you think you are absurd?"

A light as from some new dawn seemed to break in Ruth's eyes. She turned to Claire again.

"I am engaged to Trement Yarde," the girl added.

Gonfallon felt the blood mount to his temples. "It is a lie," he told himself. "Or if by chance she is telling the truth, then——"

"He asked me again to-night," Claire continued. "It was the fourth time; I was afraid he might not ask again——"

"Is this true, Christopher?" Ruth's voice was almost joyous.

"It is true," he answered, and ground his nails into his flesh.

"But you don't love him!" And already Ruth's arm had wound itself about her sister's waist.

Claire nodded eagerly. "Oh, but I do, though,—lots and lots, —corner lots."

"Claire, dear," expostulated Ruth, "you said you hated him."

"H'm, perhaps. It's the same thing, isn't it?"

Ruth turned again from her sister to her husband. "Chris, Claire has forgiven me: will not you?"

Gonfallon answered nothing. He tried to give his face some suitable expression, and evidently he succeeded, for Ruth, with the dawn still in her eyes, led her sister away.

When they had gone, Gonfallon dropped on a chair and mopped his forehead. "Hatred, indeed!" he muttered. "It is I that hate." It was monstrous, he told himself, that she should treat him as she had. From a delight she had changed into a reproach. The desire which she had inspired, and against which he had struggled with all the feebleness of his strength, the hope unformulated yet sentient which she had evoked and against whose luminousness he had hid his eyes, these things had passed, the one into a mockery, the other into a taunt. The innocence which she exhaled, the guilelessness which she displayed, that savor and fragrance of youth which in alluring him despite himself had made him forget his office and his vows, was an acquired, a premeditated trick. Everything about her, even to the serpentine movement of her neck, was the understudy of a lie. And it was such an one as she that had the power to stir his pulse and leave him for hours after to dally with the protocols and uselessness of regret! It was she who had brought him visions of larger life, of new horizons and fresher creeds; it was she with whom he had seen himself straying beyond the conventional, far out of reach of the matter-of-fact to that ultimate meadow where the flowers distil the reason of love! And this was she! Full surely then he had been bereft.

He raised his hand to his head and let his head fall back. He was tired, outwearied by the emotions of the night, and for a little while he toyed absently with a handkerchief, rumpling it into a ball and moulding it with forefinger and with thumb. "I am no longer a lover," he mused, "I am a judge." His eyelids drooped, he sank yet farther in the chair, and sighed. "Of heart," he continued, "she has none. Beneath her stays is some flesh on a stone."

A little longer he rested, then, slowly, with the hesitant air of one perplexed, he rose from his seat, the handkerchief still rumpled in his hold. "She is an adder!" he exclaimed, and, throwing the bit of cambric from him, he repeated, in yet louder tone, "An adder,—that I will fang."

The next moment, without conscious effort on his part, he found himself at her door. Should he knock? he wondered. But no; the time for ceremony was gone. With a wrench at the knob and a blow at the panel he entered in. Claire was before the mirror. She had removed her frock, but her arms and neck were no longer bare: she had some loose wrapper on, and in it all trace of the mannishness which she affected disappeared. At the sudden noise she started and turned. Gonfallon was livid. As she stared at him he gazed at her, and in that gaze he put something that was like a knee pressed on a breast.

"Wanton!" he hissed.

The girl's hands fluttered like falling leaves. "Christopher," she cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Wait; you shall see."

He made towards her, and as he approached the girl drew back.

"Christopher," she moaned, "you frighten me."

"Is it my face that frightens? Could you see my heart?"

And still the girl retreated. Her back now was against the wall, her eyes agonized with fear. With a bound he was upon her, and, catching her wrist in his hand, he threw her on the floor. Vainly she struggled; the grip on her wrist was a vice.

"What are you going to do?" she gasped.

And Gonfallon, still holding her down, turned his head towards the table and across the room as though seeking for something of which he had immediate need.

"I do not know," he answered; "but say your prayers."

"Help!" she cried, her voice soaring to its uttermost tension. "Help!"

And as Gonfallon placed his hand over her mouth to hush the cry, she crouching form faded from before him. He felt an undefinable sensation of discomfort. In his ears was the roar of water displaced. With an effort he looked about him. He was still in the chair in which he had dropped asleep, and through rifts of returning consciousness he heard a loving voice: "Chris, are you not coming up? See, it is after one."

It was Ruth, bending over him, entreating him to rise.

XI.

Already a handful of guests had filled the sitting-room. In the study, across the hall, Gonfallon, robed in full canonicals, stood motionless and alone. Once only at the champing of bits and the noise of hoofs he had turned to the window. It was Miss Pickett, garmented in that terra-cotta which affects the eye as a pistol-shot affects the ear. He had heard her rustle past the door and her laugh mingle with Mrs. Manhattan's. Then a brougham had stopped, and Tandem, in a cut-away coat, a flower in his button-hole, had alighted and loitered an instant until Yarde had alighted too. For the moment, Gonfallon, at the possibility of their entering the room where he stood, had knit his brow; but Tandem, in his quality of best man, had convoyed the groom to some other refuge. From above came the sound of hurrying feet. The rectory was articulate, its quiet stirred with vocables. In the room overhead he pictured Claire standing before the glass, her head held sidewise, eying the last touches to her gown. Beyond, somewhere, through the walls he saw Yarde contemplating his finger-tips, and to the prayer-book which he held Gonfallon gave a tighter clasp.

Since the dinner and its epilogue Gonfallon had barely seen his sister-in-law. The day after she had gone with the Picketts to Washington, and before returning to New York had managed to pass a full month with Yarde's relatives in the South. Since then her hours had been given to the trousseau. To-day she was to be married, and at the ceremony, at her mating to that man, instead of forbidding the banns he was to officiate. It was through him the Church was to sanction a thing against which every fibre of his being rebelled. In an effort to

gain some mastery over the expression of his face, he turned again to the street.

There had been a flurry of snow an hour before, but now in the sunlight high noon rang everywhere. On the pavement was an eager glitter like that of broken glass, and at the corner the spires of Gethsemane pointed to a gulf of blue.

"And not a reason for refusing," he muttered,—“not one.” During the preceding weeks he had told himself that this thing should never be. The touch of her lips had sealed her to him. He had felt the willingness, the courage even, to abandon the rochet already in his grasp, his high estate, his reputation, his cloth, Ruth, everything, even to honor, and carry the girl to some one of those lovely lands to which we never go, but which beckon to us, ceaselessly, from afar. In conflicts with himself conscience vanquished had been impotent to coerce. His ordinary duties he had performed with the perfunctoriness of a somnambulist. In his eyes but one light shone, and that light was Claire. And in that light all else slipped by, and he had relied now on the girl herself, now on a whim of chance, and again on some effort of his own, on something, he knew not what, but still on something that should happen in the nick of time and sunder this hateful pact.

In more rational moments he had reflected that, distasteful as the engagement was, it was rendered doubly so by the fact that the other contracting party was one whom of all others in the world he loathed the most; and into that loathing, as though to mock him, there would creep at times the knowledge—banished again and again, but ever returning—that between him and Yarde a girl such as Claire would not hesitate for a second's space. What chance have forty years, however well carried they may be, against the fragrance and seductions of youth?

And as Gonfallon had thought of this, he would have, had he dared, clapped there and then on that fragrance some one of those masks which disfigure and distort. He would have corroded and blasted. And instead of that he was called upon to stand, the sacerdos, and consecrate his nuptials with Claire. Instead of maiming he was to marry, instead of cursing he was to bless. Could this cup pass from him! But he had no excuse,—not one. It was for him to deliver the girl he loved into the arms of the man he loathed. And as he gazed down at the eager glitter of the street there came to his face an expression which Goya would have given to a gibbeted fiend. Was it not a woman that changed into Satan the angel that was Lucifer?

“Doctor, the bride is coming down.”

It was Tandem hailing him from the door-way. Gonfallon drew one long breath and turned; and as he turned he thrust his hate back in him as a soldier sheathes his sword.

“I am ready,” he answered; and to himself he added, “Calvary was easy of ascent.”

Tandem had already gone. Gonfallon drew the portière aside, and, crossing the hall, his head bent, the prayer-book in his hand, he entered the sitting-room beyond. At his entrance the voices subsided and ceased. The guests parted into twin rows, and between them Gonfallon advanced to a mirror, before which two cushions had been placed. There he

turned and stood, his head still lowered, waiting the coming of the bride.

Presently, in the lull, Yarde entered, led by Tandem, and, bowing to Gonfallon,—a salute which, parenthetically, was not returned,—he took up a position on the right. From beneath his lowered eyelids Gonfallon saw him fumble at a pocket. "He is feeling for the ring," he reflected, and straightened himself just a little. Then came a rustle, a murmur, and Claire entered, leaning on her father's arm. Gonfallon raised his eyes, Yarde stepped forward to greet, Bucholz in a worthy parental manner dropped his daughter's arm, and the two young people stood before him who was to make them one.

"'Dearly beloved,'" began Gonfallon, in that voice which those present knew so well,—"'Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God.'"

And as he repeated from memory the subsequent phrases of the opening formula, he looked down at the bride. In her cheeks that hue of the white rose which has the sulphur heart was untouched by the faintest flush. The porcelain blue of her eyes was untroubled, and her mouth still looked inviolate and unaware of love. From the tangles of her curls came the breath of brooks. She was in street-dress, but unbonneted and unglowed.

"'I require and charge you both, as you will answer at the dreadful day of judgment——'"

His eyes were still on hers, but as he delivered the warning which is customary he lowered his own beneath the directness of her gaze.

"Tremont," he continued, "wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live——"

"I will," the young man interjected, and flushed at his precipitance.

"Together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her——" And as the questions fell from him, Gonfallon, outwardly impassible, clutched tighter at the book he held. For a second his voice wavered, and, turning to the bride,—

"Claire," he continued, "wilt thou take this man?"

Again his eyes were on her, and so convulsed were they that to a weaker than she, dismay would have come. He paused, and Claire, as though her thoughts had preceded and interpreted his own, in a voice quasily defiant, her head held like a challenge, her eyes a trifle contracted, and fixed maliciously on his own, made the conventional response.

"Who giveth this woman——"

In speaking he caught an expression in Yarde's face, a look of smothered mirth as though the mute dialogue had been intercepted and enjoyed. Willingly would he have hurled the prayer-book at his teeth and with his two hands about his throat crushed out his hated life. He bit his lip until it bled, and with an effort dominated himself again.

Bucholz had stepped forward, and, after making a gesture, moved back. He seemed so pompous, so spruce, and yet so unnecessary, that Gonfallon, detecting another quiver in Yarde's expression, understood his mirth, and in his semi-hysterical condition felt his own lips twitch with a smile.

The troth then plighted, bride and groom kneeled on the cushions at his feet, and, the prayer delivered, rose up again.

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. For inasmuch——" he continued, and, mumbling the archaic phrases that follow, he added, with a gasp, "Amen."

The next moment Claire was in her sister's arms and Tandem was shaking Yarde energetically by the hand. The twin ranks of the company fused into a solid square that bore down on bride and groom. Gonfallon watched his opportunity, and escaped to the study beyond.

Thus far he had held himself well. Not one of those present had divined the rebellion that was in him. But now the farce was done, and, tearing the canonicals from him, he rumbled and tossed them in a heap on the floor. The prayer-book which he had held fell from him, and he sank on a chair. Into his mouth had come a sour taste. He raised his handkerchief to his lips, and, looking at it, saw that it was flecked with red. He passed his hand across his eyes; they were dry and hot; and, suddenly, remembering Bucholz, he chuckled and tried to laugh.

The hubbub of sixty people talking at once came to him from across the hall. For a fraction of an hour he listened unhearingly. But presently something stirred him from his mental swoon. He had heard Claire's voice, he was sure. He started and moved to the door: yes, it was she. He drew the portière ever so little and peered into the hall. Before him the bride stood exchanging a farewell with Miss Pickett. Then the two separated, Miss Pickett turning to the sitting-room and Claire to the stairs. For a moment he waited; then, seeing that he could leave the study unobserved, he hurried out into the hall. Already the girl had reached the floor above, but he called to her, and she stopped.

"What is it?" she asked, and looked down at him from over the rail. Without a word he mounted to where she stood. "Claire," he whispered, and strove to take her hand, "tell me, you do love me, do you not?"

And the girl, drawing from him, answered almost sadly, with a gesture that was pathetic in the sorrow it conveyed, "Love you, Gonfallon? It is not I that love you; it is Ruth."

A door closed, and she was gone.

Gonfallon steadied himself and gazed blankly enough at the door which had shut in his face. "And it was for this I toiled," he mused. For the moment everything seemed to disappear; then, mindful as he always was of Form, and arguing with himself as to what he was doing there, he got into his study again, and roamed about it, likening his restlessness to that of a gyrfalcon in a cage; striving not only to forget, but to cease to think as well.

Beyond, the hubbub still continued. A luncheon was in progress, and he knew that his absence would be remarked. Yet still he could make no effort to leave the room. From time to time he passed his hand across his face and let it fall again to his side. And presently the voices approached: it was evident that the guests were assembling in the hall. From the window he could see a trim brougham, bottle-green, the straw-colored wheels picked out with black, and by it a

miniature groom, in his lapel a bunch of white flowers, while at the ear of the horse nearest the rectory Gonfallon noticed that a similar bunch had been placed.

"Chris, where are you?"

It was Ruth calling to him, as Tandem had done, from the uplifted fringe of the curtain.

"Chris! They are coming. Hurry!"

Again he moved out into the hall, bowing this time right and left to the guests that had assembled there. Mrs. Manhattan was prompt at nabbing, and she had him at once.

"How sweet Claire looked!" she murmured.

"Very," Gonfallon answered, and smilingly caressed his chin.

"Such a good match, too," she added. "You ought to be tickled to death."

"Yes, yes, he is a splendid young fellow."

"Just the man for her. Nicholas was so sorry he couldn't come. Tremont, you know, is a connection of ours. I even had a hand in his bringing up."

"I was sure of it."

"And how impressive you did make the service! Ah! here they are."

About the corner bride and groom had turned. The face of the latter was flushed as were he the sacrifiant; the former held her head erect, and her mouth seemed at the slightest provocation prepared to bubble into laugh.

There was a gurggle, a hum, an undulant shout, and they had gone. Through the open door-way Miss Pickett threw a slipper which hit the coachman on the cheek. Tandem had obtained a handful of rice, which he scattered lavishly in the air. And as the brougham drove off, Yarde was seen, his head bent, fumbling at the nape of his neck for a furtive grain that had lodged in his collar.

For a while yet the guests lingered, companioned by Gonfallon and Ruth. Then, little by little, the handful diminished and shrunk, until husband and wife were alone.

"It will be dreary without Claire, will it not?" Ruth remarked as the ultimate loiterer passed from the house. There was no doubt about it,—Dr. McMasters was not only a physician, but a sorcerer as well. The neuralgia which had fed upon her had been exorcised long since.

In the adjoining room the maid was busy with the detritus of the wedding-feast.

"Will it not?" she repeated, and, without waiting for an answer, suddenly her arm had wound about him, and for a moment her head rested on his breast. Then, conscious, seemingly, of the presence of the maid, she moved from him, and Gonfallon, turning on his heel, entered the study again.

On the floor before him the prayer-book lay, and he stooped to pick it up. It was not large,—hardly bigger than a good resolution,—but as prayer-books go it was a gem. The text was illuminated, and for binding it had tortoise-shell clamped with gold. In the morning Ruth had brought it to him with the request that he would use it at the

service which was to be. And now as he raised it from the floor it opened in his hand. On the fly-leaf was an inscription in characters thin as hair: "To Ruth, from her loving sister. Christmas, 1879." And as he read it he understood why the request had been made.

Idly he turned the pages. Between the covenants of the marriage-pact a blue flower had been pressed. During the agitations of the ceremony it had been unnoticed, but now something about it seemed to evoke a memory, and he went back again to the slopes and intervalles of Bronx. Idly still he turned the leaves. Before the psalm "With my whole heart thy praise I will proclaim" another flower had been placed, but this one was yellow, as though the hope of the first betokened had mellowed with fulfilment. And as he turned again, facing the collect for Ash-Wednesday he found a clipping from some Poets' Corner, a bit of school-girl verse:

I wait for the story: the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree,
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, oh, bring it,
Such as I wish it to be.

He read it twice, and very gently, almost reverently, he put the book aside. Anger seemed to take itself visibly away; he saw it leaving him, and made no effort to detain. Already hatred was departing, and in its train an illusion had unmasked. "It is not I that love you," some one was saying; "it is Ruth."

He had fallen in a chair, and sat, his face buried in his hands. Back again from the past one memory after another came to him un-reproached: first his wooing of her, her shy willingness, the sweet profanation, the earliest reluctant kiss, then the altar-rail, the blush of girlhood abandoned, the wifely solicitude, the unalterable charm with which illness had coped in vain, the tenderness of her nature, the unwavering allegiance, the trust, the belief, the pride in him.

"It is I," he mused, "with whom she covenanted, it is I whose praise she proclaimed. I am the story she waited." And, raising his face from his hands, he added, "If that story were only true!"

Already the afternoon had taken itself off. And as the light decomposed and decreased, something that was like to weariness seemed to fill the room. On the ceiling an uncertain dimness gathered. Here and there a gilt nail on the wood-work detained as with a pin a fringe of the mantle of day, but in the background was a somnolence in which objects disappeared mysteriously, one by one. In the corners shadows came and crouched. Under the chairs pits had formed, and out of them crept an obscurity which effaced and devoured the floor. On the ceiling the dimness deepened, the crouching shadows elongated and lapped the walls. A rumble from the street put an accent on the gloom, and presently, by way of vespers, the voice of the housemaid chanting "Jesus loves me" climbed on a treble from the regions below.

For a little space Gonfallon moved uneasily. Then, when night had wholly come, he found his way from the study, and groped through the darkness to Ruth.

THE END.

NEW YORK, October-December, 1888.

MIZPAH.

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—GENESIS xxxi. 49.

I KISSED your lips, and held your hands,
And said, "Farewell," and went away,
Well knowing that another day
Would speed you forth to other lands.
And down the summer-scented street
I heard your echoing voice repeat
The Hebrew motto, quaint and sweet,—
"Mizpah."

A thousand miles between us lay
When Autumn passed, in lingering flight,
And drenched with fragrant dew at night
The woodland fires he lit by day;
But, all the golden distance through,
From you to me and me to you
Went out the tender prayer and true,—
"Mizpah."

The winter night falls cold and bleak;
I sit, in saddened mood, alone,
And listen to the wind's low moan,
And hide a fear I dare not speak.
For you are far, so far away,
And younger lips have turned to clay:
Dear love! I tremble while I pray,
"Mizpah."

But spring shall blossom up the plain,
And Easter lilies scent the air,
And song-birds riot everywhere,
And heart and hope grow glad again.
Yet still my nightly prayer shall be,
Though swallows build or swallows flee,
Until my love come back to me,
"Mizpah."

And when, with flowers of June, you come,
And face to face again we stand,
And heart to heart and hand to hand,
O love! within the one dear home,
We shall not need to say again,
In winter's snow or summer's rain,
Till death shall come to part us twain,
"Mizpah."

Homer Greene.

THE DAYS WHEN I WENT JOURNALING.

WHETHER—as my friend Quillit, himself a veteran journalist, insists—I was “born with printer’s ink on my fingers,” I shall not undertake to say. I only know that I took to the press as naturally as a duck takes to the water. I was hardly past the melancholy Jaques’s first stage of human life when I issued a family paper, each copy transcribed by my own hand, to which every member of the household (including, of course, the young gentlemen who wished to stand well in my sister’s eyes) was constrained to subscribe, and pay in advance. Whatever honors I failed to secure in school and college through the obtuseness and partiality of teachers, I easily carried off a “double first” as editor and contributor to such brilliant periodicals as the *Boys’ Boomerang*, the *Sophomore Swaggerer*, the *Iota Omikron Secret Dispatch*, and the *University Quarterer*.

The papers and magazines which came into my father’s house were few and feeble, compared to those which heap up my own library table; but they had a fascination to me which could only have arisen from some such latent consciousness as that which led Correggio to cry, as he stood before a painting of Raphael, “I too am a painter!” I almost learned by heart Willis’s *New Mirror*, Lewis Gaylord Clarke’s *Knickerbocker*, and Horace Greeley’s *New Yorker*. The religious paper was dry enough in those days, when the editor had not learned to spice his theological and ecclesiastical weekly ration with a judicious admixture of secularities, but my journalistic appetite lubricated even this to the bolting-point. An Editor was a more interesting, if not a more awful and majestic, being than a President. What was Polk or Tyler or Fillmore or Pierce beside the shambling moon-faced Greeley, the courtly and chivalric Watson Webb, or the Little Corporal of the press, Henry J. Raymond? Even a rather disreputable friendship which I contracted at an early age with an Irish reporter was a source of pride to me. I took keen satisfaction in acting as his deputy, and thus securing admission to places and privileges as “a member of the press.” This freedom of the city could hardly be classed among “stolen waters,” but it was vastly sweeter than if “purchased with a large sum.” A famous magazinist lived on the next block, and as he walked slowly past our house (for he was then beginning to break in health) he was to me a creature of another sphere and mould. These mighty men had actually the unrestricted right to print whatever came into their heads, and held the keys which admitted others into their locked “forms”!

For a good while, however, I dared not dream that those doors would open to me. And when at last I “tried my luck,” the selection was made of a little handkerchief sheet published in an obscure village under the shadow of the Shawangunk Mountains. The editor, who printed his own paper on a hand-press, was glad to get anything: I do not think that “the outside” of the rural press was then obtained ready-printed by a syndicate arrangement, as now. So I wrote him letters

from New York, tales, essays, and poems, which lie pressed like withered flowers of the spring, in their blurred type and stained paper, in certain old scrap-books yonder. The intensity with which I hung over those printed words, and read and re-read them, and wondered whether they would not make me famous, has had no parallel since, certainly none as respects the last particular.

I shall not detain my readers with the old story, how the bucolic press ere long began to pall upon my ambition, and I ventured into fresh fields and pastures new. I tried a struggling literary weekly with a "short story," and in the next number saw it accepted in the "Notices to Correspondents" with a complimentary word:—in those days this was the almost exclusive coin in which contributors were paid. I flew higher. I got two fantastic stories into a *Ladies' Book*, and an eloquent essay into the *Knickerbocker* itself. Above all, I found that I could furnish the religious papers with acceptable matter, written from what was to me, alas! at that time a dramatically religious standpoint. With entire guilelessness I wrote imaginary experiences and narratives, till I was startled to find one of the latter going over the world as a genuine statement of facts in a published sermon of Mr. Spurgeon.

General George P. Morris was then the managing editor of the *Home Journal*, and was known to be a most kindly gentleman, and, like his partner, Mr. N. P. Willis, to have lent a friendly hand to many a literary aspirant. I was now bold enough even to address him, asking for advice in respect to a journalistic career, and received an immediate reply inviting me to call at his office. I went in fear and trembling, but not without hope that the great man might open up some royal road to the editorial Olympus, and (I confess it) secretly flattering myself that perhaps he might instate me at once in the sanctum of the *Home Journal*. He received me in what seemed rather an unexcited way, and proceeded straight to business, putting me through a brief catechism, and then giving me advice, which I suspect he administered according to a formula to a continuous procession of press-bitten youths. It was, that if I was determined to be a journalist I must be willing to "begin at the bottom," and "take hold anywhere." It was sound advice, as I have since found when looking at the matter from his stand-point for the benefit of ingenious youths who occupied what had once been my own. The prescription was an effectual one, as many a doctor's is, by not being taken. I went out *minus* one more dream of my young life, and soon had left it in the dim background for other work, whose "bottom," though I had to begin there, did not look quite so underground and grimy.

Of course my fingers kept rubbing off their printer's ink on the white sheets of the press, and I tasted the sweets of journalism as a recreation without feeling the pressure of its drudgery. And by and by the unexpected call came, as it sometimes will, to begin at the top, and to take hold at a definite somewhere. It was not a very brilliant offer, nor did it promise to raise me among the Olympians of the press. But I was just then changing my residence and occupation for sanitary reasons, and the invitation stirred up the embers which had slumbered

since General Morris threw that painful of ashes over them. Why not have an editorial episode in my somewhat miscellaneous life? Why not follow this unlooked-for opening into that alluring wonder-world, on whose outside I had stood so wistfully in youth, and see for myself what it was like? Besides, this was one of the papers which I used to see, and try to read, at my father's house from earliest boyhood. I had a peculiar veneration and affection for the sturdy old sheet, and had been brought up to look upon its editors as the most favored of men, so that it awakened a childlike pride to think of myself as occupying the same lofty tripod.

And thus it was that, "as I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den," as old Bunyan might still have written if he had been called to write an Editor's Progress. For, though a *sanctum* to the outside world, to the editorial mind his room will present itself in the mystic and miscellaneous significance of that word "den." It is anything except a sanctuary from the world to the average editor, but rather a sally-port for daily, weekly, or monthly raids upon it. Of course I am not thinking of those majestic and shadowy personages who direct by telephone, from the depths of softly-lighted and perfumed chambers, the movements of great dailies, —prophets of Khorassan who are chiefly awful because they keep their faces veiled. The ordinary work-a-day editor, of all men in the world, feels himself in the world, and his office is where the world-surf breaks all about his feet. The word "den," too, suggests a place where the conventionalities of life may be relaxed to a degree not applicable to an "office," and the slight difference between literary and littery can be ignored. Or, if the idea of a retreat is still maintained, it is in the sense of a "growlery," where one can betake his wounded spirit from the combined assaults of publisher and public.

We are all familiar with the symbolical figure in the old almanacs, representing a man's body as dominated by the twelve constellations according to the astrologers. The poor fellow stands in the centre of what look like elongated needles diverging from a dozen tormentors to every section of his anatomy. The Archer is shooting him in the thighs, the Bull is goring him in the neck, the Lion is thrusting a lance into his heart, the Goat is prancing for a dash at his legs, the Crab is sidling towards his breast, the Scales are hanging beside his "reins," like Shylock's beside Antonio's, and a forlorn Virgin is seated in determined siege on the other side. The Waterman is apparently tapping him for dropsy, the Ram is leaping over his head, the Fishes are floundering under his feet, and the Twins seem to be wrestling as to which shall first get on his shoulder. In this zodiacal aspect and dilemma does the Editor loom before my retrospective mind, as the cushion of innumerable pins, and as the objective point of a round robin of general antagonism. I do not undertake to locate the constellations of the editorial firmament, nor to say which one hits him hardest in the heart or the arms or the knees or the digestive organs, which tramples most upon his brain, and which muddies his feet. But as he withdraws to his den I think I can hear him, after the manner of David Copperfield's old-clo' dealer, crying out, "Oh my eyes and limbs!" and at another time,

"Oh my lungs and liver!" and at still another, "Oh my heart on fire!" and sometimes in a general way, "Oh goroo, goroo!" But if you were to follow these converging lines, I am quite sure that one would lead up to the publisher and another to the printer, one to the contributor and another to the advertiser, while, like a second Winkelried, he gathers a whole sheaf of lances into his breast from the hands of the public and "esteemed contemporaries."

At any rate, I do not know that I can "rightly divide" my subject better than by taking a glance of retrospection along those various lines.

The relation of the editor to his "proprietor" is not essentially different from that of any other business agent, for instance, that of a clergyman to the trustees who have called him to minister to their souls. First of all, he must make the business a financial success. He must pay expenses. Not only cannot the pastor "eat souls," but the trustees do not find that souls are legal tender in the exchanges of an unspiritual world. The question of dividends is ever before the editor, staring upon him like an interrogation-point in the face of every stockholder and director. If he maintains his independence and integrity under this silent siege, he does well. If he comes out with a shred of his chivalric ideal, he is one of the race of heroes, or perhaps martyrs,—or else has lighted on one of the few places in this world which are impervious to the philosopher's stone that would turn all things into gold.

Nowhere does the stockholder's arrow touch the editor in a tenderer place than in his relations with the Advertiser. To secure this personage is as much a question of life and death as for the Homeric heroes to secure the patronage of the gods. In the business manager's eye the subscriber is all very well, but he "cottons" to the advertiser. There are journals of high pretension, whose lavish outlay of money for contributions (or, rather, for contributors) is simply calculated with a view to providing a subscription-list as a basis for a lucrative advertising patronage. Thus the "ads" are apt to become little "silver shrines," and the business manager to be a Demetrius who is very jealous of any interference with "the craft by which he gets his gain;" and the editor will be apt to hear an Ephesian "uproar" if he prove uncomfortably scrupulous. Even if he is able personally to resist this particular serpent which assails journalistic virtue, he will not fail to have his knowledge of good and evil considerably enlarged when he comes to see the journalistic Eden from the inside, and to "read between the lines," and to detect the "reading notice" in its varied and subtle forms. If he once yields, he will find the advertiser to be the original of that fabled camel at the little tailor's shop-window, whose nose was the entering wedge of his whole body, hump and hind legs included.

He will become cognizant, also, of that unique and mysterious power, the advertising agent, whose picturesque varieties of personality are paralleled only by the legislative lobbyist,—from the suave and cultivated negotiator between the press and the book-trade or the large mercantile houses, to the seedy and needy dealer in magical proposals for making everybody healthy or for making everybody rich. For the most part, these men are exceptionally quiet and insinuating. But I

recall one phenomenal individual, whose first advent into the outer office brought me out in alarm lest I should find my employees taken by the throat. And I never could get over the impression that a small riot, or anarchist demonstration, must be going on there. He was a veritable Boythorn in his stentorian tones and exaggerated language and in the tempestuous atmosphere which seemed to attend him. One would suppose that everybody was an unmitigated scoundrel, that all businessmen were on the verge of bankruptcy, that trade was invariably dull, and that he had come to the conclusion to give the whole thing up and abandon the world in disgust. A novice would have been apt to think also that he was revealing the secrets of his employers right and left and was a most unsafe and injudicious go-between. But I was obliged to accept the testimony that he was not only a jolly good fellow, but one of the shrewdest and most successful men in his line.

I suppose it is only in small establishments, like that of the *Enlightener*, that the editor feels the jar and trample of the printing-press, or is conscious of any malign influence upon him of that great nineteenth-century constellation. But I found myself in the position of a literary stoker, with the jaws of an insatiable engine always gaping red-mouthed for my scraps of copy. At first it was a source of nervous anxiety, which affected my dreams at night, lest I should not have enough to feed its ravenous maw. But I soon learned that the only trouble was quite the other way,—how to dispose of my accumulated fuel and fodder, and how to stuff a quart of copy into a pint measure of space.

I had no experience of strikes, and "the walking delegate" was not yet stepping westward. It never occurred to me that my printers might be knights, and that to every one who doeth not well the boycott lieth at the door. Perhaps our establishment was too insignificant for the typographical chivalry to break a lance over. Probably my leading printers, composed of a single family, which had printed the *Enlightener* for two or three generations, were too old-fashioned to know or care about these foreign and new-fangled notions. The intense conservatism of the paper had rubbed itself into their very blood. My foreman was a veritable Tim Linkinwater, in his fidelity to the concern. There was, however, a small and shifting force of journeymen and apprentices, who afforded interesting studies of the typical type-setter. I used sometimes, in hot weather, to move my writing-materials from my stifling den to a retired and breezy corner of the printing-room, where I could look over the roofs and chimney-pots of the city, and at the same time watch the busy, clicking scene around me.

I doubt whether human nature differentiates anywhere into as original and Bohemian forms as among the inky tribe. The printer who shall be available for head-work as well as finger-work must have considerable intelligence, and one finds no lack of incipient Greeleys and Howellses and Mark Twains at the cases. I remember a little Jew, apparently of good family, who was taking a turn at the craft, very much as a German prince might, to complete his education. Others, who by brains and cultivation were competent for a less mechanical occupation, seemed to have drifted into this as a semi-literary vaga-

bondage, the printer's life being a sort of centaur link between letters and mechanics. Alas! thereby usually hung a tale, whose record was scored at the dram-shop. For the walking delegate whose visits to the press-room are most to be feared is the demijohn, especially after holidays and Sundays.

For the most part, however, my connection with the printing-office was through the "devil," as he scuttled to and fro with proof and copy, as sublimely indifferent to the contents of either as if they were coals for the stove. For that matter, the whole establishment was. I never got over the superb impassiveness of the type-setter's mind to the quality of the matter which passed so nimbly through his fingers and yet so numbly through his brain. An oration which had moved thousands, or an editorial which its author felt ought to do so, a story of "Haggard" sensationality, the most melting verses, the most startling announcements of world-upsetting news, seemed to turn to dust under his impartial and disenchanting fingers, and to cause no more ripple on his stolid face than the latest insurance advertisement, the weekly column of industrial statistics, or Miss Lydia Pinkham's immemorial smile and story. It is rather chilling for the able editor to overhear the passionless and undeviating monotone with which the proof-reader mumbles his choicest periods, with a total ignoring of sense or inflection or connection or transition. Well if it teaches him a lesson of humility, and reminds him that all these mica-heaps of journalism are but "words, words, words," now, and must soon be only heaps of indistinguishable dust.

The small editor's relation to the proof-reader, by the way, is not without acuteness to a sensitive mind. There are plenty of approved manuals and undoubted rules of punctuation, but it still holds true that in this fine art every man is a law unto himself. Every editor will have his pet "points," and every printer will have his incorrigible habits,—perhaps we may say the former will have his sins of commission, and the latter his sins of omission. And there is not likely to be peace, except by a compromise. The fact is, that the modern printer will not put in one jot or tittle more of punctuation than he is forced to. The consequence is, that the nice distinctions of colon and semicolon have almost disappeared. It is hard to get in a suggestive dash any more, even in place of the nearly obsolete parenthesis. Periods and commas have it all to themselves, which is very much as if the chess-board were restricted to kings and pawns. And as journalism grows older, even the commas are dropping out, like an old man's teeth. A sentence in my daily paper will sometimes wind me up so that I have to go back and unravel it, or will put me so out of breath that I am fain to rest before attacking the next. Happy the writer, if he be at once accurate and sensitive, who may see the last revision of his proof. The sense of the irretrievable nowhere comes over the soul, this side of the grave, so overwhelmingly as when one sees a "not" left out, or a carefully-chosen word twisted into a ludicrous ineptitude, on the morning after publication. The long lists of *errata* which used to form so prominent a feature of the press would be of no more use in this flying age than a detachment of French troops after Waterloo.

And yet the trouble is not all on one side. I remember sitting one evening at a table in the Union League Club, where Horace Greeley was writing an editorial. As he finished the pages, he pushed them just where they fell under my eye. Long and despairingly did I scan those rudimentary hints of English words, those misleading trails of letters, that phantasmagory of impish and crazy chirography. And I sighed in pity for the Champollion of the printing-room, who must decipher the hieroglyphics in time for the next morning's *Tribune*. Moreover, the late Richard Grant White was led to coin a new word—"heterophony"—to describe the tendency of the most wide-awake writers to put down words quite different from those which are in their minds. An intelligent printer has testified that authors have come to him ready to make affidavit that they had not written a certain word, or written it in a certain way, and were completely "crushed" by being shown their own manuscript. I speak of this as only a single, and perhaps an extreme, illustration of the "slips of the pen" which a competent proof-reader will detect, and for whose correction a writer (who is generally unconscious of his obligation) cannot be too grateful.

But I have forgotten my printer's devil, or have left him shivering in the lobby. By the way, all may not know the origin of this ill-omened name, which has probably been responsible for more execrable jokes and damnable puns than any other member of the lingual family. The famous old Aldus Manutius, the Venetian printer, took into his employment a little blackamoor, left behind by a merchant-vessel. Whereupon there went forth a report in the city that this disciple of Faust was aided by a familiar imp. To save himself, "printer to the Holy Church," Aldus brought out the boy and bade the superstitious citizens take a good look at "the printer's devil," and pinch him if they doubted his flesh-and-blood reality. Thenceforth the name attached itself to this position, irrespective of color,—I may say, too, irrespective of age, or of any other distinguishing quality than the mere function of printing-office fag and go-between.

My brief editorial experience brought me in contact with a heterogeneous assortment, a Falstaff's regiment, of these intermediaries, following one another almost as rapidly as a procession, and yet with such marked variations and personalities that they would alone furnish material for a magazine article. Most of them were small boys in the very babyhood of the profession,—some of them as thoroughly typical boys as Daniel Quilp's sub-devil, to whom it was more natural to stand on his head than on his feet,—whose safe transmission of proof and manuscript was a perpetual miracle. There was one whom I sometimes watched from the window, in a mingled agony of apprehension lest his precious freight should miscarry, and of curious conjecture as to the devious paths by which he would ultimately reach the neighboring printer's door. The small fortune which some of these boys must have invested at the apple-woman's and the peanut-man's, whose stands waylaid them on the route, was a key to many a profound problem of labor and capital. Some form of refreshment and confection seemed to be necessary to sustain their weary limbs from morning till night, un-

less when the ill-concealed cigarette revealed a still higher flight of the refreshment ambition.

There was one Irish boy, named Duffy, whom I found to be not so much young as stunted. I recall vividly the utterly green and apologetic way in which he sidled into my office and asked in his pathetic little brogue, "Hev yiz ony proof, zur?" He never seemed to be sure that I would not box him on the ears, or kick him out of the room, or at least swear at him. It told a sorrowful tale of a joyless and boyless youth. One day I discovered the poor fellow bleeding at the nose like a hydrant. He told me that he sometimes bled so two or three times a day. Happening to have a magic remedy (this is not an advertisement, but my doctor's prescription for my own boy), I gave him some, and thought no more of it, for just at that time he was promoted to the case. Going into the printing-room some time after, I hardly recognized the little fellow. He had actually begun to grow, he had a color in his face, and a fine down was appearing on his cheek and upper lip. He told me that the remedy had proved instantly and permanently effectual. The child had actually been bleeding to death.

My devils were of assorted ages. One shaky and blossom-faced Hibernian was old enough to be my father. Another was a mere baby. There was a deliberate youth with considerable shirt-collar, who came in the intervals of educational type-setting, with whom I had many a little chat on literary topics. He was, I think, a graduate of the City College, and had read quite extensively and critically in English literature. But the most interesting of these "familiar" was a pale, pathetic man of about thirty, who came in like a ghost and vanished as silently,—while there, sitting on the edge of his chair so still that I would be apt to forget his presence. There were marks of a finer feeling in him than in any of the goblin procession. He was very seedy, though not untidy, and looked poor and sickly. He was evidently a man "with a history." But I never succeeded in drawing him out till one day I discovered, accidentally, that he was a man of family. At least, he had been. But, in a weary way, the poor fellow confessed that his wife had left him,—whether on account of the drinking-habits whose ruinous traces were unmistakable in his appearance, I did not inquire, or whether her previous conduct had been the cause of his taking to drink. But she had left a little daughter with him, and it was for her sake that he was struggling to overcome his weakness, and was glad to take a boy's work and wages to keep the wee thing from absolute want. As soon as he began to speak of her his tongue became loosed, his countenance lighted up, and his whole manner changed. One day he drew out his shabby pocket-book and showed me her picture, the only treasure it contained. He thenceforth took an interest in me because I was interested in her, and a single inquiry about her was sufficient to brighten his whole day. It made me realize what tender spots and better aspirations may be lying *perdu* in the unlikely breast, and what gentle lights may be playing on the hidden background of the most impassive, and even the sternest, countenance. Perhaps what I took for vacancy in the expression of my "poor devil," as he sat waiting for copy, really arose from the fact that his thoughts were

far away in that dingy room, with the one ray of sunshine which relieved his chilled and eclipsed existence. And many a vision I had of his return at night to the bright little being to whom he was, doubtless, not only the dearest and best but the grandest of fathers.

This leads me to speak of an experience of mine which perhaps is common to others who are suddenly drawn from obscurity into a position where their name and address become widely known as men who are getting on in the world. My office door for a time admitted another, and a still less reputable, procession. It seemed as if all my dead-beat and demoralized friends of former years were finding me out and were bent on renewing the acquaintance. I was a "fresh field and pasture new" for their industrious laziness, with the advantage of a claim on the score of old associations. It was quite a revelation to find how many of the "old boys" had gone to the bad, and how many were moved to step in and congratulate me on my position, suddenly recollecting, as they were leaving, that I could greatly accommodate them with a small loan just then,—which, of course, they never remembered to return and pay. I never failed to recognize their object at a glance, and was willing to pay toll to Auld Lang Syne for once, and as the surest way to see their faces no more.

And yet it was sometimes very, very sad. There was one with whom I had played as a boy in the sweet fields of the country, though he himself was a city boy, the pet and prospective heir of well-to-do relations. In later years he had developed into a conspicuous "ladies' man," always to be seen dangling at the side of the Broadway belles, when the fashionable thing was to promenade and flirt upon that pave in the afternoons. One day he entered my office. If his hair and shape had not been unmistakable, I should not have believed that this dissipated and dilapidated figure, though bearing itself with some of the old jaunty and cavalier air, was really the remains of W——. It was plain that he was already of the tramp, trampish.

But all my experiences of this kind were as nothing to one brief interview, which has left the world darker, and life sadder, ever since. The door opened one day and admitted a man who had "tramp" written upon every line of his pock-marked face and on every thread of his glossy and discolored clothes. The unequivocal smell of the tramp was upon him, as of the odors of whiskey-dives and old-clo'-shops mingled with those of station-houses and old barns, and of everything except clean water. And yet even he made a pretence of wearing gloves, and retained a shabby-genteel trace of better days. He stepped nimbly up to me, calling me by my first name in its most familiar form, and offered to shake my hand. On my not appearing to notice the overture, he smilingly remarked that perhaps I did not recollect him, pulling out a dirty card from a still more forbidding wallet. But my attention was fully fixed on him now, and I did not need to look at the name. I sat in a sort of a dream, the old looks and tones and a score of little personal traits coming back to me as through a mist, while the bitter truth forced itself upon my mind that my old college mate George D—— stood before me. He was in those days one of the youngest, most blithesome, and most popular of the boys, a splendid

musician, the wit of our circle, to whom I was drawn by congenial literary tastes and turn of mind.

He went on, of course, with a story of "bad luck," and of sickness from which he was just recovering, having thereby lost his fine position on the *Herald* staff; but he was expecting to resume work on another paper in a day or two, and in the mean while would be "pretty hard up" till his pay began to come in, etc., etc. I gave little attention to the old story, and at last stopped him by saying, "Yes, George, I know you; and, what is more, I know how you forged your father's name just after Commencement, and how you swindled our old mathematical professor of a handsome sum in later years, and how your career has been one great fraud, rendering you a fugitive from place to place, and making you what I now see,—a vagabond." I shall never forget the ghastly look which passed over his debauched and scarred face, as he caught a momentary glimpse of himself through my eyes. And then I went on in a different tone, to plead with the man for his own soul. God had sent him once more across my path in the eternities, and I must make one desperate effort to awaken any yet unkilld germ of manhood. I need not tell what I said; I hardly knew myself, nor could I distinctly recall it now: only, I wanted to make him understand how far, far down in the abyss he was, and yet how there was a return even for him, because there was One who was mighty to save, and who could both lift and hold him up. I let him know how it broke my very heart to see him,—and how much more must that Great Heart yearn over him! Of course I did not withhold money, for the sake of old fraternity, and as a pledge that my advice was not meant to be a cheap substitute for the help of which, God knows, he was in sore enough need. During all this time he stood like one who had been stunned, and yet was intently listening and thinking. The whole scene was probably as strange and unexpected to him as to myself. Then he turned silently upon his heel, and walked out with a far different step and mood from the "confidence" manner in which he had entered. It were difficult to hope that he turned his footsteps into a better way. But for once the murky atmosphere in which he had enveloped his soul was riven, and there had been set before him hell and heaven.

The editor's relations with the Contributor make up a large part of the lights and shadows of editorial life. The discovery that there is ever so small a market for literary wares is sufficient to insure an immediate and steady set of the inky current. The whole army of Unsuccess will turn as one man to this new possibility. I received manuscripts already yellowed by time, and bearing the marks of having "swung around the circle" of journalism. It does not do for an editor to have much imagination, and he must sternly repress his sympathies if he would live, either personally or officially. Perhaps his first crucial test of fitness to survive is, whether he has the capability of saying "no." His weakness in this direction came near to wrecking the "cynical" Thackeray. He used to call the little notes and personal appeals and touching stories which accompanied articles "the thorns in his editorial cushion." It is not so hard to decline the overtures of the seedy bore, who lays before you a pile of time-stained manuscript

smelling villanously of stale tobacco, or even the pompous and verbose communications of distinguished personages, whose very success in other directions has unfitted them to write for the press. But what can you do when a sickly and threadbare young woman, with innutrition and weariness in her face and thin voice, modestly but eagerly submits her "unavailable" poems and sketches? What but to do as Thackeray almost ruined himself by doing, and as the more opulent Dickens was able to do without bankruptcy,—buy the manuscripts and lay them tenderly away in the waste-basket? It will be long enough before President Cleveland will succeed in convincing his constituency that "it is for the people to support the government, and not for the government to support the people." But it will be longer before the public comprehends that a periodical cannot be conducted on the principle of a charitable society. Its own buyers deal with it on the commercial basis of *quid pro quo*, and accordingly its purchases must be regulated by the same tried and unsentimental method.

The editor will learn a good deal about woman,—her needs and wrongs, if not her rights. He will not always see her on her most amiable side, and will sometimes find himself at a disadvantage when exposed at close quarters to the bare bodkin of her tongue. The gifted authoress of the sweetest and womanliest prose or poetry may unexpectedly develop into a virago, threatening him with lawsuits and the visits of her gentlemen friends. He will be amazed at the Bohemian capabilities of the female of this age, her capacity to take care of herself, to live anywhere, and to turn her hand to anything. I recall a typical instance of a mysterious woman, who was always ready to do hack-work of any kind, but who never seemed to have any fixed address, hailing now from a district post-office in New York, and now from an out-of-town village, and again from Washington or some other remote city. It was only the other day that I heard of her living alone by herself in an obscure suburb, where the tramps locked her into her own coal-hole, ate her breakfast, and carried off what little she had of worldly store.

This woman, of course, was a "Mrs." The editor soon marvels to find in how large a proportion of cases the literary woman is the evolution of unfortunate matrimony. Sometimes there has been an early widowhood, and the young mother is left to struggle for the life of her little ones, and so she falls back upon her early tastes and studies, and perhaps develops a latent vein of available literary talent. But more often the husband has not died, but has turned out a good-for-nothing. Well for her if he has disappeared, or deserted her, or if she has shaken him off in the divorce courts. But I fear that the cases are too many where the heroic woman has to support him in his sloth or dissipation, or thinks she must. The truth is that she loves him, and is either blind to his faults, or insists upon regarding them as she would a hump-backed or epileptic child. One dapper little "gent" whom I remember, with a slight moustache and a dudish cane, seemed to have no business except to call at the treasurer's desk and draw his wife's balances. How much of them ever went into her hands was always a debatable question in my own and the book-keeper's mind.

The term "editing" has come to have a special and technical sense, somewhat equivalent to "doctoring," from the rareness with which an article reaches an editor's hands in the condition, or anything like the condition, adapted to his purposes. In these days, when writing for the press has grown to be a trained profession, there is an increasing number of persons who have learned how to make manuscript, and to spell, and to observe proportion,—in a word, who know not only what they want to say, but what a practical editor and an exacting public want of them. But the "gentle reader" of almost any periodical would develop ungentele moods and speech, if his favorite paper were to be printed as it came from the pens of contributors. And probably some of the most excited readers would be the authors themselves. And yet this most wearisome of editorial tasks is, at the same time, the most thankless. The reader, of course, does not dream of his indebtedness. And where one writer, even, submits to your ploughshare and pruning-hook, there are more who resent every comma and grammatical correction as an insult, and every excision as a robbery.

And yet I do not think that authors are a more "irritable race," or more vain, than other people. But, somehow, those qualities are brought to a head, so to speak, in their dealings with the poor editor. But the latter cannot help it. He must "boil down" if he would keep his own pot boiling. He must assert his autocracy, or he will go down under the heels of a mob. He must "doctor" the weak or maimed or dropsical manuscript, or he will soon be beyond medicine himself. The editor stands between antagonistic fires. He must mediate between the interests of the reader on the one hand and those of the writer on the other, so as, if possible, to satisfy both; and he must remember that there is a point where the interests of reader and advertiser cease to be one. And yet nearly every one thinks he could edit a paper, and that the editor's life is the meeting-place of ease and dignity!

His relations with the Contributor, however, are not all to be classed among the shadows of editorial life. He will find in them some of the softest and sunniest lights of his experience. It is not my own impression that the literary *gens*, as a whole, is either unreasonable or impudent. I think, on the other hand, that their weakness is rather a lack of push, and a disposition to succumb too readily to editorial rebuffs. I cannot now think of a single successful writer who had not his share of "respectfully declineds" at the outset, and who did not owe his ultimate triumph to the Disraelitish spirit which enabled him to shake his fist in the face of the journalistic parliament and cry, "You shall hear me!" Thousands of good writers would have been lost to the press, if they had not studied the secret of their early failures and risen on the ladder-rungs of their rejected communications. Instead of either raving at editors as conspirators or fools, or of accepting their decisions as infallible, they have made a study of the literary market, its latest styles, its seasons, and its law of supply and demand. Above all, they have not expected the fruiterer to buy their calves, nor the flower-stall to want their fish.

No editor is bound to give reasons for his rejection of manuscripts, beyond the comprehensive one of unavailability; and an overworked

editor (that is to say, nine out of ten of the fraternity) cannot be expected to yield very often to his kindly impulses, as Dickens did, by writing words of encouragement and suggestion to young and promising writers. But, so far as he can do it, he will find that he has opened a sunny little window in his "den," whose light shall not fade in after-years. I could mention several successful authors whose earlier attempts were thus recognized by me, and to whom I was able to do more good by declining their contributions, with appreciative but faithful criticism, than if I had accepted them. These fledglings are so apt to mistake their own turn of mind and their proper line of authorship. They may even totally miss their true, because their natural, style,—like Miss Alcott, who told me that she only found hers by accident in writing hospital letters to her family. They, at least, almost invariably need to have their attention called to a number of "mickles" which make the "muckle" of availability, even down to the minutiae observed by the "man in our town" who was so "wondrous wise" that "when he wrote the printer-man he dotted all his i's," etc. It is my experience that, unless it be the relation of a Christian pastor to his young converts, there is no pleasanter and closer tie of discipleship than that which binds the literary neophyte to the friendly and judicious editor.

Altogether, I owe to my brief excursion in journaling some of my most interesting associations with some of the most charming people. There are scenes painted on that rather dull background which are full of sunny and vivid memories, episodes in my little life-episode which are the pearl in the oyster. And to-day I am the richer in friendship, as well as experience, in my share in the kindly thought of true manly and womanly hearts, as well as in my enlarged confidence that the world is fuller of such than we sometimes think.

Have I any lessons from these random recollections? Yes, just one. The secret of the editorial art is simply this all around: "Put yourself in his place." The mysterious, yet intensely practical, thing which we call "the editorial instinct" is merely the capacity, the imagination, and the self-abnegation, to put one's self in the reader's place, and to edit with reference to his tastes and needs, and not one's own.

And it did me a world of good, as a whilom reader and contributor, to put myself for a while in the editor's place and to see things from the inside. I learned to look back upon my hasty and unsympathetic judgments of other editors with no little surprise and remorse, and to be ashamed of myself for certain things which, in my times of ignorance, I said and did anent them.

An Ex-Editor.

WITH GAUGE & SWALLOW.*

IX.—"MISSIONARY JOE."

IT was at the little country inn at Moccason Gap, where the discomforts of life were distributed with the utmost partiality to all, that I met "Missionary Joe." I had gone South to represent Gauge & Swallow in the trial of Burrill *vs.* the Railroad Company. Every one in the office supposed that Mr. Burrill would prefer to look after this case himself, but at the last moment it was discovered that the high-minded old gentleman felt an unconquerable aversion for even witnessing the trial of a cause in which he appeared as a party, and I was sent in his stead. The facts of the case were not supposed to be at all complicated, but, as it was thought that some of the law-points raised might receive the attention even of the court of last resort, it was desirable to exercise the utmost care in the trial below, in order that the facts might be fully ascertained and the points fairly presented. As usual, the brief of Mr. Burrill was exhaustive. Armed with that, I should have been ready to try the case on my arrival, almost without consultation with my able associate, Colonel Baylor.

Burrill *vs.* The Railroad was one of that most interesting class of cases which the lawyer meets, depending on the construction of a written instrument, and involving numerous subordinate issues, both of law and fact. Stated in brief, the case was this. The heirs of Holt had conveyed to the plaintiff certain lands, which had previously been aliened by the ancestor to the defendant corporation in a deed of gift, the conditions of which, it was alleged, had been broken, whereby the title had reverted to the heir. These conditions were that the "shops of the company" should be built on the lands in question, and "no store for the sale of dry-goods, groceries, or supplies should be opened on the said lands." Our claim was that these conditions ran with the lands, and a violation of either, by the donors or those holding under them, invalidated the defendants' title. The defendants alleged *estoppel in pais*, the statute of limitation, and that the conditions themselves were in contravention of public policy. The professional man will have no difficulty in gathering from this syllabus the probability that a wealthy corporation might be able to make good some of its defences, and the important consequences that resulted from my accidental acquaintance with "Missionary Joe."

The life of Moccason Gap, so far as I could see, was dependent chiefly on the terms of court, that were held four times a year in the little squat brick edifice that stood upon the public square, with its opposite doors looking up and down the big road, the respective ends of which led to the neighboring hamlets, known in common parlance by the euphonious names of Shake Rag and Slick Tail. A little beyond flowed the streams humorously christened Polecat and Stinking

Quarter, with a post-office appropriately named Hartshorn situated midway between them. During court-week the little town was populous and prosperous, the inn, of course, being the centre of population, if not the chief recipient of this recurrent prosperity; but the lawyers, officers of the court, and even the merchants, as well as the landlord, looked forward to the coming of the judge as an epoch when prosperity should wipe out the memory of the dull and profitless interval since his last departure. On such occasions "Missionary Joe" was certain to be among the first arrivals, having long been regarded as a "stated supply" by the successive proprietors who had made the Moccason Gap Hotel a temporary stopping-place on the road from official affluence to disappointed poverty. The place had often changed owners, but the sign, the fare, and "Missionary Joe" remained permanent attractions from term to term, as if they had been judicially recognized for their appearance under a statutory penalty "to be levied of their goods and chattels, lands and tenements," in case of failure.

"Missionary Joe" was a negro, or, as it is called in that region, a "nigger," but of so "likely" a character that jurors, witnesses, lawyers, and even the judge greeted him not only with apparent satisfaction, but with evident respect. He was indeed, as I soon learned, the reliable guarantor of the inn's character. No matter whose name was on the sign, all the guests looked to "Missionary Joe" for the supply of their creature comforts. Morning and evening, day and night, calls for "Joe" echoed almost constantly along the corridors of the old inn, but they were universally good-natured, and, if coupled sometimes with profanity, it was sure to be of that kindly sort which is intended as a compliment rather than a rebuke. How he managed to attend to them all I could not imagine; but after two weeks' experience of his administrations during a term of the circuit court I could well appreciate his modest boast that "de gen'lemen wouldn't know how ter git along widout ole Joe."

From scraps of conversation I learned that, boy and man, he had attended every term of court for nearly half a century, except during an absence to which everybody referred as a matter of almost as much public notoriety as the fact that a part of the inn dated back to pre-Revolutionary times, when Cornwallis slept a night in the "judge's room," while the muskets of his men were stacked about the oak which yet dropped its acorns on the moss-grown roof, as if to call the startled sleeper's attention to the reverence due to its fruitful age and notable experience. It had shadowed three flags in its time and seen one of them drive both the others from the land.

And for half its life "Missionary Joe" had been a familiar presence in its *ménage*, first as a bright boy, who came riding behind his master, old Colonel Hoyt, the magnate of the county, who owned more "land and niggers" than any other whose name was on the tax-list in the sheriff's office, but who was so wild in his young days that it was said of his wife, whose maiden name was Susan Holt, that she had exemplified the old saw,—

Change the name, but not the letter;
Change for worse and not for better.

He was a man of unsullied honor, given to gaming and sport, and of already failing fortunes, when he first brought Joe to court to wait especially on himself and such of his friends as he might be directed to serve. His wife, Miss Susan, had been in delicate health ever since the birth of their only child, Tom, then a lad a few years older than the boy Joe.

Negro as he was, "Missionary Joe" somehow impressed me with a sense of self-respectfulness not often seen in one of any race or condition. He was a born servitor. Call him when you might, and for what purpose, when he had taken your orders he was sure to give a touch to the fire in the wide fireplace and brush up the hearth with the waving sedge-grass broom that always stood beside the jamb. Yet it seemed as if he ought not to have been a negro. Though dark enough to make his race unmistakable, he was not exactly black, his complexion having a sort of grayish cast, like the seams of an ancient coat from which the color has worn away by long exposure; rather below the medium height, of slender build, yet showing great activity, and somehow giving the impression of strength and endurance. His features were regular, mouth firm, chin square, with eyes quick-moving and so hidden under overhanging brows that I do not even now know their color. I can only remember their bright flashing which gave his countenance a look of unusual alertness. A bit of gray whisker just before each ear, and a skirt of white hair fringing the faded black tonsure which time had marked upon his poll, complete the picture of "Missionary Joe."

Though well past middle life at emancipation, he was owner of a snug homestead, and had managed to acquire what for one in his station was even more than a competence. "Needn't work a lick ef he don't want ter," was the verdict of one of his fellow-servants. He came to the hotel during court-week to carve, black boots, build fires, and wait upon the guests generally, both because he found it pleasant and profitable, no doubt, and also because no one else could do so many things, and do them all so well, and thereby save the proprietor so much money and so much blame.

This much I had learned of "Missionary Joe" during the two weeks I waited for our case to be called. The defendants were not foolish enough to press for trial where they had everything to lose and nothing to gain. It was almost Christmas, and judge and lawyers were all anxious to be at home. At the last minute, therefore, our case was put over until the next term, and before night judge, lawyers, and witnesses had disappeared and Moccason Gap had fallen back to the dead level of its ordinary loneliness. As I did not care to brave the fatigues of a ride of twenty miles at night in order to reach the station, I concluded to wait until the next day, and as a matter of special favor was installed in the "judge's room" after his departure. The night was cold and rainy, and the deserted inn seemed lonely enough.

"Get old Joe to tell you his story. You will find it well worth waiting for," had been the hurried greeting of my associate, as he gathered up the reins for his homeward drive.

But Joe's duties in "setting things to rights" about the inn had apparently left that worthy in no mood for conversation, for, beyond

one or two hasty visits to look after the fire and inquire about my wants, I saw nothing of him that night. I went to sleep listening to the groaning and creaking of the old oak, heartily sick of my experience.

The next morning a wonderful sight presented itself to my view. One of the terrible sleet-storms to which the region is subject had come in the night, and everything was coated with crystal. The sun shone dazzlingly, but the wind blew, and the air was vocal with the groans of overloaded trees and the crash of broken limbs. It was a rare sight, but I did not enjoy it. All nature was encased in a glittering diamond mail, and I hardly needed the assurance of the landlord to know that the roads were impassable. Leading as they did through miles of unbroken forest, I well knew that the weight of sleet which bent the glittering arms of the great oak until they rested on the roof or barred the passage along the sidewalk would render travel along them not only uncertain but perilous. As the next day was Sunday, when the trains did not run, I concluded to make the best of the situation and remain a prisoner at the inn until Monday, my only consolation being the assurance of "Missionary Joe" that, "ef 'twould be agreeable," he would "come an' set a spell with me" that night.

It was a clear, cold night that followed. The moon lit up the icy coating of the trees, whose flashing branches the wind tossed about, making hideous moanings which mocked the universal adornment. The frost crept sharply in at the joints of the old hostel. In this very room, Joe said, Cornwallis had once slept. The warm yellow-pine ceiling was of later date, but it was mellowed by smoke and age until, with the uncertain glimmering of the lamp and firelight, it was not hard to imagine that the great splint-bottomed rocker in which I sat had held the leaguered general whose furious dash for safety had only led him into the infrangible toils of disaster. The hundred years that had elapsed since the historic event seemed to spread themselves out before me as I watched the flaring light-wood fire and listened to the whistling wind, the creaking limbs, and the icicles falling on the low roof. Somehow Joe and I seemed types of two contrasted products of the New World's newest life. Without solicitation, he had brought me the crowning evidence of hospitality in that region, a bottle of peach brandy, with its peculiar fragrance, which calls up at once thoughts of the orchard and the grave,—that faint odor of bitter almonds which marks the distilled product of the peach through every stage until its potency informs the body of the victim with a pungent testimony which makes the knife of the surgeon unnecessary in determining the cause of death. More because it seemed to please him to prepare it than from any desire to imbibe the deceptive mixture, I sipped the amber fluid, of such exquisite flavor but direful effects, known to the countryside as "peach and honey." Upon asking the old man to partake of the beverage he had provided for me, he modestly declined:

"Scuse me, sah; I neber tastes nothin' o' dat sort when I's well, 'cept one glass o' nog uv a Chris'mus mornin'. Yer don't fin' sech tippie ez dat in de Norf, sah,—leastwise, not much ob it. Yer see, hit needs ter be made in th' ole plantation way, 'thout breakin' de pits,

so's ter git the pizen out; an' den, ter be rale fus'-rate, hit do need 'e genuwine sour-wood honey like that thar, cut outen a poplar limb widout no smokin' er smudgin' ter kill de bees. No mistake, hit do hev a better flaver'n one can ever git outen a comb dat's made in a gum settin' on a bench inside de yard gate. Ain't no doubt 'bout dat."

"Ever been at the North, Joe?" I asked, glad of an opportunity to turn the conversation into the channel I desired.

"La, yes, Mistah Fontaine, you knows dat. I 'low de mistis tole you 'fore you got so you could tell me from ary other nigger 'bout de house. Dey's allus sure ter do dat when ennybody's here from de Norf. I can't object, 'kase hit's 'mos' always wuth as much as one day's wuk, an' sometimes more, ter me; an' ole Joe ain't a bit above takin' a gen'leman's money, long's it's his own an' given uv his 'own free will an' accord,' as the Masons say."

A smile flickered about the thin lips, lifting the corners of the gray moustache as he glanced sharply at me to see if I comprehended this irregular hailing-sign of the craft.

"I presume, then, you are a Mason?" I inquired.

His face lighted up as he saw that I understood his sly allusion, and he replied, blandly,—

"Wal, ob co'se I's what you'd call a 'clan *destin*,' but all de same we understand's each other. Yeh see, a niggah hez ter take his Masonry an' his religion wid a tech of bitter in 'em, fer fear he should fergit they warn't made fer him, an' he ain't 'lowed ter take the bes' part, but must be content wid the white man's leavin's and scrapin's. I wouldn't mention sech a thing to a South'n gen'leman,—like ez not hit mought anger him, yer know; an' I wouldn't 'spect you to recognize me,—Masonically, I mean. I knows yer can't, 'kase I warn't 'free-born,' yer see, though the Gran' Lodge of Englan' managed to git over dat, an', so fur ez I kin see, the ancient York rite hez come down ter us jest 'bout ez straight ez hit hez ter you. In fac', I'm 'clined ter think you white folks are de rale 'clan *destins*,' a'ter all."

The old man chuckled, evidently glad to talk about the lodge of which he was the Master, he said, but I recalled him with a reference to an incident in his life of which I had received more than one hint and was anxious to have fuller information:

"It would have been a good thing for you, Joe, if you had been a Mason when you went to California, wouldn't it?"

"Hush!" said the old man, with a startled look. He rose, and, opening the door, peered out into the dark hall. "I thought I done heerd some one gwine 'long dat entry-way: I did, shore. Hit's a good thing ter be well tiled when we talk 'bout secrets, marster. What made you ax dat question, sah?"

"Oh, I don't know: naturally enough, I suppose."

"Do you know, boss, I ain't hed sech a start ez dat give me in many a day? Yer see, I hain't neber da'st breathe a word 'bout the matter, but hit's so long ago thet nobody can't be hurt now, an' ef you'll receive it—I won't say 'on the squar', fer dat 'ud be un-Masonic fer you—but ez ef hit *was* 'on the squar',—I don't min'

tellin' you a Masonic secret, the like uv which I reckon you neber heerd afore."

I satisfied the old man's scruples, and he went on, lowering his voice almost to a whisper and bending close to my ear as I leaned back in the great rocker he had braced up with a stick of wood:

"The fact is, marster, *I wuz a Mason when I went to Californy!*"

If the old man calculated on producing a sensation, he succeeded admirably. A Mason will readily understand the effect of such a declaration upon one familiar with the traditions of the craft. I was aware that clandestine Masonry existed among the freedmen, and had heard the tales which float among the brethren of the mystic tie, of Washington sitting in a lodge tiled by a colored man, one of his own soldiers, who had been "made," "passed," and "raised" in a lodge which existed among the white slaves of the Barbadoes. I had heard, too, of colored slaves, imported from Africa, appealing to loyal craftsmen with the hailing-sign of a brother and being released from bondage by virtue of the "obligation." Was I about to strike another phase of this mysterious and world-wide fact witnessed by the level and the square? Had this man gotten the mysteries from dark-skinned ancestors who had received the mystic rites on some foreign strand? As soon as I could recover from my amazement, therefore, I said,—

"But you were a slave then!"

"Ob: co'se; an' ef it hed been known, I reckon I'd been wuss off 'n what they tell about Morgin."

"But how did it happen?"

"Wal, sah," replied Joe, seating himself upon the pile of wood prepared for the night's consumption, "you know my ole Marster were a gret man in these parts. I wuz his head-man, an' they do say I hed ez good right ez some others ter claim kin with him. But dat's nuthur here ner thar. He wuz allers good enuff ter me, an' mighty few white folks hed so many privileges er got 'long ez easy ez Joe. I jest nater'ly tuk ter management, an' nothin' suited me better'n ter run a big plantation an' turn off a big crap. From de time he fus' gin me a chance, I made money fer ole Marster, an' every Chris'mus he useter give me a present an' tell me he was sure gwine ter set me free ez soon ez he got outer debt, so't the 'law couldn't take hol' on him fer doin' it. 'Twuz 'gin the law then, yer know, fer a man ter set a niggah free ez long as he owed ennybody. But, do the best I would, we couldn't keep up with the int'rust, an' young Marse Torm—thar never was the beat o' dat boy fer spendin' money—tuk it from his father, ye see, the ole kunnel, who never thought 'bout savin', till he hedn't nothin' more ter spend, an' hit didn't seem ez ef I were ever gwine ter git free; but I 'lowed dat ef I kep' on layin' by a leetle every year I mought git 'nuff hid away, yer know, ter git somebody ter buy me an' my wife when the kunnel wuz sold out, ez hit seemed a sartin thing he would be, when the mo'gage fell in,—fer we wuz all mo'gaged, yer know, plantation, stock, niggers, 'n' all.

"Hit were 'long 'bout dis time, when young Marse Torm were makin' ducks an' drakes outen every crap 'fore it was cured, an' the int'rust were gittin' funder an' funder behin', 'at de 'citement come up

'bout Californy, an' the gold there wuz to be hed dar jes' fer the diggin' on't. Ob co'se my ole Marster were jes' in de condition ter be all tuk up wid sech things. A man that's close on ter drownin's sure ter grab at all de straws an' trash that floats ennywhars nigh him. 'Sides, that wuz allus his way,—allus a-strainin' fer somethin' he couldn't reach, an' lettin' go what he might hev held on ter.

"One day he sez ter me, 'Joe, ef I could go ter Californy I could get holt of enuff in six months ter wipe out every dollar I owe.'

"Quite likely yer might, marster,' sez I, not a-thinkin' so at all, yer know, but jes' 'lowin ter humor his whim.

"Ob co'se I could,' sez he. 'Don't yer know how lucky I allus wuz at keerds, when I useter play?' Which wuz true enuff: he warn't like Marse Torm, who, he useter say, would beat hisself outen a hundred dollars enny day bettin' ag'in' hisself at *solitaire*.

"You wuz allus lucky too, Joe,' sez he, 'when you an' Torm useter play ag'in' each other; yer allus won everythin' he hed.'

"That wuz true too," said the old man, modestly, "but Marster he put a stop ter thet soon's he foun' hit out. A'ter this he didn't say no mo' fer a long time, an' I 'lowed he'd done fergot all 'bout it. Seems he hadn't, though, an' one day he sed,—

"Joe, why couldn't you go out thar ter Californy an' git money 'nuff fer both on us?"

"Shore 'nuff,' sez I, all of a tremble at the very idee. I 'spects he see what wuz in my min'. He were a powerful sharp man in that er way, ole Marster was, an' he knew how sot I was on gittin' my freedom. I wuz a-thinkin' right then thet ef I ever got up Norf I could run away an' be my own man.

"Yer won't do thet, Joe,' says ole Marster, jes' so, 'fer I shan't let yer go till you've sworn an oath ter come back, an' I shell keep Elsie an' the chillen ter make yer keep yer promise, too.'

"A'ter that we talked about hit times widout number. I reckon hit must hev been nigh 'bout a month that ole Marster wuz with me 'mos' everywhere I went, a-talkin' all de time, when thar wuz nobody else roun', 'bout my goin' ter Californy ter dig gold an' pay off the mo'gage an' git my freedom.

"Wal, the end on it all wuz thet I 'greed ter go an' wuk faithful fer two year, an' bring back what I made ter be divided 'twixt us, sheer an' sheer alike; an' I wuz ter hev my freedom besides. The thing ter be done wuz ter fix hit so thet his creditors couldn't foller me an' bring me back. We wuz all mo'gaged, yer see, an' hit wouldn't do ter sen' a likely nigger like me outen the State with a mo'gage on his back. A'ter studyin' hit all out, ole Marster 'lowed de bes' way would be fer him ter sell me an' Elsie an' little Torm ter Marse Hamlin, who hed the mo'gage, hev him credit it on the mo'gage, an' then pay him ter quit-claim us back ter Mis' Susan,—she were my ole Mistis, yer know, an' I reckon 'bout the mos' piousest woman in the kentry. I b'lieved in religion then, an' hedn't any doubt but everythin' would be all right an fa'r, jes' as she promised."

"I hope you haven't lost your belief in religion since?" I hastened to say, rebukingly.

"I don't know," said the old man, sententiously. "I b'lieve in a God,—I couldn't be even a 'clan *destin'* Mason ef I didn't, yer know,—an' I guess I b'lieve in a devil, too. Ef enny nigger pretends ter b'lieve in anythin' more, he's a hypocrite an' a liar. 'Tain't possible fer a sensible man thet's been a slave ter b'lieve in what white folks call religion. That's my notion."

He spoke bitterly, but somehow I did not think it wise to contradict him: so I merely said,—

"There seem to be a good many colored Christians, nevertheless."

"That's what puzzles me," said Joe. "I can't understand hit. Ef there ever were a miracle on earth, it is that the nigger—the man who's been a slave, and much more the slave-woman—should be willin' to worship a white man's God. I'd ruther—but never min' dat, Mistuh Fontaine. Ole Marster an' Mistis an' me all swore with our han's on the Bible! They swore Elsie, too, and scart her nigh 'bout to death. Pore gal! pore gal! she'd 'a' been alive to-day ef they'd kep' their oaths!"

"A'ter it were all settled, Marster tuk me aside one day in de big room up-stairs whar dey hel' de lodge sometimes, an' tole me, what I knew before, dat he were the Gran' Marster o' Masons for the State. An' he tole me dat because he war Gran' Marster he hed the right ter make any man a Mason 'at sight,' an' he was goin' ter make me one. He said it would be all his life was wuth ef hit war known, but he was goin' to do it, 'kase it would be a great advantage to me out in Californy. An' sure 'nough hit was. He give me a paper when I started, certifyin' that I was a free man, an' signed it with a Masonic mark, namin' himself as Gran' Marster."

"He told me never to let on that I was a Mason till I got up Norf, and then to say I was 'made' in the West Injes. He said the Northern Masons probably would not recognize me, but they would likely help me if I needed help. So they did, an' when they organized a lodge out in the 'diggins' they not only 'lowed me to sit with 'em, but made me ther tiler."

"Did you have good luck out there?" I asked.

"Plenty on't. Afore I had been thar more'n a month, I took two thousand dollars of 'dust' to the commandant of the military post, an' hed hit sent back to ole Marster. I knew he'd need hit 'bout the time it would git roun' to pay the int'rurst on the mo'gage. A'ter that I mined some, an' finally opened a resta'rant. Yer see, I knew how to do good South'n cookin', an' could serve a dinner so't a hungry man wouldn't lose his appetite at sight on't. That's what they wanted out thar, an' they war willin' ter pay for it, too. Lo'd, what prices they did pay! Every now an' then, too, I took a share in with somebody, an' got a name fer bein' lucky: so I hedn't any difficulty in gittin' pardners. I didn't make ez much ez some, but when I come roun' the Isthmus an' hed paid my way up by New Orleans an' got home, I had a leetle better'n twenty thousan' dollars."

"And you gave all this to your master?"

"No, not ezactly. Ob co'se I was so glad ter git home an' see Elsie an' the chillen an' think I was free, an' they too, thet I acted

like a fool. I know that now. I ought ter hev gone on ter New Yo'k, put the money in good han's, an' sent fer Marster ter bring on my wife an' chillen an' settle wid me thar. He'd 'a' done hit in a minnit. He warn't mean, ole Marster warn't,—only weak an' shackly like.

"Hit warn't so easy totin' money roun' then as hit is now, an' I've often wondered how I did manage ter git through wid dat ole pa'r o' raw-hide saddle-bags wid de deer-skin cover that I brought all the way from Frisco. When I begun to git close home an' th' ole 'nigger' feelin' begun to creep over me, I couldn't help bein' afraid ole Marster mightn't tote fa'r wid me; so I lef' de stage—I hed been ridin' wid de driver—befo' we got ter town, an' went up de creek to a deep hole I knew, an' tuk half uv de money out an' sunk hit whar de watah wuz 'bout waist-deep. I knew de creek never went dry, an' the' wuzn't any danger uv hits washin' away er uv me forgettin' where hit wuz.

"When I got into town, I found ole Marster here in dis same room. He hed been 'rested on a sci. fa., an' he wuz a-tryin' ter git security ter prevent his bein' tuk ter jail. Hit were hard wuk, fer he'd run through nigh 'bout everythin'. You may guess he were mighty glad ter see me. The money I brought paid off his mos' pressin' debts, but hit wuzn't long before I foun' thar wuz another mo'gage. Mis' Susan she hed j'ined in that, an' all her niggers as well as ole Marster's wuz boun' by hit: me an' Elsie an' the chillen 'mong de res', so the lawyers sed. The only way outen hit were to pay off thet mo'gage too. But I wuzn't sure I'd git my freedom even then, an' I made up my min' I wouldn't be swindled out o' the rest o' my money. Ole Marster wuz good 'nuff ter me, but Mis' Susan seemed ter take a spite at me, an' Marse Torm 'lowed he'd beat me ter death ef I didn't tell whar that money wuz. He hed me tied up ter do it, too, one day, an' were 'bout ter begin, when ole Marster came out, an' I give him, as well as I could fer my arms bein' tied, the hailin'-sign uv a Marster Mason. He tu'ned ez pale ez a sheet, an' rushed in 'twixt me an' de overseer an' bid 'em tu'n me loose. Nobody ever argued with my ole Marster when he spoke like dat. Th' overseer was a Mason too, an' so was Marse Torm, but they didn't notice what I done. They warn't lookin' fer hit, ye see. A'ter that ole Marster tu'ned off the overseer, an' put me an' Elsie in his house, an' 'lowed ef anybody meddled wid us dey'd hev to 'count ter him fer hit.

"You wonder I didn't run away? Hit do seem strange; but, ef you look at hit once, 'twarn't an easy thing ter do. Ye see, all de roads wuz patrolled, an' a nigger hed ter hev his pass wid him ter go 'long de highway er git 'board a train. The chances were ag'in' my gittin' through ef I tried. I knew dat, an' I hed a pull on ole Marster I hoped ter be able ter wuk. He was mortuall'y 'feared I'd let hit be known he'd made me a Mason. I reckon he wouldn't hev lived long ef hit hed come out thet he'd done hit fa'r an' squar' fer his own benefit. I was well lectured, though,—ther' ain't no doubt but Marster were a bright Mason,—an' I could hev proved up 'fore ennybody thet sot out ter examine me. The only trouble wuz, I war jes' ez 'feared ez he.

Years a'terward the Gran' Marster made a respectable white man a Mason in the same way, an' hit made a great row. Ole Marster sed hit hed been a hundred years, ur sech a matter, sence hit hed been done befo'. Ef I hed been free an' white I reckon he'd been willin' to face hit; but, bein' a slave, he knew he would be forever disgraced ef hit ever got out. So he kep' beggin' me not ter tell on him, an' swearin' thet ez soon ez he got outen under his load o' debt he'd set us all free. At las' he giv' me a paper-writin', signed, sealed, an' witnessed,—an' I've got it yet,—thet ef I'd raise the money ter lift de second mo'gage he'd set us all free an' hev the mo'gage signed over ter me fer security fer my debt.

"A'ter a heap o' persuadin', I consented; an', shore 'nuff, ole Marster give us all free papers an' had 'em registered at the co't-house, all proper. I reckon he'd done forgot 'bout our bein' sold ter Marse Hamlin, spechily as hit were kind uv a secret, an' Mis' Susan herself didn't know nothin' 'bout hit till a'ter hit were done.

"I 'lowed ter git right away a'ter that, but ole Marster importuned me ter stay an' manage fer him a few years ennyhow, an' so I did. Hit were mighty foolish, but what could you expec'? Ef a nigger ain't ez good ez a white man, you can't spect him ter do enny better. I liked ter oversee,—ther' ain't no doubt uv that. I hed my own way, an' liked ter show thet I could make money where a white man hed failed. Things went on this way till ole Marster died. He lef' everythin' ter Mis' Susan, with a 'power uv app'intment,' as the lawyers call hit, on condition thet she'd keep me ez long ez I would stay, an' do the right thing by us when she died.

"Two years a'ter thet ole Mistis died, an' then I foun' out I wuzn't free at all an' never hed been. All de res' uv de prop'ity wuz lef' ter Marse Torm, but we wuz lef' ter the trustees of the 'chu'ch, ter be used ez the trustees see fit, fer the glory o' God an' the spread of his holy word.' That's what the will said which Mis' Susan made accordin' to her 'power uv app'intment.' I spect she meant us ter be free, but the law hed been changed a'ter the will was writ an' befo' it came ter be read out, so that hit wuzn't lawful enny mo' ter leave slaves 'ter be used fer the glory of God,'—so the lawyers sed; and they sed, too, that the only way ter keep us from fallin' into Marse Torm's hands wuz ter put us up an' sell us *bono fide* fer the benefit of de chu'ch. An' thet's jes' what they done. Ole Marse Hamlin, who wuzn't enny sort of a chu'ch man,—he sed it were a damn shame ter put up a nigger thet hed paid fer hisself twice over an' sell him fer the benefit of the chu'ch; so he bid twelve hundred dollars for the lot, an' tole me thet I might hire myself out, an' ez soon ez I handed him back the money, widout int'rust, ef hit wuzn't fer twenty years, he'd give me a pass ter go where the' wuzn't enny sech Christians ez I'd been a-dealin' wid. He sed he warn't quite ez high-toned ez ole Marster, an' hadn't eber been Gran' Marster, but he could keep his word even wid a nigger.

"The matter made a good deal o' talk, an' folks said hard things 'bout ole Marster and ole Mistis too. Ob co'se I felt powerful bad den. I hadn't only toted fa'r wid ole Marster, an' helped him outen

his trouble, but he wouldn't never hev lef' the estate he did ef I hadn't persuaded him ter give the railroad thet piece o' lan' whar th' 'Shops' be. They hadn't more'n got de track down 'fore all de res' ob his lan' nigh 'bout doubled in value, an' afore Mis' Susan died de fambly wuz richer'n hit ever hed been. I hain't a doubt she meant ter do right by us. She didn't b'lieve in freein' niggers an' sendin' 'em away. She thought God hed brought 'em into this country so't they mought be saved. I hain't nothin' ter say ag'in' Mis' Susan,—ther' ain't no better woman ever lived hereabouts,—but I do think bein' put up an' sold 'fer the glory of God an' the spread of his word' was what killed my Elsie. She warn't ever very strong, an' she was that 'feared she'd fall inter bad han's thet she warn't sca'ely able ter stan' up at the sale, an' a'ter that she jes' run down till ther' warn't nothin' lef'. The worl' hain't ever been de same sence she lef' it,—not ter me, thet is,—an' I hain't never took no stock in religion sence."

The old man was silent. The wind moaned without, and the frozen branches creaked above us. After a while I asked,—

"You married again?"

"A'ter de wah, sah,—yes. An' I hain't ary word to say ag'in' Axlone; she ce'tin are a good wife; but, a'ter all, a second wife ain't noways like de wife one hes in his young days, when dey live on hope ez well ez what dey hev in han'. Yer see, I allus hoped ter make her free,—that was what I'd set my min' on,—an' *I didn't do hit!* It were all my fault. Ef I hedn't been a fool, Elsie would hev been alive ter-day, or at least would hev died free."

To rouse the old man from his sad retrospect, I asked,—

"Where did you get the name 'Missionary Joe'?"

"Oh, dat's jes' a nickname. Yer see, a'ter Marse Hamlin paid more'n a thousan' dollars fer me an' my fambly, the chu'ch didn't know what ter do wid de money. Some on 'em wanted ter han' hit over ter me ter pay ter Marse Hamlin, but they all wuz afraid 'twould invalidate the sale an' Marse Torm would git holt on us spite ob ev'ythin'. They hadn't no use fer hit, though, an' a'ter a while it was voted to take hit an' sen' a missionary to furrin lan's. An' so dey did; an' when hit were reported about at the nex' co't, Marse Jeems Alexander he tuk ter callin' me 'Missionary Joe,' an' hit's stuck ter me eber sence. I reckon," the old man added, shyly, "I'm 'bout de only man thet hain't got enny too much religion hisself thet ever owned a whole missionary all to hisself. I hope he's done somebody some good," he added, with a quiet chuckle.

The wind moaned, and the sheeted branches of the old oak snapped and crackled without, as the old man concluded his story. The fire-light threw its comforting glow over the room. Old Joe sat upon the wood, gazing quietly into the light-wood blaze that swept up the chimney. I had smoked out my cigar, lighted another, and emptied the glass of "peach and honey," during the recital. Somehow I had never understood before the essential injustice of a system which but a few years ago represented the religious ideal of a whole people. I had never realized how entirely slavery was bottomed on one fact,—power. I had never understood that service, intelligence, merit of any sort, did

not affect the fact of proprietorship and its incidents. I wondered, as I looked at the old man, how he could speak so calmly of what seemed to me unpardonable wrongs.

"It seems to me, uncle," I said, after a while, "that yours is about the hardest case I ever heard of."

"Wal, sah," answered the old man, still gazing into the firelight, "that depends. I useter think so; but I've come ter see thet my case warn't any harder'n the rest. That's what Elsie allus said,—till we wuz sold,—she never hed no sperrit a'ter dat,—but she wuz allus a-sayin', 'fore dat, thet hit warn't enny wuss ter lose what we hed, then never hev nothin' ter lose."

"I don't know about that," I said.

"Wal, thet ain't ezactly the way on't. What she meant wuz thet it warn't enny wuss ter take away from me what I hed, than from another the chance ter make sunthin' fer hisself. That's where the wrong wuz. It warn't ole Marster's wrong, ner ole Mistis's. One meant ter do right, an' t'other thought she hed done right. It wuz the whole thing thet wuz wrong,—from beginning ter end. That's why I can't understan' how enny nigger *can* be a Christian. That's what I useter tell Elsie."

"What did she say to that?"

"'Oh, you will, Joe, you will.' She wouldn't eber give up. 'You'll forgive 'em all, Joe, jes' as I do,' she'd say. But I hain't eber done it, an' I can't eber do hit, sah. Ef I hed my way, I'd take from 'em now every cent they eber made offen the colored man's wuk,—every cent, sah,—an' then what would be lef'? And I shan't eber b'lieve what they say 'bout the Lord till hit's done, sah,—neber! Jestice is jestice! Ther' ain't enny other name fer hit, an', so fer ez I've eber heerd, nothin' ter take the place on't."

"If you owned your old master's plantation, would you turn off all those who are on it?"

"Ole Mistis's folks? I don' know ez I would, sah. Hit wouldn't do me enny good."

"But it would be justice, you know."

"Wal, no, sah: two wrongs don't make one right. Elsie's dead an' gone now," said the old man, thoughtfully. "I hain't got no mo' ambition."

"But it was your money,—not Elsie's."

"Don' try ter bother me, sah. Hit were ole Marster's money 'cordin' ter de law. I b'longed ter him, an' all I got b'longed ter him too. Ther's only this diff'rence, sah. I wouldn't neber hev got that money ef he hadn't promised me half'n hit an' my freedom; an' I wouldn't hev done hit then ef hit hadn't been fer the sake o' seein' Elsie free."

"When did you leave California, Joe?"

"In 'fifty-two, sah."

"And you had been there—how long?"

"Two year an' betteh, sah."

"With your master's consent?"

"Ob co'se, sah: I's got the paper he gimme 'fore I went away."

"I think you said you had the mortgage Hamlin assigned to you, too?"

"Sartin, sah: got 'em all here."

He took out an old pocket-book as he spoke, and handed me a bundle of papers.

"Marse Tom tried ag'in an' ag'in ter git hol' o' dese yere, but I kep' 'em hid away so he neber lay han's on 'em."

I was running through the papers with professional interest by this time.

"Marse Tom is dead, I think you said?"

"Died in de wah, sah. He ce't'nly were brave, ef there warn't nothin' else good 'bout him."

"The deed to the railroad company was made after the assignment of the mortgage to you?"

"Sartin, sah."

"Did you ever assent to a cancellation or entry of satisfaction of this mortgage?"

"No, sah. Nobody eber axed me to. 'Twuz all a make-b'lieve, you see; thet's what the lawyers tole me. I wuz a slave, an' couldn't 'take,' they said. I spec' old Marster done forgot I'd been quit-claimed."

"Did your old mistress consent to your stay in California?"

"Done wrote me a letter herse'f a'ter I sent the money: it's dar, too."

"What'll you take for that mortgage, Joe?"

"'Clar', I don' know, sah. What's hit wuth?"

"I wouldn't like to say, Joe, but I think it might be made worth the full amount. In other words, I think you were a free man when it was made, and, if the statute of limitations has not barred it, the whole estate is liable for the amount, with interest."

"Yeh don't say so?" exclaimed the old man, springing to his feet. "Why, that would break up all of old Mistis's folks,—every one on 'em!"

"Very likely."

"I wouldn't want ter do dat, sah."

"You were talking about justice a little while ago," I said, with a smile.

"Dat's all done an' gone by. I don' want ter do nobody no harm. I couldn't turn 'em out, nohow. 'Twouldn't be right: would it, now?"

"I can't advise you, Joe. I'll give you a thousand dollars for the mortgage and take the risk."

"What you want of hit?" he asked, with quick suspicion, reaching out his hand for the paper.

"It will strengthen our case against the railroad."

"An' you won't pester old Mistis's folks?"

"Not one of them. Indeed, I should insist upon your giving them a quit-claim to settle the title."

"You think I wuz free, then, an' no mistake?"

"Yes. By sending you into a free State your master lost his right. You remained there long enough to become a citizen, and ignorance of your rights did not work a forfeiture."

"An' Elsie?"

"She was free when you paid Hamlin, or rather she belonged to you."

"Den she *wuz* free, shore 'nuff!" Tears ran down the old man's face.

"Mister Fontaine," he said, after a while, "ef you keep in de same min' to-morrer, an' hit ain't gwine ter hu't ole Mistis's folks, I reckon I'll take that offer o' yourn."

"All right. We'll see Colonel Baylor on Monday and talk it over."

"Dat's all right."

He rose hastily, put more wood on the fire, brushed up the hearth, took his hat from the floor, and said good-night.

The matter was concluded during the next week. My associate fully approved what had been done, and when the railroad company saw how we had strengthened our case it was easy to make a compromise with them. The heirs of Holt were greatly alarmed at the turn things had taken; but when deeds of release had been executed to each, they were loud in their praise of "Missionary Joe," whom they jocularly declared to have been rightly named, after all.

Before the deeds were delivered, I asked the old man if he was sure he wished to release them all.

"Ob co'se, sah. Dey never done me no harm."

"But I thought you said you did not believe in religion, Joe?"

"Wal, sah, what's dat ter do wid it?"

"Nothing; only your words and acts don't seem to match very well."

"You thinks so, sah? Wal, I hope it's so: hit shorely would do Elsie good ter know I misspoke myself in dat."

Albion W. Tourgee.

TO SLEEP.

ALL slumb'rous images that be, combined,
To this white couch and cool shall woo thee, Sleep!
First will I think on fields of grasses deep
In gray-green flower, o'er which the transient wind
Runs like a smile; and next will call to mind
How glistening poplar-tops, when breezes creep
Among their leaves, a tender motion keep,
Stroking the sky, like touch of lovers kind.

Ah, having felt thy calm kiss on mine eyes,
All night inspiring thy divine pure breath,
I shall awake as into godhood born,
And with a fresh undaunted soul arise,
Clear as the blue convolvulus at morn.

—Dear bedfellow, deals thus thy brother, Death?

Helen Gray Cone.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IF my recollections of forty years are to be depended upon, the first book of Hawthorne which I read was "Mosses from an Old Manse." I must have met with earlier writings of his in stray numbers of *The Democratic Review*, but, if so, I had forgotten it when he led me across the threshold of the time-worn parsonage wherein Emerson had thought out those lay sermons which, under the titles of "Essays," have borne his name into the hearts of all urbane and serious thinkers,—a name which is second only to that of Montaigne, who, wiser in a worldly sense, was less wise in all that concerns the noblest characteristics of the race.

Since penning the words above, I have remembered that I once knew a gentleman who, in a circuitous way, may be said to have known Hawthorne. Firstly, he was a friend of Peter Parley, and, secondly, through him was introduced to his fellow men of letters. He lived in Boston when Mr. Goodrich was projecting his "Token," which was so delightful to its readers, and in which Hawthorne wrote the earliest of his "Twice-Told Tales." This gentleman, whom I shall call Colonel Lincoln, when a lad went to the same school as Hawthorne's father, and, if I am not mistaken, was present at the christening of his famous son. When I first met him he lived at the North End, somewhere between Copp's Hill and what is now the Chelsea Ferry. He told me that he remembered seeing me when I was a boy. But when he mentioned the date I concluded that he had confounded me with some other beautiful boy; for, to tell the truth, I was not born until several years later. When I met our great romancer in the summer of 1852, he declared that my Colonel Lincoln had taken the wind out of his sails as a novelist; for he had never known, met, or heard of that master of mendacity. The Autocrat repeated the same tale, which was soon more than twice told, and so also did Mr. Willis, and finally the veracious Peter Parley himself.

The hour came when Mr. Goodrich conceived his "Annual," and with it the man—Hawthorne. He had already, I believe, performed some historical hack-work for that gentleman for the scanty pittance that was doled out to our authors, and will be, I fear, until they are able to ride in their own coaches. He had published his story of "Fanshawe," which he soon sought to suppress, and was living with his widowed mother and orphan sister in Salem. His first master I take to have been Charles Brockden Brown, his second the author of "Peter Rugg," his third the German Hoffmann, and his last and best master was himself. But he was even then what he remained all his days,—the sweetest, finest, most perfect master of English prose. He had no predecessor, and he has left no successor. It was not long before the "Twice-Told Tales" began to be talked about and widely copied in this country and also in England, where their surprising excellence was discovered and proclaimed by Henry Chorley, the musical critic of the *Athenæum*.

But, instead of repeating this old, old story, I entreat the readers of this rambling paper to read once more the Preface to the "Twice-Told Tales" and enjoy it as I have always done and hope to do until the sleep of death has closed my eyes forever. Was there ever such a writer as Hawthorne? No: not since Shakespeare shut the great book of his song with the last line of "The Tempest." Why, once living, do such men ever die?

But before this I should have mentioned the names of some of the fellow-workers with Hawthorne on the "Token." The list of these embraced nearly all the well-known reputations of the period, and certainly included all the unknown names of the first half of our present and much-scribbling century,—statesmen, politicians, divines, historians, critics, novelists, and poets who had been, were, or were to be famous. Looking over this roll-call of honor, we find the names John Quincy Adams and Edward Everett, Caleb Cushing and Horace Greeley, Bishop Doane, Orville Dewey, and Timothy Flint, Nathaniel Greene, Gulian C. Verplanck, Henry T. Tuckerman, Theodore S. Fay, and John Neal, and, enlivening this array of gentlemen with twinkles of song, Lydia Huntley Sigourney, Hannah F. Gould, Frances Sargent Osgood, and other celebrities whom time has unkindly forgotten. But greater than all was Nathaniel Hawthorne.

It was one of the many weaknesses of Poe, as I may have observed before, to dispraise most of our high-minded and stout-hearted men and women of letters. He was unjust to Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Bryant, but more than just to Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cary, Mrs. Oakes-Smith, and to Mr. Richard Henry Wilde, Mr. John C. Kennedy, and Mr. Thomas,—in short, to the whole band of Southern and Western authors, who, not born in Boston (as he was), were necessarily immortal.

On the forenoon of a pleasant day in summer, thirty-six years ago, I found myself at a well-known book-store in Boston. One of its three proprietors was known among his acquaintances as the American Moxon. Beside him stood a critical person who was distinguished as the American Macaulay. They were about to visit Hawthorne at Concord, and they invited me to accompany them. I accepted their invitation, and we were soon on our way to the station, where we met a military gentleman who went with us by rail to The Wayside. Hawthorne had undertaken to write a life of Franklin Pierce, and our soldierly friend, who had served on the staff of General Pierce in Mexico, was *en route* with personal recollections in order to render the forthcoming memoir as accurate as possible. We reached Hawthorne's modest cottage shortly before noon. He met us at the gate, was courteous to my three companions, and more than cordial to myself. I had lately published a revised version of a certain descriptive poem of mine entitled "The Castle in the Air," with which Hawthorne, as he told me later, was much pleased. He led us into his house, and soon disappeared with our colonel, who, I am happy to say, was *not* a relative of Colonel Lincoln. We stayed in-doors a few minutes, and, coming out, wandered around the grounds, which had formerly belonged to Mr. Alcott and consisted of a little slope of valley and hill, at the bottom of which, facing the village street, was The Wayside, which

had been built a few years before by Mr. Alcott. Behind this dwelling, on top of the hill, was a tiny rustic summer-house, gradually falling into decay. From this outlook one could see over meadows and between fields the sluggish flow of the river, with occasional glimpses of the old battle-ground so nobly celebrated by Emerson.

Speedily joined by Hawthorne on the hill-top, we descended with him and strolled under his trees and about his garden until dinner was ready. The dining-room on the left of the entry was hung with several masterly engravings, among which I saw for the first time one of the Madonnas of Raphael or Murillo standing on a thin crescent surrounded by cherubic faces. While we were waiting, Mrs. Hawthorne entered, with her daughter Rose, a babe in arms, and we seated ourselves at table,—the stately head of the household at one end, and opposite him his gracious wife. The dinner was a light one, consisting of the ordinary New England dishes, with a bottle of claret. We chatted, I have forgotten about what, but certainly not “of fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,” but most likely about books and men. Dinner over, we sauntered out into the long and winding road, passing the “Old Manse,” on which the mosses of half a century were still clinging, and talking pleasantly about the old Revolutionary days.

We were suddenly stopped and wheeled about to the right by the command of our colonel, whom we followed in file until we found ourselves at the station, where we saluted him and took our seats in the cars which were just starting for Boston. The next day I returned to my lodgings in New York, the East Side of which I had learned to know better than I had ever known the old North End. Here I dreamed many foolish dreams and wasted much paper in the manufacture of unsalable melodies. About this time I had determined, with the decision that characterizes the penniless, to engage myself to a young gentlewoman of my native State. Remembering, from what I had been told, that Hawthorne had served as a weigher in the Boston Custom-House, and, later, as the Surveyor at Salem, I saw no reason why I should not honor my poor country at the receipt of customs in New York. I mentioned this trifling intention to two or three personal friends, who derided the notion that I could ever become a man of business. Their derision did not dishearten me; for, as they learned afterwards, though a placable man, I am somewhat obstinate. I expressed my wish to Hawthorne, who promised to assist me towards its fulfilment. A few months before, the Methodist Book Concern started a periodical here, with the hope of seducing their brothers and sisters from *Harper's Magazine*. Among the properties of which they were possessed was a number of American authors, portraits of whom, drawn on the block, had formerly belonged to the *International Magazine*. One of them was a head of Hawthorne. I reported this fact to him by letter, and asked him to be good enough to furnish me, at his leisure, with a few facts which I might interweave into a biography. He answered at once, his answer covering four closely-written pages of long foolscap. It was the most interesting letter I ever read,—so interesting, in fact, that after making a copy of it I immediately gave

it away. I have often regretted this precipitate extravagance of mine, which, I fear, benefited nobody. Nevertheless, I do not really regret it as much as I supposed, for it was given to a gentleman who bestowed upon me my first Shakespeare, and whose bones are now whitening in some deep Atlantic cavern in the stormy neighborhood of Cape Horn. The memoir to which I have referred appeared in January, 1853, and was not, as I remember, much discommended. How could it have been, since all that was valuable in it flowed from the magic pen of Hawthorne? I have not read this hasty sketch since it was printed, and probably shall not do so until this paper is completed, though a copy of it is within reach. After writing it, and before its publication, the young gentleman of whom I have spoken was rash enough to be married by an elderly to a younger poet.

Towards the close of November or early in December I made my second visit to Hawthorne. It was a rainy, snowy, blustering day: the street was sodden with mud and plashy with melting snow. He met me at his door, and led me into the well-known dining-room. He, I, Mrs. Hawthorne, and baby Rose were soon seated at dinner: there was no wine this time, but instead a leg of mutton, potatoes, and bread and butter: We chatted as before, and Hawthorne and I soon adjourned to his writing-room on the opposite side of the entry. Following us was Master Julian, then some seven or eight years old, who, while his father and I were smoking cigars, was perpetually meddling with the inkstand. He was ordered to desist, but of course he did not do so. The elderly romancer questioned his younger visitor of the books, the habits and manners of our common friends, associates of his at Brook Farm. I had little to tell him, but that little amused him greatly. It was concerning the gentleman who has since occupied the Easy Chair, who was then a Howadji on the Nile, and whose sole desire then was to be recognized as a poet. We smoked, and our cigars were so strong that I was glad to leave the room, where Master Julian had by this time upset the inkstand, and ramble up and down the windy road of Concord. When I returned I betook myself to the station, whence, reeking with tobacco, I was slowly borne back to Boston, and later, I know, to sleep. About this time one chilly day in December I found myself walking up Broadway. I halted opposite the City Hall, and, seeing across the street the well-known book-shop of the Francis Brothers, an early and time-honored firm, I strolled therein and purchased several volumes of fairy-lore. A reader from childhood of this charming literature, I naturally selected the wonderful tales of Madame D'Aulnoy and Charles Perrault, who were in their day what Andersen was in ours, and Shakespeare long before, the laureate of Fairy-Land. I bought these glorious trifles in order to make a few dollars by any suggestions I might derive from them. The suggestions were abundant, the dollars scanty. Meanwhile, I had received from Hawthorne, either from his hand or through the post, the letter of introduction which was to make my fortune. It was not addressed personally to President Pierce, who was now in the White House, but to one of his most trusted and valued advisers and counsellors,—the Hon. Charles G. Atherton, of New Hampshire. I met this gentleman during my first visit to Washington,

and was most kindly received. The large tavern at which I was stopping, and which a few years later enjoyed an unenviable reputation on account of its defective sewage, that caused the death of several members of Congress and increased the imbecility of a Presidential candidate, was crowded with visitors from all parts of the Union. Among them was a gentleman from the interior of one of the Northern States, who, having narrowly escaped impeachment for malfeasance in a petty office, was naturally anxious to serve his country in a lucrative position abroad. With him were his rustic wife and two or three fair daughters, who were bedizened with ribbons and laces and resplendent with what have since been termed Parisian diamonds. Their languishing glances were directed towards all who had or were supposed to have access to the private ear of His Excellency. Besides this distinguished family, there was a newly-married couple who were endeavoring to turn their bridal tour to political account. The groom had filled two or three legal offices in our metropolis, and was speeding along the path of notoriety, which soon deviated into a dastardly assassination in sight of the gallows which he just managed to miss. The policy which he and his party pursued brought on the civil war, in which he figured and lost one of his limbs. I met him ten years ago at a gathering of the surviving officers and soldiers of the Potomac, and found him as kindly, as courteous, and as engaging as when I first saw him at the National Hotel.

Hawthorne's letter to Mr. Atherton did *not* make my fortune as I had hoped: so I returned to my literature and oatmeal in New York. I was not in the least discouraged, though others in my place might have been. My confidence in the future was increased by an accidental meeting with the military gentleman who had accompanied our Moxon and our Macaulay to Concord, and who was determined that I should have what I wanted. He wrote a letter to President Pierce, and, better still, to the Celtic Cerberus who guarded the portals of the White House. Armed with these, I started for Washington, and, presenting myself next morning, was at once admitted into the Executive Mansion. The President received me in his private chamber, and, after reading the personal letter from my good colonel, wrote across the back of it an endorsement which was almost a command. I thanked him and departed. Returning to New York, I there came across the young gentleman whom I had met two or three weeks before. He undertook to present my credentials to the Collector, who sent for me, and, in the forenoon of the day before I was twenty-eight years old, created me an Inspector of Customs of the Port of New York. My fortune *was* made, after all.

I have among my scattered papers a letter which I received from Hawthorne before I paid my first visit to Washington, and which was filled with good advice. I was to steer clear of the old toppers whom I would be sure to meet in that city, unless I was sure that my head was stronger than theirs; for it would never do to let them know that a poet could not carry off his wine as well as they. I was to accept whatever was offered me, whether I was fitted for it or not. I was not to refuse—if I could get it—the post of translator in the Department

of State, even though I was ignorant of every language except my own. If I were incompetent, the authorities were to discover that fact. They would probably give me another position, and no doubt a better one, in order to compensate me for my lack of knowledge of foreign languages. No one except Hawthorne could have written so humorously and so seriously, and I was grateful for the hints contained in this precious letter. That his action in procuring for me what I so earnestly desired was a kind one is certain. What is not so certain is that my desire was a wise one. No young men capable of manual labor, and but few old men, should hamper themselves with public employment. This truth was borne in upon me during my years of custom-house life, which, fruitful in experiences for myself, was unfruitful for my fellows, who, when dismissed, spent the remainder of their days in trying to be reinstated. They were generally to be found at the nearest pot-houses in a maudlin condition. When my time came,—and it came unexpectedly under the first administration of General Grant,—I accepted the fate which had overtaken me, and went back to my hack-work in New York, and, later, in Massachusetts. I had written and published four or five books since I first made the acquaintance of Hawthorne. The first of these grew out of my studies of Perrault and Madame D'Aulnoy, whose elegant renderings of old folk-lore I failed to reproduce. The American Moxon consented to publish this trifle, which he christened "Adventures in Fairy-Land,"—probably because there were no adventures in it. I sent a copy to Hawthorne, who told me, when I met him again, that "it was poor stuff." I agreed with him; for who would venture to differ from a man like Hawthorne when the subject before him was English prose? I believe I made a little money out of this misadventure of mine.

The last time that I had the pleasure of seeing this great writer was shortly before his departure for Liverpool, whose consulate had been bestowed upon him by his friend Pierce. It was at a hotel on Broadway, where he called by the invitation of Dr. Griswold on Miss Alice Cary, who had just come from the West. We said but little, for it was not to see me that he was there. Eight years later, when he had returned to America, I sent him a story in verse, the conception of which was perfect, whatever its execution may have been. Such, at any rate, was the opinion of Hawthorne, an extract from whose letter of acknowledgment I must be permitted to give:

"I sincerely thank you for your beautiful poem," he says, "which I have read with a great deal of pleasure. It is such as the public have a right to expect from what you have given us in days gone by; only I wish the idea had not been so sad. I think Felix might have rung the bell once in his lifetime, and once again at the moment of death; and yet I do not remember any one moment of such happy conspiring circumstances that I could have rung a joy-bell at it."

The only writing of Hawthorne's, except, of course, that in his letters to me, which I ever saw was the manuscript of the "Blithedale Romance" as it had come back from the printers, soiled and smeared by their finger-marks. I read a few pages, and within the following week the story itself, which I was venturesome enough to review.

That it was based on Hawthorne's experience at Brook Farm, and that one, at least, of its characters was a veritable portrait, was no secret. If it had been then, it was no longer one after the publication of his "American Note-Books."

No author ever left so clear a record of his thoughts and feelings as this historian of souls. When I am asked which one of Hawthorne's books I prefer, I am reminded of an anecdote of Sheridan, who, on being shown "The Beauties of Shakespeare," asked where the other nine volumes were. If I say, "The Scarlet Letter," I am instantly reminded of "The House of the Seven Gables," which in turn reminds me of "The Marble Faun." From these great works I turn mournfully to the fragment of the story which Hawthorne was writing at the time of his death, and which is worthy of a place beside Thackeray's "Denis Duval" and the "Edwin Drood" of Dickens. "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," which took two or three forms, none of which satisfied its author, must always remain unsolved. But it was not merely as a story-teller that Hawthorne surpassed all living writers. He was a keen analytical critic, as our English cousins discovered when he published "Our Old Home," wherein he contrived to say many pleasant things, but not about their adipose mothers nor dowdy sisters. He excelled all the modern makers of folk-lore in his recension of some of the best of the old classical myths in his "Tanglewood Tales" and "The Wonder-Book." Of his "Mosses from an Old Manse" and "Twice-Told Tales" I have already spoken. No one except Scott ever equalled him in prefaces. The publication of the American and Italian Note-Books, though it was regretted at the time, was necessary to a thorough understanding of Hawthorne's character. A wise critic where men and books were in question, he was absolutely ignorant of art, resembling in this deficiency the great Wizard of the North, the chambers of whose stately mansion at Abbotsford were covered with the most wretched daubs, few of which possessed the historical interest which he attached to them.

The happiest years of Hawthorne's life were passed in the old parsonage where he dreamed out his exquisite romances, in his little cottage at Lenox where he turned the old fables of Greek mythology into delightful prose, and at The Wayside before and after his return from Europe. His English and Italian life I take to have been less happy. His consular duties were irksome, and not so remunerative as he had been led to expect. For, with the consistency which distinguishes a republican form of government, his official fees were instantly diminished by the legislative wisdom of his own party. The small sums in silver which he received in part-payment of these fees were bestowed upon his son Julian, who proceeded straightway to invest them in British lollipops.

My clearest recollection of Hawthorne is connected with my first visit to him. I see him now standing by the half-ruined summer-house on the hill-top, pacing to and fro as he did in after-years, wearing a pathway through the trampled sod. Other feet than his now pace his sacred grounds. They are not those of a famous author, but those of a publisher, his family and dependants. That the descendants of

Hawthorne should have parted with this home which he had made immortal is greatly to be regretted.

Since penning the lines above, I have been looking over the sketch of Hawthorne which I wrote thirty-six years ago, and in which I find a description of the "Old Manse." I have forgotten whence I obtained the particulars thereof, but without doubt from Hawthorne himself, to whom belongs whatever credit attaches to this vivid picture. In sight of its window lay Concord River. Here, and up the lovely Assabeth, which flows into the Concord a little distance from the village, he used to sail with Ellery Channing. A lovelier stream than the Assabeth can hardly be found. Down to the water's edge grow majestic trees, whose pendent branches dip in the moveless waters and drip on the white pond-lilies and on the red cardinal-flowers which illuminate the shrubbery at their feet. Grape-vines twine themselves around shrub and tree, and hang their clusters over the water within reach of the boatman's hand. Here hides the shy kingfisher, and here skims the wild duck. The pickerel leaps among the lilies, and the turtle suns itself on the rocks and roots of the trees. The Assabeth is as wild now as it was three hundred years ago, when the Indian paddled his canoe on its banks. In the woods and on the sides of the hills which shelter the Assabeth; in the green fields and meadows, which nowhere in New England are so beautiful as at Concord; in the orchard behind, and the slip of garden beside the old manse, gathering his fruits, and cultivating his summer and winter squashes; in his little study, poring over rare and pleasant books, communing with Emerson or Margaret Fuller, Longfellow or Lowell; happy in the bosom of his family,—such were the scenes and such the life of Hawthorne in the old manse at Concord. In fairy-land there is no measurement of time: what wonder, then, that in so fairy-like a spot three years hastened away with a noiseless flight? But this cannot last always. The owner of the old manse, seized with a spirit of renovation and improvement, sent down carpenters, and masons, and other Goths, to disturb its sanctity, and even talked of a painter, with his many-colored pots. Hawthorne packed up his movables.

The world was all before him where to choose.

His choice fell upon Salem, his old birthplace, where the man could see the grass on which the boy had once rolled, the old apple-tree under which he had lain, and the bushes from which he had picked the abundant currants. Did he dream then as when he sat year in and year out in his room up there in the attic? Did he walk the old paths in the woods and by the solitary sea-shore? Hardly; for he had become a man and father, and, more than all, the Surveyor in the Custom-House! There is but little interest in the life of a custom-house surveyor, poet or dreamer though he be.

Like many others of their benighted countrymen, his fellow-officials knew nothing of Hawthorne's literary fame. To his own townsmen he was simply Mr. Hawthorne, or, it may be, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq.; but with anything beyond, with the author, they were hardly acquainted. I have just remembered a sketch of Hawthorne from the

pen of Mr. George William Curtis which probably antedated my hasty memoir. It was chiefly about Hawthorne's residence at the old manse and the visit paid by him to Emerson. This sketch, as I recollect it, was more personal than anything that I had then or have since written. As depicted by Curtis, Hawthorne was what I never found him, reserved and taciturn, and with reason, considering the strange company by which he was surrounded. They were, to say the least, a queer lot of muddled thinkers who called themselves philosophers, tuneful people with no sense of rhythm who professed to be poets, and reformers of all mankind except themselves. I do not, of course, include Mr. Emerson or Mr. Curtis among these curiosities. Mr. Curtis described him at this meeting as riding the horse of the night with severe propriety. To me he was always modest and retiring, the most lovable man of letters whom I have ever known. I have heard many anecdotes respecting his abrupt manner. It was reported at the time when Miss Frederika Bremer visited the *New World* that she called upon Hawthorne at The Wayside and was greeted by him in his study with, "Well, madam, what do you want with me?" I decline to accept the truth of this anecdote, though I ought not to do so, recalling her visit to Mrs. Kirkland, by whom she was taken through the guarded gates of Gramercy Park, and to whom she remarked, staring skyward, "Doze clouds, ah, dem clouds, dey takes mine soul away!" Miss Bremer was what Hawthorne could not be,—a sentimentalist.

The last scene in the life of our greatest prose writer was enacted one May day over twenty-four years ago. As I was not present, Mr. Julian Hawthorne must describe it for me. "The funeral took place on the 23d, and was conducted by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who had performed Hawthorne's marriage-service two-and-twenty years before. The church was filled with a crowd of people, most of them personal strangers to us, though not to Hawthorne's name. It was a mild, sunny afternoon,—'the one bright day in the long week of rain,' as Longfellow has said,—and the cemetery at Sleepy Hollow was full of the fragrance and freshness of May. The grave was dug at the top of the little hill, beneath a group of tall pines, where Hawthorne and his wife had often sat in days gone by and planned their pleasure-house. When the rites at the grave were over, the crowd moved away, and at last the carriage containing Mrs. Hawthorne followed. But at the gates of the cemetery stood, on either side of the path, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Pierce, Emerson, and half a dozen more; and as the carriage passed between them they uncovered their honored heads in honor of Hawthorne's widow."

Shall I end here? No. For, though the black curtain descends to-night upon the tragedy of Hamlet, it will ascend to-morrow evening and expose to our view the amorous misery of Romeo and Juliet. I turn, therefore, from the old burying-ground at Concord, and find myself at the extreme end of Long Island, nearing Sag Harbor by rail or steamer. This quaint old town was once as celebrated for its whalers as Nantucket itself. I saunter up its main street for about three-quarters of a mile. Diverging thence, I soon reach the railroad-crossing, after which I arrive at a small cottage on the left, wherein

reside Julian Hawthorne and his family. I have known the Hawthornes at Sag Harbor during the summer months of the last three years, and have always found them the best of friends and the kindest of hosts. To say more than this might violate the rites of hospitality: so I will merely add that the eldest daughter of this household is within my sight at this present writing.

R. H. Stoddard.

AT LAST:

SIX DAYS IN THE LIFE OF AN EX-TEACHER.

FIFTH DAY.—EXCURSIONS, RURAL AND OTHERWISE.

“YOU isn’t much like uvver city folks, is you?”

This question, propounded the morning after the storm, and while I did not imagine any one was near me, startled me as if it were the traditional thunder-clap from a clear sky. I had awoke to find the rain ended and the few remaining clouds melting away before the sun: they acted like so many mischievous school-children shrinking into their seats on the approach of their teacher. I had eaten my breakfast hastily, and gone out to the piazza to enjoy the spectacle of the early mists moving about over the lowlands, a mile or two away, between the house and the ocean. The warmth of the sun was so welcome, and the air so fresh and balmy, that I soon hurried to the edge of the pine grove to enjoy a view entirely unobstructed by trees or shrubbery. I was contemplating in absolute ecstasy a picture such as I never before had imagined could be painted even by nature, when suddenly I was obliged to recall another and smaller work of nature by the question quoted above.

“My dear child,” said I,—not in my most pleasing tone, I fear,—“how you startled me! How is it that you always appear so suddenly?”

“Suddenly?” the little one echoed, as she looked at me with a quizzical air. “Why, I’s been standin’ here about an’ hour, wonderin’ how you could keep standin’ still so long.”

“An hour? I was asleep in bed an hour ago.”

“Was you? Well, it seemed an hour, anyway. It always seems an awful long time when anybody stands as still as if dey was dead. When I does anyfin’ naughty an’ my fahver stands an’ looks at me an’ just keeps still, it ‘pears like a hundred hours. But you isn’t, is you?”

“I’m not what?”

“You isn’t like uvver city folks, I mean. Here you’s been here lots of days, an’ you ain’t ever been on any ‘scursions. Anyway, if you have, I ain’t heard of ‘em: you didn’t tell me anyfin’ about ‘em, or take me wiff you.”

“Ah! I see; at least, I think I begin to see,” I replied, looking keenly into the little face, which returned my gaze as innocently as if

its owner were not under suspicion of indulging in an artful little trick. "Did you come over here, so early in the morning, merely to tell me this?"

"No," said the child, raising a chubby hand with a letter in it. "I just come to bring a letter gran'ma got from de post-office for Mistress Drusilla. We gets her letters for her, 'cause she ain't got anybody to send to de post-office. But I fought of it while I was comin' along: so I fought I'd say it."

"I beg your pardon," said I, mentally informing myself that being a teacher of bad children was making me shamefully suspicious.

"Seein' dat I fought about it, an' said it," continued the child, "you might tell me. My fahver says dat when city people come to de country to rest de first fing dey do is to get 'emselves tired to deff goin' on 'scursions. But you ain't dat way, is you? Dat's what I said first, you know."

"I might be," I murmured, looking again at the glorious landscape, and wishing I might have a closer view of some charming bits of wood and field that arrested my eye,— "I might be, if I had any one to go with me and guide me to what is worth seeing."

"I don't fink you'd have any trouble about dat," said the child, "for my fahver says he don't know of a nicer person to go on a 'scursion wiff dan me."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed an' in trufe. He's tried lots of uvver folks, he says, an' nobody 'joys ev'ryfin' he 'joys as much as me."

"That is quite a comprehensive recommendation for a companion," said I. "I suppose you enjoy stopping to fish in every brook, and listen to talks of farmers about pigs and ploughing, and throw stones at birds, and——"

"Well!" interrupted the child, "if dem's de kind of fings you likes to do on 'scursions, I guess I don't want to go wiff you."

"Excuse me, dear," said I, quickly. "You spoke of going with your father; and I merely chanced to think of what men seem to enjoy when they go into the country."

"Gracious me!" the child exclaimed. "Where did you ever know such awful men as dat? I guess your gran'ma ain't very puttikular about de kind of folks you get 'quainted wiff."

I attempted to annihilate the child with an indignant glance, but did not succeed, for she looked at me curiously and repeated her question; finally I meekly answered,—

"I don't know any such men, dear, but often I hear men talking in the cars in the city, of where they've been in the country, and what they've done, and unless they've killed something or made fun of somebody they don't seem to have enjoyed themselves."

"Den I guess you never saw my fahver any of dem times," said the child, "for he don't like to kill anyfin' but snakes and 'skeeters. When he goes on 'scursions he shows me ev'ryfin' dat's lovely to look at: gran'ma says she does b'lieve he'd see somefin' new if he went froom de same road ev'ry day, an' I guess he would, 'cause he always does it when I go wiff him. Sometimes dere's men dat paints pictures

comes out to spend Sunday wiff him, an' he shows 'em just where to find fings to make pictures out of."

"Your father must be very different from other men," I ventured to say.

"Well, I 'most always goes wiff 'em on 'scursions, an' dey don't do none of dem horrid fings you said. Guess you ain't seen only one kind of men: my fahver says dere's lots of kinds."

I did not explain to the little defender of her father's sex that my acquaintance with men was limited and formal, and that the only man with whom I had talked freely had never conversed much about excursions. One of the many differences of opinion between Frank Wayne and me was that he had insisted that my ideas of the masculine mind and nature had been gathered from chance remarks of men whose talk I had overheard, and it did not promote further confidence between us that I retorted to this that his ideas of women had been deduced from paragraphs in the humorous newspapers and from the published rantings of some women who professed to represent their sex.

Finding myself recalling this unpleasant episode, I called myself to account for reverting to the past while the present, for one morning at least, was so glorious.

"It's just de day for a good 'scursion," remarked Alice Hope,— "just de kind of day my fahver likes. He says dat after de rain has washed de air clean, an' made de dust lie down an' keep still, an' de sun's come out, is just de time for a long walk, if a person wants to get deir eyes full of fings worf seein'. Gran'ma said dis very mornin' dat she was sure my fahver was finkin' more about home dan his business."

"Why shouldn't I enjoy a little walk with this child for guide?" I asked myself suddenly. My landladies had assured me, when I first arrived, that I might feel perfectly safe in roaming about the country near by, for all tramps had been frightened away by a stern local edict, mercilessly enforced, and I need never be out of sight of a house. The air was so bracing that I felt as if I could walk miles.

"Suppose you and I were to make a little trip this morning, dear?" said I. "I fear you would soon be tired."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't," she replied. "My fahver says I'm a regular trottypug,—dat means somefin' dat can keep goin' ever so long. Besides, if I do get tired I ain't a bit hard to carry: my fahver says so. Just feel."

She put up her hands so innocently that I should estimate her weight, that I took her quickly into my arms and hugged her soundly. Meanwhile she continued,—

"I don't ever get tired, dough, unless we forget to take fings to eat wiff us. Mistress Drusilla fixes awful nice lunch-baskets to carry on 'scursions, if she knows I'm goin' along; I know she does, 'cause she done it for some ladies dat come here last year. I'll tell her about it, soon as I give her dis letter; den we can start."

"Won't your grandmother be worried at not finding you returning at once?"

"Oh, no; gran'ma says she never worries about me when I's come

over here, 'cause she knows where I is. Besides, she says she never 'spects to see me till dinner-time, if I come here in de mornin'. I'll tell Mistress Drusilla about de lunch-basket right away."

Away through the trees hurried the child, while I followed slowly for the parasol, gloves, and other things without which no woman is supposed to venture beyond the enclosing boundaries of her home. I reached the house only two or three minutes later than the child, but already my landladies were in a high state of excitement.

"I've put half a dozen eggs to boil, my dear," said Miss Dorcas, who met me at the door, "and I've got in the basket half a boiled chicken already carved, some ham sandwiches, three kinds of cake, and some oranges. Do you think there will be enough?"

"Mercy!" I exclaimed. "We shan't be gone more than an hour or two. I imagine a bit of cake in a napkin, to comfort the child when she thinks herself hungry, will be sufficient. Of course we will be home by dinner-time."

"So every one thinks, dear, when starting for a walk in this country; but you've no idea how much there is to see, and how our fresh air sharpens the appetite. And dear little Alice is growing, you know, and growing children——"

"Ah! I see," said I, thinking it wiser to carry what had been provided than to protest. We might meet some poor person who would gratefully accept the surplus.

"If you only say so, my dear," said Miss Dorcas, "I can just as well pack a custard pie so you can carry it."

"Please don't, I beg," said I: "I don't want to ruin the child's digestion."

"Just as you say, my dear. About something to drink: milk soon spoils, in this weather, if it's carried long, but every living body on every road knows Alice, so you can get a glass of milk anywhere, and if you stop at any house for a minute the folks will be sure to ask you to take a cup of tea."

Meanwhile, Mistress Drusilla and the basket, escorted by little Alice, came from the kitchen. The instant the old woman placed the basket on a table in the hall the child peered into it and asked,—

"Is you sure you's got enough? Last time I went on a 'scursion wiff a boarder she got so hungry dat I was 'most starved."

"We've enough," said I, "to last several families from breakfast to noon." Then, in fear that the custard pie might still be imposed upon us, I seized the basket and began the excursion by hurrying into the path that led from the house. As I looked backward to see if the child was following, I beheld the two old sisters standing side by side at the door and regarding us with an affectionate solicitude which really was touching.

"Dis is just de loveliest air dis mornin'," remarked my companion and guide as she led the way to the road. "Don't it make you feel as if you could just fly?"

"Almost," I admitted, as a gentle breeze passed by, laden with a mingled perfume of ocean and clover-blooms.

"I'd like to fly, just to see how it feels," said the child; "but, seein'

I can't, I don't like to feel as if I would. You know how not to feel dat way, don't you?"

"I fear I don't."

"Why, you just make yourself heavier, den you don't feel so light. Don't you see?"

"But how? Are we to load ourselves with stones, as I am told travellers sometimes do on windy mountain-sides?"

"Goodness! no," said the child, lifting the lid of the basket. "All you have to do is to eat somefin,—all you can, an' as soon as you can. I wonder if dese eggs is hard-boiled?" (Here she stooped and cracked one against a stone.) "Yes, dey are. Gran'ma says hard-boiled eggs is heavy on one's stomach. Don't you fink you'd better try one?"

"Thanks, no," said I, breathing in great draughts of the delicious air. "The mere mention of anything to eat is dreadful."

"Dat's funny," murmured the child, between mouthfuls of egg. "I fink it's lovely. I guess you don't like eggs, do you?"

"No,—yes; but not to-day."

"I's awful glad," said the child, taking another. I remembered Miss Dorcas's remark about "growing fast," so I did not restrain her. Meanwhile, we slowly descended a long hill and reached a little brook, along one side of which was a path, into which the child stepped.

"Where are you leading me, dear?" I asked.

"To de big oaks," said she, pointing far ahead: "don't you see?"

I recognized them as a clump of trees I had admired from my place of lookout on the top of the hill. Evidently my little guide had a sense of the picturesque.

"Do you admire the big oaks, dear?" I asked.

"Deed I do," she replied. "You just ought to hear my fahver tell me stories about 'em,—about how George Washiton rested under 'em, an' folks had church under 'em, an' some uvver folks hid in de tops of 'em, an' Injuns had chats under 'em, an' missionaries had prayers under 'em. An', oh, dey's just de loveliest place in de world to eat lunch under. I wish I was dere dis minute."

"You poor child!" said I, looking into the basket and finding but one egg remaining: "are you hungry?"

"I's 'most starved," said the child, stopping in the path and turning upon me a mournful look. "I don't see how I can wait till we gets to de big oaks."

"Try a sandwich, dear," said I, opening the basket. My hand found two instead of one, but the child did not recognize the difference; she took both, and ate them as she walked.

The "Big Oaks" were not of the great variety of views to which distance lends enchantment. The nearer we approached, the more majestic and picturesque they appeared, and on reaching them I was delighted to find that the owner, with a spirit unusual in this land of superfluous trees, had the ground beneath them kept clear of fallen boughs, straggling weeds, and other customary cumberers of America's natural groves. I spread upon the ground a light shawl I had brought with me, and, reclining upon it, cast my eyes along the broad hill from

which we had come. Everything really rural was new, strange, and delightful: my family had spent summers in country villages constructed by New York architects, but here was a wide expanse of country broken into small fragments by stone walls, hedge-rows, and cliffs. It seemed like the country I had seen described in some books,—the country of the farmer, not the landscape-gardener,—and I gazed upon it with delighted eyes. Little Alice Hope approached me occasionally; I heard her footsteps, saw her figure to the right or left, but I was not in the mood to be interrupted, even by a very sweet and companionable child, though I promised myself to love her the more for not disturbing me during the happy half-hour I spent in absorbing the view before me. I was in closer communion with nature than ever before; she, the truest child of nature I had ever met, evidently was in sympathy with me. I did not forget how she, the dear child, had taught me to lose myself in looking at the ocean, a day or two before. Doubtless now she, like me, was again becoming the mere mirror, the recipient, of what heaven and earth were spreading before us in such bewildering profusion. Probably she was longing to voice her impressions; the language would be childish, but there are times when heart speaks so truly to heart that words are nothing.

"Alice, dear?" I said, turning my head lazily on the arm on which it rested.

In an instant I heard gentle foot-falls near me; then they paused.

"Alice, dear," I continued, "are you happy? Isn't it lovely? Are you filled with——"

"It's lovely," she replied,—*"all but de sandwiches; dey's got so much mustard in 'em dat dey bites my froat."*

I looked up quickly, and saw a pretty little mouth discolored with egg, and two little hands, one of which held a leg of chicken and the other a piece of cake. I suppose my look was not sympathetic, for the child trembled a little as she said, quickly,—

"Don't be 'fraid. I left you 'most all de sandwiches: Miss Dorcas said when she fixed 'em dat she hoped dey'd suit you, 'cause she'd put extra mustard in 'em, 'cause all boarders from de city always liked lots of mustard."

I arose hastily and examined the lunch-basket,—not for selfish reasons, but merely from curiosity as to juvenile capacity. It contained one egg, a single (and small) bit of cold chicken, several sandwiches, but no cake. Then I lifted it: it had been heavy when we started, certainly not more than an hour before; now it was very light. I replaced the basket on the ground, looked at the child from various points of view, and at last placed one hand cautiously on her waistband and another on her back. Finally I asked,—

"Where did you put all the luncheon, dear?"

"In my mouf," was the reply.

"H'm! Do you feel bad in any way?"

"No, indeed. I feels awful good. I feels like takin' a real nice long walk, now, soon as you's had your lunch."

"I'm not hungry," said I, abruptly closing the basket, picking up my shawl, and starting forward. Was it possible that this child, and

her grandmother and parent, were so poor that they were not properly fed? I knew, from what home missionaries had told me, that many of my pupils came breakfastless to school. Could it be that this cheery, uncomplaining little sprite was really a child of poverty and with characteristic American fortitude had been bravely ignoring her misfortune while in the presence of a stranger? I would find out.

"Alice, dear," said I, "at what time did you breakfast?"

"Oh, about half-past seven,—de usual time."

"You weren't very hungry, were you?"

"H'm! I guess you don't 'member when you was a little girl, do you?"

"Perhaps not," said I. "Did you eat much?"

"I don't know," said she, meditatively. "Let's see: I had boiled hominy, an' oyster stew, an' fried ham, an' some toast: dat's all, 'cept some milk an' two cups of cocoa."

I looked at her in amazement: she was not a large child, nor at all rotund. Unconsciously I recalled Goldsmith's rustics in the presence of the village teacher:

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Evidently it was time to change the subject: so I said,—

"What are we to do next? You are the guide of this expedition, you know."

"I fink," said the child, after a moment of thoughtfulness, during which she did not relax her attention to a bit of cold chicken, "I fink we'd better walk up de Damascus road; dere's lots of blackberries an' cherries on top of de hill. Den we can go down-hill to Smiff's farm: dey have awful nice milk dere."

This was not what I had expected. I had been looking forward to a hap-hazard ramble which should be made delightful by the surprises and humors of childish prattle, but it seemed that Miss Alice Hope had designed a mere progressive luncheon-party. I was disappointed: probably my face said as much, for soon the child remarked,—

"If you don't like dat way, let's go out by de Norf road; den we can rest at de house where dey always give sweet cider an' molasses-cake to nice folks dat stop dere to rest."

"Any way you like," I replied, with becoming resignation. I could at least gratify my curiosity as to the digestive capacity of a child.

We started on the Damascus road: it wound leisurely around a long hill, but, fortunately, the basket was not so heavy as when we started; indeed, it was so light that I did not scruple to let the child carry it. We found the blackberries, and the cherries too, and Alice Hope could not seem to get enough of them, although to me both tasted rather bitter. While my guide fed herself I lounged on a great warm flat stone under a cherry-tree and wondered what would happen were that child ever obliged to keep a church fast of any kind. Years before, I had wondered at the appetites of some delicate-looking girls whom I met at evening parties, but none of them ever seemed so insatiately

hungry as this atom of humanity. In the course of time, however, the child threw herself down beside me, and exclaimed,—

“Just isn’t dis world a pooty nice place?”

“That depends,” said I, suddenly becoming severe of soul, “upon the place from which one looks at it.”

“Make b’lieve it’s dis place, den,” said the child. “We’s got nice fings to look at, an’ it’s nice wevver, an’ we don’t feel so starved dat we wish de dinner-bell would ring right away. I fink it’s lovely,—or I will, when we get to Smiff’s farm an’ have a lot of nice milk to drink.”

“My dear little girl,” said I, feeling that the time had fully come for the utterance of some cautionary remarks, “I’m afraid that you think too much of mere animal pleasures. Eating and drinking seem to have filled your mind this morning, to the exclusion of everything else.”

“Well,” said the child, after a moment of wondering stare, “I’s sure I’s got to. How’s I goin’ to grow if I don’t eat a lot? An’ if I don’t grow, how’s I goin’ to be a woman? An’ if I don’t get to be a woman, how’s I ever goin’ to be any good to anybody, ’cept gran’mā and my fahver, an’ maybe Mistress Drusilla an’ Miss Dorcas?”

This seemed a reasonable question; but I dissented from the conclusion. I had been taught that a ravenous appetite was bad for any one, and my settled convictions were not to be disturbed by the hunger of an unreasoning child: so I said,—

“I hope, dear, you will grow to be a strong, good woman and be very useful in the world; but you can’t do it by thinking only of eating.”

“Well, anyway, my fahver says it takes food to make brains, an’ de reason women ain’t so smart as men is dat dey don’t eat ’nough.”

Women not as smart as men! All my suspicions of the father of this child came back to me with cumulative force. It was bad enough that any man should have such thoughts; it was simply shameful that he should have put them into the mind of a child.

“My fahver takes me big walks,” continued little Alice, “so I’ll get a good appetite, an’ know my own mind so I won’t lose it when I see it, and fink about somefin’ else. He says he once knowed a lady dat would have been an angel if she’d only ate ’nough to know her own mind. I don’t see how she didn’t, I’s sure; I don’t ever have no trouble to eat ’nough.”

“So it seems,” said I.

“You know your mind, don’t you?” the child asked, raising the cover of the basket; “’cause, if you don’t, here’s—”

I interrupted by taking the basket and making a mid-morning lunch on sandwiches. I was not hungry, but masculine criticisms of women always disturbed my mental equilibrium and made me angry. I felt like consuming something: the remaining luncheon could endure it with least annoyance to any one.

“You’s feedin’ your brains, ain’t you?” said the child, opening her eyes wonderingly. “I’s glad you ain’t dat kind my fahver told about.”

Suddenly I threw away a sandwich I had in my hands, and closed the lid of the basket with a sharp snap. If, as one of my landladies

had intimated, this child unconsciously told stories at home, she should have no excuse to tell one at my expense.

"I's so glad you's got froo," said Alice Hope, "'cause now we can go to de milk place, an' den to de cider-an'-molasses-cake place. I was 'fraid you wasn't goin' to be hungry a bit, an' den we wouldn't have no fun. But it don't take long to see dat you ain't dat kind. Gracious! just didn't you eat like ev'ryfin' while you was doin' it?"

We soon reached a crossing of the road, and little Alice, turning to the left, said,—

"Come on. Dis is de way to de Smiff farm, where dey always give folks nice milk, an' de cider-an'-molasses-cake place is just——"

"Let us go the other way," said I.

The child looked at me inquiringly, then pathetically. Evidently she wanted milk, cider, and cake. But I was obdurate: besides, I was determined to teach her that an unrestrained appetite was absolutely sinful. I did not doubt that her father and grandmother loved her dearly, but love, in itself, is no training for the duties of life. I had seen other children killed by kindness: no such fate should befall this little innocent, this child of exceptional promise, if I could properly tell her what her clear little head was wise enough to receive.

"Alice, dear," said I, as the child reluctantly followed me on the road which led away from milk, cider, and cake, "don't you know that if you eat as heartily as you have done this morning—and in summer, too—you are in danger of becoming sick?"

"Goodness! no. Real sick, or only make-believe sick?" the child asked, with a fearless smile.

"Real sick, of course," said I. "I am not in the habit of making fun of serious subjects and scaring little girls. I like to see children well fed; it almost breaks my heart to look at some of my school-children who do not get enough to eat. But——"

"Den why don't you——"

"Feed them myself? I wish I could, dear; but only a millionaire could do it. But, as I began to say, you, a child, have eaten more this morning than I, a woman grown, would eat in two or three days. It isn't right."

"Dear me!" the child exclaimed, with a tender, pitiful look, "is you always 'fraid to ask Mistress Drusilla or Miss Dorcas for more? I'll ask 'em for you, if you don't like to."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, curbing an inclination to be angry. "I don't mean that I do not have enough to eat. Those good old women do everything they can to tempt me to take more; but——" here I tried to put force into my countenance as well as my words, "but I won't be persuaded to take more than I want."

"Say, den you better do de uvver way, if you know what's good for you. You ought to hear my fahver tell about de two men dat built houses. Did you ever hear about dat?"

"Not that I can remember."

"Well, 'twas dis way: I can't tell it as good as my fahver, but I's pooty sure I know it all. Once dere was two men dat went to work an' built houses. One of 'em found somefin' solid to build his house

on, but de uvver went an' put de timbers right on de sand. Well, one day, along come a big storm, an' it rained like ev'ryfin', an' de wind blowed awful, but it didn't trouble de man dat had his house on somefin' solid,—way down on de rock. But de uvver man,—when de rain come down in his yard it washed all de sand out from under de house, an' left a big empty place dere, so when de wind come along it had a big hole to tumble de house down into."

"What has this story to do with eating?" I asked, somewhat shocked by the lack of application.

"Well, my fahver says it wasn't made about eatin'; but he told it to our preacher dat way one day, an' said if de preacher ate more he wouldn't get so tired out an' find ev'ryfin' so dark-lookin', an' de preacher's wife told gran'ma, pooty soon after, dat her husband begun to get fat an' jolly an' have 'vivals of religion in de church. I don't know what dem fings is; but gran'ma says dey make de preacher awful happy, an' my fahver says it's all 'cause he's got a solid—solid—oh, dear! what do you call dem fings dat houses stand on?"

"Foundations?"

"Yes,—dat's it! 'cause he's got a solid foundation now. Say! I's so firsty dat I don't know what to do."

"We'll get some water at the first farm-house we come to, dear," I replied.

"I don't 'xactly want water; I does wish I had a drink of milk, like de Smiffs give folks."

I turned about and started in the direction the child had first taken: after that Miss Alice did not loiter behind, but took the lead, and moved forward so rapidly with her little feet that soon I began to tire of the pace, and, complaining of weariness, leaned against a stone wall to rest. The child looked at me curiously for a moment, and then said,—

"I guess *you* hasn't got a very solid foundation, has you? I feel as if I could walk all day long; but den *my* foundation is all right."

"So I should imagine," said I, suggestively shaking the basket, which contained only a sandwich or two.

We went on to the "Smiff" farm, and Alice Hope speedily found a way of getting some milk: it required very little persuasion to make me also take some. The women of the house regarded me with devouring eyes, after the manner of country-people in general when they see strangers. After we departed the child remarked,—

"Dem's awful silly people. One of 'em asked me if I'd got a new muvver, an' when I said 'no' she said it kind o' looked as if I was goin' to have."

I did not wish to learn any of the gossip or facts that might be current about the matrimonial intentions of the child's father, but I could not help a sudden fear for the future of my little companion were her father to fall in love after the accidental manner of most men. I had seen many good men unfortunately tied for life by merely lingering too long over the smile, the prattle, even the pose, of some girl whom I knew to be of unformed character and small soul; and some of the worst of these blunderers were widowers. I wondered, as we strolled along hand in hand, how a father with such a child as Alice

Hope could marry again without earnest thought as to how the change would affect his daughter. The more I thought on the subject, the more apprehensive I became for the child's future. I became so absorbed in the thought that I almost resolved to break my determination to know no one in the vicinity. I certainly was skilful enough at conversation to learn from my landladies the name of the woman, if there really were one, of whom Alice's father was fond; then I might become acquainted with her, and impress her with the child's unusual sweetness and character. If she were truly womanly and conscientious, she could not take offence: my long and varied knowledge of child-nature ought to be to her sufficient excuse for my interest in her prospective daughter.

Evidently little Alice had forgotten the personal remark made at the "Smiff" farm, for at each turn of the road she announced the distance which still separated us from the place where cider and molasses-cake were always offered to visitors, and when finally we reached the house she took me in so suddenly that I had not time to protest against such intrusion. She led me into the sitting-room, and was greeted with affection and delight by a motherly-looking old lady, to whom she said,—

"Missis Tree, I told de teacher you folks always gave cider an' molasses-cake to people dat come in to see you."

The old lady laughed, looked at me, and said,—

"One word for you an' two for herself. I know that youngster of old. So you're to be the new teacher, eh? Well, I'm glad you've got into the neighborhood early enough to get 'quainted 'round. What might your name be?"

"My name is Ruth Brown," said I; "but I am not to teach here. My school is in New York."

"Oh!" said the old lady, with as much emphasis as if I had been imparting valuable information. "Dear me!" Then she looked at me earnestly, as if I were the first human being she had seen in ages. How long she might have stared I do not know, for she was recalled to the purpose of our visit by Miss Alice remarking,—

"Missis Tree's molasses-cake is awful good; it's almost as good as gran'ma's."

Mrs. Tree laughed again, and left the room, though as she went through the door she glanced backward, apparently for another look at me. She was welcome to it,—poor woman! if my face could break for a moment the dreary routine of a farmer's wife, I would be only too glad.

The cider and cake were brought in profusion, and while the child consumed both rapidly, and I leisurely found them good, the old lady steadily consumed us with her eyes. Finally she said,—

"Alice, I hope you are fond of Miss Brown?"

"'Deed I am," replied the child, through a mouthful of cake. "She's the nicest new friend I ever had."

"That's right, child; that's right," said the old lady, with emphasis. Apparently I had made a favorable impression, and, as I always had credited old people with much shrewdness in judging human nature, I felt flattered. When we arose to go, the old lady insisted I should go into her parlor a moment, to see a framed "sampler" worked by her

great-grandmother a hundred years before. No sooner were we apart from the child than the old lady said to me rapidly, and almost in a whisper,—

"I do hope, Miss Brown, that you realize what a dear smart little thing Alice is."

"Indeed I do," said I, heartily. "I have already learned to love her dearly."

"I'm so glad,—so glad!" said she. Then she startled me by kissing me on each cheek, and apologizing for the liberty she had taken.

As we resumed our excursion I found myself wondering what could be the mystery of public interest in Alice Hope. That every one liked the child I could easily understand; but why should they be solicitous about her? From her own stories, I imagined her home-life must be very happy. Could it be, as I had begun to suspect, that her father was about to remarry, and had selected a bride of whom the family acquaintance did not approve? The mere thought increased my solicitude for the child, so that I placed my hand on her shoulder and drew her closely to me as we walked side by side. As we reached the next crossing, little Alice stopped, looked each way, and said,—

"Here's de dear old big road. I just love it, 'cause it's de way my fahver always comes home from de city."

"If you like it so much, let's rest beside it for a while," said I, spreading my shawl at the shady side of a clump of young sassafras-trees that had been washed by the shower and were diffusing a faint perfume in the warm air. I seated myself upon the shawl, and the child, throwing herself down, pillowed her head in my lap and began looking vacantly into the sky, while I looked thoughtfully into her dear little face and begged heaven to forgive me for every impatient thought I ever had towards children. How long we were silent I do not know, but suddenly the child's eyes, wandering towards mine, studied my face a moment; then she sprang up and threw her arms around my neck, and exclaimed,—

"You's just nicer dan any uvver new person I ever knowed."

I returned her caresses a hundred times, as I realized that soon I must part from her. She clung closely to me, and I prayed that I might never forget the sensation of those dear little arms so tightly clasped around me. But suddenly I heard some one approaching,—evidently a man or boy, for the lively whistling of an air from "Patience" was my first warning. I hastily prepared to look unconcerned: little Alice, somewhat unceremoniously placed upon her feet, looked around, and shouted,—

"Oh! dere's my fahver!"

As she ran to meet him, I hastily arose and looked quickly over my attire. Then I saw the child held in the arms of a broad-shouldered man who was kissing her repeatedly. As he released her and turned his face towards me, he exclaimed,—

"Ruth Brown!"

And I, feeling as if the earth were reeling under me, gasped,—

"Frank Wayne!"

John Habberton.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

TO judge by the quips and gibes of the daily press, one would naturally suppose two things relative to government clerks,—that all the men are lazy, and that all the women are inefficient young blondes. My experience, extending over about sixteen years, tells me that both sexes are sadly maligned, and leads me to say a word or two about the women especially, as I know more about them.

The large majority of the women employed in the various departments in Washington are quite the reverse of young, and, though the minority may have had bright eyes and rosy cheeks when they first entered the service, they speedily fade and grow sallow after being shut up daily from nine until four for a few months in the ill-ventilated rooms in which the clerks are penned. In nine-tenths of the buildings—I except the new State Department and the new Pension Office, having never seen the latter—ventilation can only be obtained by the primitive means of lowering the upper sashes of the windows: that changes the atmosphere most acceptably for the one or two lucky ones whose desks are close to the windows, but, oh, what a whirlwind it raises in the centre of the room! The fussy, chilly, or neuralgic ones who sit there—I myself came under that head for two entire years—immediately raise a protest, “Shut that window! I am freezing!” “Shut that window! I’ll have a chill if I sit in a draught.” The ladies in one room where I was at last made a compromise: except in hot weather, the windows were to be opened only once an hour, then they were to be set wide open for five minutes, we fussy ones suspending work for that period and retiring to sheltered corners.

A prominent factor in our midst was the clerk who always wanted to borrow: she usually paid promptly “at the end of the month.” A government clerk’s jubilee is “the end of the month:” all pecuniary plans are made to take effect at that time, and the “bloated bondholder” who can make a purchase or exhibit a ten-dollar bill as late as the 20th, without borrowing, is the subject of raillery, and is looked upon with mock suspicion. I had one provident neighbor whose mother had once given her a twenty-dollar gold piece; Miss C—would not part with that coin on any account (I wonder if she has it yet?), but would regularly *pawn* it at less than its face-value to some obliging friend, and as regularly redeem it “at the end of the month.” Those of us who were more impecunious than prudent could always borrow money at ten per cent. a month, in spite of strict laws made by the authorities against usury. Many another law was dodged. Once upon a time—it was many years ago, and the man is now out of office—a certain chief clerk chose to take umbrage because one of the subordinate chiefs of division had permitted two lady clerks to leave their desks at one o’clock one Saturday, when work was dull, to attend an opera *matinée*. One of these ladies, hearing of the objection, went to the chief clerk: he hemmed and hawed, said *he* didn’t care, only the

rules must be observed, etc., pointing to a framed copy of "Treasury Regulations" which hung near his desk. The first rule stated that office-hours must be from nine to three in summer and nine to four in winter (or words to that effect), and, as that particular office kept its clerks an hour later than the law required, she expressed her willingness to abide by that law. "Oh, you know Mr. ——'s work requires you to stay the extra hour," he explained. The lady skipped the next clause, forbidding smoking in any office during office-hours, because the chief clerk's son, an outsider, was at that moment joining his father in a little smoke and she did not wish to be rude. There followed a strict rule against drinking any intoxicating beverage during these hours: this she read aloud, slowly; then, turning to him, she said, "Oh, Mr. P——, I am so sorry, but the next time you offer me a glass of champagne out of one of those bottles in your desk I shall be compelled to decline it! Good-morning." She knew, and all present knew, that the wine was at that moment in his desk, and that only the previous week he had had it out and had offered it to her and to others. He never made any further allusion to her heinous sin in having left the office early that Saturday.

Once there was quite a wholesale slaughter of clerks—women—in the Currency Division of the Register's Office. One of the unfortunate who were dismissed was a delicate lady past her fiftieth birthday, but quite well able to attend to her duties. When she read the fatal missive, tears sprang to her eyes. There are so few ways in which women no longer young can earn their living! One of her neighbors, a well-meaning, bustling little creature, said,—

"Oh, Miss F——, do not take it so hard! Put your trust in God: He will surely provide for you!"

In about an hour this consoler, Mrs. K——, received *her* dismissal. Did she put her trust in God? Not a bit of it! She flew into one corner of the room with such a fit of hysterics that a carriage had to be sent for to convey her home! Poor little woman, she is now in the unseen land, so I dare to speak freely of her. She was a good clerk,—her work was counting old paper money which had been redeemed and was about to be burned,—but very, very eccentric; her clothing was of good material, but of wonderful cut; she always wore a loose, straight black silk sack, fastened at the neck by a handsome cameo pin set with pearls, but black with dirt, over at least two and sometimes three dress-skirts; in her neck, instead of a collar, she nearly always wore a soiled, faded piece of purple web velvet about a quarter of a yard wide, carelessly tucked in anyhow. Her hair was neat and glossy and exquisitely arranged, though in an old-fashioned way; and the skin of her neck, hands, and arms was gray with the untouched dirt of ages! Yet, with those grimy paws, those long black nails, she managed to make the most spotless white wax flowers I ever saw. She liked me, and would often bring me a dough-nut or a piece of cake or pie for luncheon, saying, "I made it my own self;" and, oh, how sorely tried were both my politeness and my ingenuity! I had to get rid surreptitiously of the obnoxious dainty without offending the poor creature.

She was not the only "character" who developed an uncomfortable fancy for me. During the earlier years of my office-life a lady was detailed to my division who was, in appearance, my exact opposite, and as she would walk with me whenever possible I was conscious that we presented a ludicrous contrast: she was exceedingly tall, and thin almost to emaciation; she wore a broad-brimmed, flapping hat, and (when every other woman clung to "hoops") a long, straight cloak over equally straight and clinging skirts. She passed among her fellow-clerks as a peculiar but very reserved woman who was frequently absent for a day or two at a time on account of illness. Fancy our surprise, therefore, when a detective came to our room one day to question some of us about her and to examine her desk to see what she had left behind her. She had just been arrested for theft! Her frequent hours of absence had been passed as a seamstress in other people's houses, and she had stolen some trifle on one of these occasions. It was soon proved that her mind was affected, as most of her thefts were of nearly useless articles, and among her effects were found scores of old ambrotypes and (I think I have the number right) one hundred and fifty old kid gloves of all sizes, most of them odd ones. She was placed in an insane asylum, and died there a year or two later.

As nearly every one knows, "influence" used to be the great thing for a government clerk. As my own connection with the government ceased with the incoming of the present administration, I cannot say how things are managed now; but at that time to have a relative or a relative's friend in Congress was to own a genuine bonanza. Civil service reform was not dreamed of in the early days. We had good grounds for suspecting that two of our fellow money-counters could hardly write even their own names when first appointed, though they took writing-lessons afterwards. I know that for months I addressed every envelope which one of them used, and wrote all sorts of notes for her. The other one, at first, made most appallingly contradictory statements as to the age of her baby and the length of time her husband had been dead. She seemed to be as poor a mathematician as chirographer.

But, though there were many oddities among my companions, there were also many charming, highly-educated ladies. Among the men there were numbers who were studying law, medicine, or divinity, and who were only using a government position as a stepping-stone to something better: artists, too, musicians, elocutionists, and actors have graduated from "Uncle Sam's" employ.

There is and always has been a strong *esprit de corps* among government clerks. Let affliction come to one, the rest were full of sympathy; let pecuniary troubles come, and the purse-strings flew quickly open. In all my experience I remember but one case where there was hesitancy to contribute, and that was when a man from another division came to our room to collect funds to bury one of his comrades: we demurred; we had never so much as heard of the dead man until we heard of him in that capacity, and, as we had had two funerals among our own acquaintance, we were disposed to inquire into this new demand. The would-be collector was indignant. "Why," said he, "we

helped you last month to give your man a hundred-and-fifty-dollar funeral!" We were unyielding: "our man" had belonged to some order which chose to do things expensively, but we were not disposed to countenance such extravagance in any other case.

* Clerks, as a rule, too, are very generous. We had one pensioner who came to us regularly for a long time: she was a small, stupid-looking, ill-dressed girl of some eleven years, accompanied by a yet more unprepossessing small brother. At first she handed us a grimy, tumbled, folded paper, murmuring something which we translated as "here's a note, please read it;" but, as we could only hear "snote," we so dubbed the girl. After contributing pennies for some time, one lady thought it her duty to look into the matter. The child readily gave her name, residence, and family history, adding that a well-known minister could tell us about her. He was called upon, and said that her statements were true, and added, "Tell the ladies in your office that the family is very poor and needs help, but the family will always be poor and will always live on charity." So for months and months we helped them.

Some of us were, of course, more sympathetic than others. Once the chief of my office was burying his baby, and quite a delegation of his clerks attended the funeral. One man, a Prussian, who was our head messenger, constituted himself assistant to the undertaker, and to do honor to the occasion had been to the barber to have his straight stiff hair tightly curled. With his eyes streaming with tears he turned to one of our old-bachelor clerks and whispered, sadly, "Did you ever lose a baby, sir?"

If we were sympathetic in sorrow, what were we in joy? How the news would spread when one of our number contemplated matrimony! How interested we always were to know if he was rich, if he was steady, if he would make her a good husband! and as the time passed on we almost felt as if the children who came had been added to our individual lists of nieces and nephews. What a commotion it would make when "our Miss Brown" came in the office some day bringing her first baby to exhibit to her former comrades! Many of our number were widows with young children to support when they first joined us, and as the little ones grew up we had always a strong interest in them; for where a score or so of tolerably congenial people are together six or seven hours per diem for several years they naturally become very confidential; they know one another's family secrets usually, they see the girls and boys from time to time, and, though they may afterwards drift apart and not meet for years, still they do not forget one another. Sometimes as a child grows up and becomes self-supporting it insists upon its mother resigning her position as clerk; sometimes the son or daughter takes the parent's place in office and lets the mother stay at home and keep house for the bread-winners; sometimes a lady who has a younger brother or sister or an aged aunt will begin house-keeping in two rooms, and slowly, slowly add to her store of worldly goods until she can take a house, and, furnishing part for herself, rent out the rest to some other struggling sister who wants to begin in the same simple manner.

The large majority of government clerks, having some dependant with whom to share their salary, do not lay up much money, and when the much-dreaded dismissal does come it finds them with very little capital; but then, too, as the city merchants will testify, it finds them with few debts on their hands.

Frances E. Wadleigh.

THE KEY-NOTE.

Knock as long as you like at Nature's door, she will never give you an intelligible answer,—for the best of all reasons: she is dumb. A living soul,—that is responsive, and above all a woman's soul.—*TOURGUENIEFF.*

MANY are Nature's voices: each wind has a different tone,—
One carries an echo of laughter, another a sigh or a moan;
Trees as they whisper together, waters that run to the sea,
Have speech of their own,—but never a voice that replies to me.

Once of a summer morning, when Summer was at her best,—
Roses crowning her forehead, pearls of dew at her breast,—
I fell on my knees before her, I kissed her beautiful feet:
"Speak to me, Mother Nature! teach me your wisdom sweet."

Babble of brooks responded; bees went murmuring by;
Trill of a lark rang faintly down from the distant sky:
They mocked my fond desire: I longed for a vital word,
Not for a leaflet's rustle, or the far-off song of a bird.

And, baffled and disappointed, I said, "I will seek no more,
I will stand and knock no longer, O Nature, at your door;
Entreating, you would not answer; calling, you would not come;
And this is the hopeless reason: Nature is deaf and dumb!"

Then from my aimless yearning, that could not attain its goal,
I went as the blind go, groping, and found out a living soul,—
Found out a soul responsive, that brought to me unaware
Oil of joy for my mourning, wine of life for despair!

Now—oh, beautiful wonder!—the mystery has grown clear,
The inarticulate voices have meaning for my ear;
Love is the magic key-note, and by its subtle art
All that I sought of Nature I find in a woman's heart.

Mary Bradley.

OUR ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS.

VII.

42. Whence the expression "eating crow"?

From very early times—indeed, from the time of Noah—the crow has been looked upon as an unclean bird, not fit to serve as food for man. Hence the expression "to have to eat crow" is synonymous with the performance of any distasteful gastronomic feat, mental or physical, but is particularly applied to an enforced diet of metaphorical carrion, such as eating one's words, and the like.

The sentiment of the phrase "eating crow" has been recognized in all ages, but the origin of this particular form may have arisen from the old tale of the poacher who compelled his captor to finish the bird, or from the kindred story of the officer and private. A soldier, having shot a tame crow belonging to one of the officers, was discovered by its owner with the dead bird in his hand. Seizing the private's gun, the officer declared that, having killed the bird, he must eat it; but no sooner had he returned the gun than the soldier, pointing it at his companion's head, vowed that he should finish the bird. The next day the soldier was court-martialled, and, when asked by the examiners what had occurred the day before to lead to his arrest, he coolly replied, "Nothing, except that Captain Blank and I dined together." Many anecdotes of the crow have grown gray in the service of their country, for one rarely hears or reads a political speech that does not make use of the expression. Only a few weeks ago Congress had to listen again to the venerable tale of the Westerner who made a bet that he could eat crow. The dish was prepared and set before him, and he even swallowed a few mouthfuls, but was forced to abandon the task, and said, afterwards, "Yes, I kin eat crow, but I'm blamed if I hanker arter it."

In the legend of the Deluge as related by the Arabian historians, not only is the crow mentioned as being sent forth first, but the reason is also given for his not returning. "Noah said to the raven, 'Go and place thy foot on the earth, and see what is the depth of the water.' The raven departed, but, having found a carcass, it remained to devour it, and did not return. Noah was angered, and he cursed the raven, saying, 'May God make thee contemptible among men, and let carrion be thy food!'"—DAVUS.

43. Who was the original of Rebecca in "*Ivanhoe*"?

The honor of having been the prototype and inspiration of the character of Rebecca, in Scott's "*Ivanhoe*," belongs to an American, Rebecca Gratz, of Philadelphia, who was described to the novelist by his friend Washington Irving.

Miss Gratz was of an honorable Jewish family, and possessed in early years, and even to the day of her death, a singular beauty of face and form. Her parents died when she was very young; but the Gratz mansion continued to be known for its hospitality, and many eminent persons, from home and abroad, found there an appreciative welcome.

Gentle, benevolent, and accomplished, Rebecca soon became the centre of a brilliant circle of men and women, Christians vying with Jews in doing her homage. It is said that when a young lady she won the love of a man of character, wealth, and position, whose passion she devotedly returned; but the difference in their religious creeds proved an insuperable barrier, and she never married. She was the beloved benefactress of every charitable institution in her native city, people of all faiths receiving her generous bounty. One of the most intimate friends of her brother was Washington Irving, and a cordial friendship and admiration was established between him and Rebecca, which lasted through life, and Matilda Hoffman, the object of Irving's first and only love, was her dearest friend. In the fall of 1817, Scott and Irving met for the first time. With a letter of introduction from the poet Campbell, who was aware of

Scott's high estimation of Irving's genius, the latter visited Abbotsford, and there spent some of the most delightful days of his life. During one of their many conversations, Irving spoke of his friend Rebecca Gratz, of Philadelphia, and related the story of her firm adherence to her religious faith. Scott was deeply interested and impressed, and conceived the idea of embodying a character like hers in one of his novels. Shortly after this, he wrote "Ivanhoe," and named his heroine "Rebecca." When the book was published, in December, 1819, he immediately sent the first copy to Irving, asking, "How do you like your Rebecca? Does the Rebecca I have pictured compare well with the pattern given?" Although the source of the character was known to Miss Gratz, her modesty made her shrink from the publicity of it, and when pressed upon the subject she would deftly evade the matter by changing the topic. She died, universally regretted, in August, 1869, at the age of eighty-eight.—DAVUS.

44. Whence the proverb "*Blood is thicker than water*"?

Many think that this saying originated with Commodore Tatnall, of the United States Navy, who assisted the English in Chinese waters, and, in his despatch to his government, justified his interference by quoting the phrase. It is, however, an old English proverb, and it is to be found in Ray's "Collection of English Proverbs," published in 1672.

It is a protest against modern cosmopolitanism and universal benevolence that "spreads as far and is as weak and useless as the threads of summer gossamer." A brother is better than a stranger, is the pith of the saying.

Blood stands for traceable, admitted consanguinity; water, for the colorless and chilled fluid that flows through the veins of the rest of mankind, who are *homines homini lupi* and take but cold interest in the happiness of a stranger, and thus cause the fluid coursing through their hearts to appear as one with water to the proverb-maker.

Water, too, in our early writers was symbolic of looseness, inattachment, falsity. "Unstable as water" is the scriptural phrase.

Thicker signifies greater consistency and substance,—hence closeness of attachment, adhesiveness. "As thick as thieves,"—as close as bad men when banding for evil enterprise. Blood is always thought binding. Conspirators have signed their bonds with their own blood, as martyrs have their attestation of the truth. "He cemented the union of the two families by marriage," is a stock phrase with historians.

Quitting metaphor for physical fact, we find that the blood as well as the hair of oxen has been used to bind mortar together and give greater consistency than mere water, as is reported of the White Tower of London.

The proverb may, also, allude to the spiritual relationship which, according to the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, is created between the sponsor and the child whom he brings to the waters of baptism. The relationship by blood would probably be more thought of than one originating in water.—MONUMENTAL CITY.

45. What city was destroyed by silence?

Amyclæ was a city in Upper Calabria, said to have been peopled by a colony from the more ancient town of Amyclæ in Laconia. The Amyclæi were distinguished among ancient poets by the epithet of "taciti," or silent,—some say, because the city was built by the Lacedæmonians, who adopted the system of Pythagoras and recommended silence; while others explain that a law was enacted in this place—for the prevention of false rumors by which the people were alarmed—prohibiting any person to report the approach of an enemy. This law was, in the end, the cause of the ruin of the city, for the Dorians arrived unexpectedly and took the city. To this circumstance Silenus refers,—"*Quasque evertare silentia Amyclæ.*"

Virgil also alludes to this city in the *Æneid*, book x., line 564:

"*Et tacitis regnavit Amyclæ.*"

Heyne supposes that this epithet was given by Virgil to the Italian colony

from the parent town in Laconia. Wagner is in favor of the legend that the Italian Amyclæ was deserted by its inhabitants on account of the serpents that infested it.—OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

46. *Whence the expression "It suits to a T"?*

The expression "It suits (or fits) to a T" means, it suits, or fits, exactly, and comes from the Tee-square, or T-rule, an instrument (so called from its resemblance to a capital T) used by mechanics and draughtsmen, especially valuable in making angles true, and in obtaining perpendiculars on paper or wood. The phrase is one in common use. Boswell quotes Johnson as saying, "You see they'd have fitted him [Warburton] to a T."—DAVUS.

47. *Who was the original Bluebeard?*

"La Barbe Bleue" is in the "Contes" of Charles Perrault (1697). Dr. C. Taylor thinks the hero is intended for a type of the castle lords in the days of knight-errantry. Others think that Henry VIII., so often called the "royal Bluebeard," was the original. But according to Holinshed the original of the nursery hero was Giles or Gilles de Retz (or de Raiz), Marquis de Laval, who lived at Machecoul in Brittany in the reigns of Charles VI. and Charles VII. of France and Henry VI. of England. He was made marshal of France in 1429, distinguished himself by his military genius and courage against the English when they invaded France, and was possessed of princely revenues. Mézeray says he was impious and debauched, maintained sorcerers to discover hidden treasures, enticed the youth of both sexes to his house, then killed them to obtain their blood for his magical charms, and murdered six of his seven wives. For some state crime against the Duke of Brittany, he was strangled and burnt, or, as some say, burnt alive, in a field at Nantes in 1440. But the crimes of the Sieur de Laval do not resemble those of Bluebeard as nearly as do the crimes of Count Conomor, lieutenant of Brittany in the reign of Chilbert. This man was a widower for the fourth or seventh time when he wooed Triphyna, the handsome daughter of Count Guereck of Vannes, who had been educated under the eye of St. Gildas, Abbot of Rhuys. Both father and daughter wished to decline the match, for Conomor was accustomed to murder his wives as soon as they gave evidence of pregnancy; but Conomor had powerful friends, and threatened vengeance if they refused: so, with the help of St. Gildas, an agreement was made that when Conomor tired of his wife he should send her back to her father. The wedding was celebrated at Vannes with great pomp, and Conomor took his bride home to his castle. When the countess became pregnant she observed a change in her husband's manner, and, fearing the fate of her predecessors, fled on a swift horse with a few faithful followers to Vannes. Conomor pursued and gained upon her. She sprang off her horse and concealed herself in a forest, where Conomor found her and cut off her head with one blow. St. Gildas, hearing of this, hastened to the spot, and, putting the head on the body, by prayer restored her to life. When her son was born he was named Gildas, to which Trech-meur or Tremeur was added to distinguish him from the abbot. The legend is told by the Breton hagiologists Père Albert le Grand and Dom Gui-Alexis Lobineau. The events are said to have taken place in the sixth century.

Hippolyte Violeau, in his "Pèlerinages de Bretagne," says that in January, 1850, during the repairs of the vault in the chapel of St. Nicholas de Bienzy, some ancient frescos were discovered representing scenes in the life of St. Triphyna: 1, the marriage; 2, the husband taking leave of his wife and intrusting her with a key; 3, a room with an open door, through which are seen hanging the corpses of seven women; 4, the husband threatening his wife, while another woman ("Sister Anne") looks out of a window above; 5, the wife with a halter round her neck, and the husband ready to put her to death, but interrupted by the arrival of her friends and St. Gildas just in time to save the future saint. Violeau thinks that if the frescos are really of the early date assigned them they probably represent the popular form of the legend, with some additional incidents which the hagiologists did not think worthy of record, and that it was without doubt the foundation of Perrault's tale.

Holiness notices another Bluebeard in the reign of Henry VI., 1450. Speaking of the committal of the Duke of Suffolk to the Tower, he says, "This doing so much displeased the people that if politike provision had not been made, great mischief had immediately ensued. For the commons in sundry places of the realm assembled together in great companies and chose to them a captain whom they called *Bluebeard*; but ere they had attempted any enterprise, their leaders were apprehended, and so the matter pacified without any hurt committed."

In the "Polychronicon" (54, 6, recto, A.D. 1449), Caxton, after relating the troubles in Flanders, the loss of the towns in France, Pont de l'Arche and Rouen, the arrest of the Duke of Suffolk, and the anger of the Commons on account of the deliverance of Anjou and Maine and the loss of Normandy, says, "And in especial for the deth of the good duke of gloucester, in soo moche that in some places men gadred togedere and made hem capytaynes, as *blew berd* and other, which were resysted and taken and had justyce and deyed, and thenne the sayd parlement adiourned to leycetre." The name seems to have been a familiar nickname, like Jack Straw, Hob Miller, etc. The saga of Bluebeard, as Grimm calls it, is wide-spread, and appears in many and various forms. The German version differs slightly from Perrault's: Sister Anne is wanting, and the heroine lays the key in hay, there being a popular belief that hay draws out blood. Three of the tales in the "Kinder- und Haus-Mährchen" of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, namely, "Fitcher's Vogel," "Marienkind," and "Der Rauber Bräutigam," resemble Bluebeard more or less closely. In "Fitcher's Vogel" the hero is a sorcerer, and the story is the same, except that the wife, having saved her two sisters from death by starvation, to which the husband had doomed them, makes him carry them home in a sack which he thinks contains gold, and herself escapes by rolling in honey and feathers till she looks like a great bird and is unrecognizable. In their notes the brothers Grimm say that they obtained it from two tales current in Hesse, a third from Hanover varying somewhat. Similar stories are Prohle's "Fledervogel," a Finnish version from Erik Rudbek's collection, and two from Iceland, also a popular ballad "Ulrich und Annchen" ("Wunderhorn"), stories by Rosmer in "Altdänischer Lieder," by Meier (probably from the French, however), Herder in "Volkslieder," and Gräter in "Idunna." A Dutch version represents the husband as devouring the bodies of his wives; the heroine, having found a woman preparing the bodies of her predecessors for the table, escapes in a hay-wagon to a neighboring castle; here, after some time, the husband comes to dine, and his former wife, whom he does not recognize, tells after dinner the story of his crimes, and, though he tries to escape, he is seized and put to death. There is also a Norwegian tale (Asbjørnsen) and a Swedish popular ballad (Geyer and Afzelius), but nothing in Italian. The indelible blood appears in a story in the "Gesta Romanorum," where a mother murders her child; four drops of blood fall on her hand and cannot be removed; she has to wear gloves always in consequence.

In "Marienkind" we find the root-idea of many doors which may be opened and one which may not, with punishment following disobedience; but here a religious element is introduced, and the heroine is a child protected by the Virgin, whose curiosity leads her to peep at the divine mysteries and her finger becomes coated with gold, not to be washed off, and betraying her. The ending of this tale is, however, quite different. The Grimms compare this with one by Meier, the Swedish "Graamantel," one from the "Pentamerone" (where a goat's face is the punishment), and others from the Norwegian, Wendish, and Wal-lachian. The legend of St. Ottilia resembles it (told by Frau Norbert in "Volks-Mährchen"). Grimm's version is from Hesse.

The story of the "Robber Bridegroom" differs in some respects. He is captain of a band of robbers who entice girls to their den, cut them in pieces, salt and eat them. One girl, who escapes this fate, invites the chief to her house for the wedding-feast, tells the story, and he is killed by her friends. This tale was from Lower Hesse; others similar to it are in Carol, Stahl, Meier, Prohle, and in the Danish and Norwegian. It closely resembles the narrative to be found in Boswell's Life of Johnson (with Malone's notes), and by, I believe, Blakeway. In this story, the hero, Mr. Fox, decoys girls to his house, and Lady Mary, one of his intended victims, having discovered skeletons, etc., in his house, escapes, and a few days later, when Fox dines with her family, she relates

her adventures, and convicts Fox of his guilt, and her two brothers slay him. This is like the Dutch version of "Fitcher's Vogel," already spoken of.

The Grimms add that "Bluebeard" is a popular name for a man whose beard grows strongly, and "Blackbeard" is also heard applied in the same way. The latter "in the first instance referred to some illness only to be cured by bathing in the blood of an innocent maiden: hence the inconceivable horror."

Finally we have the story of the third calender in the "Arabian Nights" (Night 66). The forty princesses wish to leave their palace for a few days, and give King Agib their keys: he is to enter all their rooms save one. His curiosity overcomes him, and he opens the door, and misfortunes follow in consequence. The same misadventure had befallen other princes, whose warnings he had disregarded.

Among all these variations of the story, from so many different sources, it would seem a difficult task to find the genuine "original" of Bluebeard.—ONE OF A THOUSAND.

48. Whence the phrase "a tempest in a teapot"?

This phrase is one of the modifications of an old proverb which can be traced as far back as the time of Cicero, who quotes it as a common saying,—e.g., "Gratidius excitabit fluctus in simpulo, ut dicitur" ("Gratidius raised a tempest in a ladle, as the saying is"). (De Legibus, iii. 16.) Athenæus, who wrote in the third century, makes the flute-player Dorian ridicule Timotheus, who undertook to imitate a storm at sea on the zither, by saying, "I have heard a greater storm in a boiling pot." The French form, "une tempête dans une verre d'eau" ("a tempest in a glass of water"), was first applied to the disturbances in the republic of Geneva near the end of the seventeenth century, and is variously attributed to the Austrian duke Leopold, to Paul, Grand Duke of Russia, and to the French author and jurist Linguet. Balzac, in his "Curé de Tours," assigns the authorship, without any apparent evidence, to Montesquieu. The English phrase is an evident reminiscence of the French, "teapot" being substituted for the sake of alliteration, but it is doubtful who first gave it currency. Lord North is said to have applied the phrase to the outbreak of the American colonists against the tax on tea; but Lord Chatham is also said to have characterized a London riot in the same terms.

49. What is the origin of the name Mephistopheles?

The exact origin of this word, which has come to mean the personification of the principle of evil, is uncertain, although there has been no lack of suggestions from various authors as to its derivation. Widman calls it a Persian name; and others derive it from the Semitic tongue. This latter view, making it a Hebrew word meaning a "destroyer," in the sense of a "liar," is supported by the fact that the names of devils in the magic-books of the sixteenth century all sprang from the Hebrew. Another theory makes the word a combination of the Latin *mephitis* and the Greek *philos*, signifying "one who loves noxious exhalations." Mr. Conway in his recent treatise on the "Pedigree of the Devil" seems to agree with this; for he says, "The name Mephistophiles seems to mean a lover of bad smells (i.e. sulphur)." That etymology which refers it entirely to the Greek, from *mē*, "not," *phōs*, *phōrós*, "light," and *philos*, "loving" ("not-light-loving?"), accords with the old orthography, and has its supporters. If Andersen is to be credited, the original spelling of the word was *Mephaustophilas*,—that is, no-Faust-Lover, or Faust-Hater; but this form of the word is obviously of modern origin. He too thinks that the present orthography has an undercurrent of suggestion as to his *mephitic* nature (Volks-Etymologie, p. 17).

Although this evil spirit made his first appearance in England just three hundred years ago (early in 1588), in Marlowe's "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," he had appeared in Germany the year before, at Frankfurt, in the first standard version of Faustus's life (published by Johann Spiess, 1587), in a remarkable book, the work of an anonymous scholar acquainted with Latin. This work first mentions Mephistopheles as the name of Faustus's familiar spirit. The legends of both these characters, however, are much older. In the old demonology Mephistopheles figures as one of the seven chief devils, the second of the fallen archangels, and the most powerful of the infernal legions after Satan. Mr. Conway claims that he is lineally descended from Asmodeus, an evil spirit mentioned in the Book of Tobit. He is best known to us as the cold, scoffing, relentless fiend of Goethe's "Faust," or, to use Mr. Conway's words, as "this composite sixteenth-century devil."—DAVUS.

50. Whence the expression "*dolce far niente*"?

"This is a clear translation from the Latin. It describes the 'summum bonum' of an Italian," and the idea was thrown into an expression at a very early period.

In Cicero, *De Oratore*, ii., s. 24, is the following: "*Nihil agere delectat.*" The same idea is in Pliny's Letters, viii. 9: "*Illud jucundum nil agere.*" These express the same idea precisely,—the "sweet to do nothing" of a life in a country where the climate would naturally produce a lassitude that would make labor a doubly hard task.—OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

It is said that this is an incorrect form for "*il dolce non far niente*" (*English Notes and Queries*, Fifth Series, vol. x. p. 448), which, with some renderings, may be made to introduce quite a different idea from that presented in its usual form. In its briefer form it means, literally, "sweet do nothing,"—"an agreeable idleness," thoroughly Italian in character and perfectly in harmony with the "poco-curante" (little-caring, or, giving-themselves-no-trouble) inhabitants of Southern Europe. But in the longer and unabridged form it is rather didactic and expository, meaning (if we let *il dolce* represent one who is sweet or agreeable) that an agreeable person does nothing,—that is, amiability and sweetness of disposition amount to very little unless accompanied by energy and an inclination to act, as well as to be.

It may be that "*dolce far niente*" is incorrect, or this expansion of the phrase may be accepted, with the same meaning, for it is not necessarily altered by the addition of the words *il* and *non*, as they stand in the sentence; but, at any rate, it need not be abandoned, while we have so many parallels and prototypes for it in other tongues. It might find a remote origin in Horace's "*dulce est desipere*," an idea which he borrowed from the Greek comic poet Menander, who said that "it does not become a man to be wise [and active] always." Another writer in *English Notes and Queries* traces the Italian to Horace (Book I. Ode I.):

"Est qui . . .
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbutu
Stratus, nunc ad aquas lenes caput sacras."

DAVUS.

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

WHIRLING she smiled in the dance,—
Dead or alive is she?
Yet the grace of that fugitive glance
Was life or death to me.

M. P.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A PROPOS of the notes on bets and betting in our January number, a correspondent wishes to know something about the origin of betting. This is a difficult question to answer, for we find the passion for gambling, of which betting is only one form, was developed very early in the history of man. The Greeks and Romans were fond of laying wagers. One of the wildest bets ever made was that of the physician Asclepiades, who wagered against Fortune that he would never be ill in his lifetime, staking his reputation as the greatest medical authority of his day. He won his wager, although he could not enjoy it, for at an advanced age he fell down-stairs and received injuries from which he died.

The Romans invested betting with much solemnity. Each party to the contract took his ring from his finger, and gave it into the keeping of some third party until the bet was decided. We see here a foreshadowing of our modern stakeholder. The *lex Titia* and the *lex Cornelia* forbade betting on any games unless they were trials of courage, bodily strength, or skill.

In the Middle Ages various legal restrictions were placed upon betting. In Rome wagers on the death or exaltation of the popes and on the promotion of cardinals were forbidden. In Venice wagers on the election of all public officers were forbidden; and Genoa carried the restriction to bets on the success of military expeditions, the revolutions of states or kingdoms, the arrival and departure of vessels, and proposed marriages. A statute passed in Paris in 1565 made it illegal to make any woman the subject of a wager.

From other correspondents we have received accounts of various curious wagers, and we extract the following from the batch.

In the year 1725 a banker named Bulliot ruined himself by trusting to a popular superstition. The English say that if St. Swithin's day (July 15) be rainy the rain will continue for forty days. St. Swithin's day of that year was rainy, and Bulliot offered to bet that the saying would hold good. His takers were so many and eager that the terms were reduced to writing, as follows: "If dating from St. Swithin's day it rains more or little during forty days *successively*, Bulliot will be considered to have gained; but if it ceases to rain for only one day during that time, Bulliot has lost." Bulliot was so confident of success that he placed money against all articles of value,—gold-headed canes, snuff-boxes, jewels, even clothes. When his cash was exhausted he issued notes and bills of exchange, to the amount, it is said, of one hundred thousand crowns. He found himself suddenly famous: verses were made in his honor, a play was produced of which he was the hero, all England was for the moment supremely interested in the weather. For twenty-one days more or less rain fell. The twenty-second opened bright and cloudless, and continued so. Bulliot had lost his bet; but he was ruined so completely that he was unable to meet the notes and bills that bore his name.

A notorious gambler of the last century, whose name has not yet descended to posterity, was playing for high stakes with Lord Lorn, until finally, exasperated by a run of continuous ill luck, he jumped from the card-table, and, seizing a large punch-bowl, cried, "For once I'll have a bet where I have an equal chance of winning! Odd or even, for fifteen thousand guineas?"

"Odd," replied the peer, calmly.

Crack went the bowl against the wall. When the pieces were gathered up and counted, the number proved to be odd. The gambler paid his money, but tradition asserts that it was only by selling the last of his estates.

Heidegger, Master of the Revels to George II., was considered the ugliest person in England. A courtier wagered that he could produce an uglier. He was allowed a few days to unearth his champion, and, after exploring all the worst slums of London, brought forward an old woman from St. Giles's. The umpire, with Heidegger's approval, was about to award the palm to her; but Heidegger, in response to a suggestion, donned the old woman's bonnet, and with this added ugliness he carried off the palm.

A not dissimilar bet was made in 1806, in the Castle Yard, York, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead, as to which should assume the most eccentric costume. Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with bank-notes of various values on his coat and waistcoat, and a row of five-guinea notes and a long netted purse of gold round his hat. The words "John Bull" were written on his back. Whitehead was made up like a negro on one side, like a woman on the other. One half of his face was black, the other was rouged; one half of his body appeared in a gaudy long-tailed linen coat, leather breeches, and spurred boot, the other half in woman's dress, with a silk stocking and a slipper. The judges awarded the stakes to Hodgson.

The violinist Vieuxtemps used to be fond of relating the following story. As he was walking on London Bridge, a poor wretch threw himself over the parapet. There was a rush of eager spectators. "I'll bet he drowns!" shouted one. "Two to one he'll swim ashore!" "Done!" Vieuxtemps, meanwhile, had jumped into a boat and ordered the waterman to rescue the unhappy creature. But a roar came from the bridge, "Leave him alone! there's a bet on." The waterman, with the true British love of sport, at once refused to interfere, and the unhappy man was drowned. It will be remembered that Dumas has used this incident in one of his novels.

WHAT is a cockatrice?

B. NEVILLE.

The cockatrice is a fabulous animal of the basilisk species. Its distinguishing peculiarity was a crest or comb like a cock's. Sometimes, indeed, the beak, head, and claws of the cock were added. It differed in no other respect from the ordinary basilisk, and by some authorities is looked upon not as a separate species, but as the same animal under another name. Sir Thomas Browne, however, in his book of "Vulgar Errors" (book iii. p. 7) draws a clear distinction between the two. Sir Thomas rather argues for the possibility of the existence of such an animal, and strives to give to its "death-darting eye" a rationalistic explanation.

Say thou but "I,"
And that bare vowel, "I," shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Sc. 2.

WHAT does the term "Marivaudage" mean?

AMOS LEIGH.

It is analogous to our word "preciousness" as applied to the Oscar Wilde aesthetes, or "euphuism" as applied to the Sir Percy Shaftons of Queen Elizabeth's day, and it means a certain affected style of writing which was brought into fashion by Pierre Carlet de Marivaux in his unfinished novel of "Marianne" (1731). The novel is sufficiently famous to justify a notice.

Marianne, the heroine, who tells her own story, is a simple country-girl. She comes up to Paris and falls under the guardianship of M. de Climal, a middle-aged gentleman who has won a great reputation for charity and benevolence which he utilizes in the most shameful manner. He places his ward with a dealer in linen named Madame Dutour, with the intention of making her his mistress, but she indignantly repels all his advances, and flies for refuge to a convent. Here she is pensioned by a noble lady named Madame Mirau, whose son Valville seeks Marianne in marriage, and, in spite of much family opposition, is engaged to her. M. Valville turns out to be the nephew of M. de Climal, and many complications ensue which threaten to interfere with the course of true love, and in the midst of them the story breaks off abruptly. A sequel by Madame Riccoboni was added a few years later.

"Marianne," says George Saintsbury, "has been said to be the origin of Pamela,—which is not exactly the fact. But it is certain that it is a remarkable novel, and that it, rather than the plays, gave rise to the singular phrase *Marivaudage*, with which the author, not at all voluntarily, has enriched literature. The plot is simple enough. A poor but virtuous girl has adventures and recounts them, and the manner of recounting is extremely original. A morally faulty but intellectually admirable contemporary, Crébillon the Younger, describes this manner excellently, by saying that the characters not only say everything they have done and everything that they have thought, but everything that they would have liked to think but did not. This curious kind of mental analysis is expressed in a style which cannot be defended from the charge of affectation, notwithstanding its extreme ingenuity and occasional wit. The real importance of 'Marianne' in the history of fiction is that it is the first example of the novel of analysis rather than of incident (though incident is still prominent), and the first in which an elaborate style, strongly imbued with mannerism, is applied to this purpose."

WILL you give me some account of that once-famous poem "The Course of Time"? The course of my time is too speedy to allow of my reading it.

H. JENKINS.

"The Course of Time" is a blank-verse epic poem, in ten books, by Rev. Robert Pollok (1827). The first suggestion of the poem came to the author after reading Byron's "Darkness," as a protest against the blank atheism of which he at once set to work on some lines, to be entitled "The Resurrection," which are now included in the seventh book. A week or two later, while he was watching by the bedside of his mother, dying of consumption, the idea of the epic in its present form was revealed to him, filling him, we are told, with strange tremors of excitement. In nineteen months the entire ten books were finished (July, 1826), and the poem was published by Blackwood in the succeeding year. John Wilson has the honor of having recommended its publication, and he welcomed it with a laudatory review in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June, 1827. Other critical journals followed suit, and poem and author became famous at once. One hundred thousand copies of the book have been sold in Great Britain,

and as many as twenty rival editions were issued in the United States. Some idea of the enthusiasm it excited may be gathered from the fact that Pollok's biographer gravely maintains that his flagging energies may have been sustained during the fatigues of composition by the spirits of just men made perfect, who were aware of the great influence the poem would exercise over the three dominions of earth, hell, and heaven. At present the "Course of Time" seems to have run its own course, though it may preserve a certain antiquarian and historical interest for our grandchildren, as the finest poetical presentation of Calvinistic Christianity.

The poem gives a general history of man, from the creation of his dwelling-place, the earth, to its final destruction by fire. The supposed speaker is a former bard of earth, now dwelling with the elect in heaven, who is appealed to by three celestial spirits for some explanation of the nature and purpose of Hell, a place of which one of their number has accidentally obtained a glimpse. The bard unfolds the story of the fall of Adam and of the corruption of his posterity, tells how their sins and follies entailed countless miseries, and how holiness and virtue still fought against these evils, until at last they gained the day, and the Millennium was established. But the seeds of evil had not yet been wholly destroyed. When the thousand years had been accomplished, they burst out in ranker luxuriance than ever. For a brief season the final triumph of Wrong seemed to be assured. But suddenly the Day of Judgment came, the wrath of God hurled the wicked into the bottomless pit, and the righteous ascended with hallelujahs to the celestial city.

BOOK-TALK.

ONE of the cleverest of proverbial sayings is that attributed to Bishop Warburton and other distinguished men: "Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is your doxy." But even we who laugh at the saying usually do so because we see how admirably it satirizes our neighbor. As soon as we are verily and truly able to apply the sarcasm to ourselves, a higher and broader mentality will be developed within us. A man cannot jump off his own shadow; he can teach himself to recognize that the shadow results from an interception of the light. We can never quite free ourselves from the limitations of the race or the creed into which we were born; but we can try to realize, fully and absolutely, that such limitations do exist, and be on our guard against them.

A little book just issued in England suggests some curious reflections about contemporary and national codes of morality in literature, invites inquiry into their basis, and provokes discussion of certain strange inconsistencies which are so common that we fail to recognize their strangeness or their inconsistency. The book in question is the answer made by Henry Vizetelly in the case of *Regina v. Vizetelly*, a case brought to suppress the publication of the unemasculated

lated English versions of Zola's novels. As the title-page explains, it consists of "Extracts, principally from English Classics: showing that the legal suppression of M. Zola's novels would logically involve the Bowdlerizing of some of the greatest works in English literature."

The contemporary Anglo-Saxon temperament revolts at what Mr. Howells, a realist who is afraid of real life, has denominated "certain nudities" in Gallic fiction. M. Taine has a quiet little laugh at the pruderies of Anglo-Saxon fiction. At present the Anglo-Saxon temperament dominates our blood and we take the Anglo-Saxon view of things. But when the greater and wiser and better American, who is to be the product of the equal admixture of all races, shall possess this land, will his verdict agree with Howells or with Taine?—with the Anglo-Saxon or the Gaul? Probably he will find some mean between the two, he will retain only what is best in both strains. In literature the Gaul is far more sincere than the Anglo-Saxon. This statement may seem startling to those who are wont to commend the superior truthfulness of the Anglo-Saxon. But what Renan naively says of himself is true of most Frenchmen: "I often lie in conversation, I never lie when I take a pen in my hand." Now, the Anglo-Saxon, though fairly frank in his every-day converse, becomes a liar as soon as he takes a pen in his hand. He becomes a liar of that complete sort who tell only half-truths, for he addresses himself to the Young Person, and the Young Person is conventionally supposed to know only one-half of life.

The Anglo-Saxon, indeed, seems to be improving in the sincerity of his printed utterances. A quarter of a century ago, books as innocent as "Jane Eyre," "The Scarlet Letter," and "Adam Bede" were fiercely attacked for their immorality. To-day we recognize that they are fit reading for the Young Person. A few of our younger poets and novelists are beginning to allow themselves a larger latitude than their predecessors in treating of the greatest passion that shakes mankind, the passion which for good or for evil is the most tremendous factor in moulding the lives and characters of the young. These novelists are looked upon askance by the multitude, but they will probably prevail in the end.

Meanwhile, the inconsistencies of the multitude are extremely amusing. Such modern novels as deal frankly with life are pronounced unfit to enter a household which is sanctioned by the unclouded purity of the Young Person, and the censorship of the press is called in to suppress them; but the doors of the same household are opened wide to such authors as Shakespeare, Defoe, Swift, Smollett, Fielding, Byron. The verdict of the ages has decided, indeed, that theirs are books which no gentleman's library should be without. But does the gentleman who owns them fail to recognize that the Young Person will be certain to find them? And surely he knows that there are expressions and passages in those books which not the frankest of our latter-day authors would dare to emulate, or indeed would wish to emulate. Nay, the Bible itself is a "dangerous" book for the Young Person. You and I may remember that in our boyhood it was quite common, not indeed with us, for we were nice boys or we should never have grown up into good and great men, but with the bad boys over the way, into whose society we were forced because there were no good boys handy,—it was quite common for them to hunt through the sacred pages with an evil

curiosity. And it is disheartening to admit that these boys have since prospered in the world a great deal better than they deserve.

Now, although the Reviewer is ready to allow that he believes our literature is a gainer by the frankness which Edgar Saltus, for example, and Amélie Rives have imported into it, he is far too Anglo-Saxon to extend his hospitality to Zola. It may be mere provincialism on his part, it may be that he has struck the right mean between the two extremes, it may even be (for he is prepared to admit anything for the sake of argument) that in welcoming the Neo-Americans he has gone too far in his revolt against Anglo-Saxonism. But, with all his inhospitality towards Zola, he is unprepared to allow that Zola should be suppressed by legal means. And at all events he insists with all the force of his being that it would be curiously inconsistent to suppress Zola and allow the great authors whom he has named, and a number of others he might name, to be published and circulated. There is hardly a Young Person in America who is not familiar with the Decameron, the Heptameron, and similar classics which have a perennial and unchecked sale. Such a Person can surely not be injured, may even be elevated, by books which deal reverently, frankly, and without conscious guile with those great questions which Boccaccio and Margaret of Navarre have treated with cynical and even brutal flippancy. A little truthfulness is imperative in these matters, but it is hard, very hard, to be truthful in print.

Lord Macaulay, in speaking of the classics of antiquity, has a passage which may be aptly quoted. "We find it difficult," he says, "to believe that in a world so full of temptation as this, any gentleman, whose life would have been virtuous if he had not read Aristophanes and Juvenal, will be made vicious by reading them. A man who, exposed to all the influences of such a state of society as that in which we live, is yet afraid of exposing himself to the influences of a few Greek or Latin verses, acts, we think, much like the felon who begged the sheriffs to let him have an umbrella held over his head from the door of Newgate to the gallows because it was a drizzling morning and he was apt to take cold."

The following books have been received from their respective publishers:

J. B. Lippincott Co.: "Insects injurious to Fruit," by William Saunders, the second edition of a useful manual sufficiently described by its title. "Intebriety: Its Causes, its Results, its Remedy," by Franklin D. Clum, M.D., a well-meant treatise written with evident earnestness, in shaky English. "Vendetta," by Marie Corelli, "Aunt Diana," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, and "This Wicked World," by Mrs. H. Lovett-Cameron, three tolerable novels; "Through Field and Wood," by Lewis Dayton Burdick, some intolerable verses; "Tenure and Toil; or, Rights and Wrongs of Property and Labor," by John Gibbons, a thoughtful and well-written essay, containing little, however, that is either very new or very striking; "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," by T. E. Kebbel, and "Life of Viscount Palmerston," by Lloyd C. Sanders, the first volumes of the International Statesmen Series. The volumes are readable and carefully written. "The Writer's Handbook; a Guide to the Art of Composition," useful and practical. "Girls' Own Indoor Book," by Charles Peters, and "Boys' Own Book of Indoor Games and Recreations," by G. A. Hutchinson, two portly volumes which will help the young people to a merry time.

G. P. Putnam's Sons: "British Letters, illustrative of Character and Social Life," edited by Edward T. Mason, three exquisite volumes in a neat case. The whole forms an excellent little library of epistolary masterpieces. "The Coming of the Friars, and other Historic Essays," by Rev. Augustus Jessopp, scholarly and suggestive. "The Tory's Daughter," by A. G. Riddle, a romance of the Indian war of 1812-13. The author has studied up his subject conscientiously, and is indefatigable in his efforts to weary his readers. "Three Greek Children," by Rev. Alfred J. Church, a story of home-life in ancient Athens, pleasantly told and full of information about the domestic manners of the Athenians. "The Story of Holland," by James E. Thorold-Rogers, an excellent addition to the excellent "Story of the Nations" series. "The Federalist," a careful reprint, edited by Henry Cabot Lodge. "Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers," by Lucia T. Ames, a profoundly harmless book. "The Economic Interpretations of History," by James E. Thorold-Rogers, wise, thoughtful, and well written. "A History of Greece," by Evelyn Abbott, accurate and scholarly, but badly constructed. "Essays on Practical Politics," by Theodore Roosevelt, a reprint of articles that originally appeared in *The Century Magazine*. "Our Uncle and Aunt," by Amarala Martin, a plea for woman's rights under the guise of a tolerably dull story. "Would you have left Her?" by William F. Kip, a commonplace novel. "Winter Sketches from the Saddle," by John Codman. The author, who describes himself as a septuagenarian, has a keen eye for scenery, lots of vivacity, and some humor. "The Prophet, and other Poems," by Isaac R. Baxley. One of the vexing problems of life is the question how poems of this kind ever succeed in getting published. "Quick Cooking," which the author pleasantly describes as "a book of culinary heresies, by one of the heretics," the chief heresy, apparently, being the assertion that "there is no waste in the kitchen so much to be deplored as wasted time."

T. Y. Crowell & Co.: "The Captain's Dog," an amusing tale, translated from Louis Énault by Huntington Smith. "History of a Crime," and "Ninety-Three," four additional volumes in the handsome illustrated edition of Victor Hugo's prose works. "Life," by Count Lyof N. Tolstoi, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood, a depressing work, which aims to point out the way to true happiness. "Power and Liberty," by the same author, translated by Huntington Smith, an essay in which Tolstoi continues his gospel of love for humanity and hatred of individuals, especially of so-called great men. "Her Only Brother," translated from the German of W. Heimbürg by Jean W. Wylie.

Frederick A. Stokes & Brother: "In the Name of the King," by George Klinge, "Woodblossoms," by John Vance Cheney, and "Old and New World Lyrics," by Clinton Scollard, three volumes got up, mechanically, in the exquisite fashion set by the "Knickerbocker Nuggets." Klinge is only fair, Cheney is better, Scollard is the best of the three. Two volumes of translated poetry are got up in similar fashion,—"Songs from Béranger," by Craven Langstroth Betts, a brutal bit of barbarism, and "Songs of Toil," translated almost as cruelly, by John Eliot Bowen, from Carmen Sylva. "Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan," "Lincoln and Johnson," and "Grover Cleveland," three new volumes in W. O. Stoddard's "Lives of the Presidents." "Softly now the Light of Day," Bishop Doane's famous hymn, illustrated in monotint by W. St. John Harper. "Sea-Vistas in Many Climes," edited and illustrated by Susie

Barstow Skelding. The literary matter consists of poems on famous places connected with the sea, the illustrations are fac-similes of water-color drawings. "Eight Songs of Horace," edited by George E. Vincent, got up in imitation of an old Latin manuscript. Rather pretty and ingenious, but absolutely valueless.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: "The Witch in the Glass," characteristic poems by Mrs. Sarah M. B. Piatt. But indeed everything this lady writes is characteristic. Her touch is unmistakable in every line. The book is printed and bound in dainty style. "The Cruises of the Blake," by Alexander Agassiz. The Blake is a United States coast and geodetic survey steamer, and two large octavo volumes, handsomely printed and fully illustrated, contain the record of things seen and examined in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Caribbean Sea, and along the Atlantic coast of the United States, from 1877 to 1880. "Indiana," by J. P. Dunn, Jr., a new volume in the excellent series of "American Commonwealths" edited by Horace E. Scudder. "History of Tennessee: the Making of a State," by James Phelan, an interesting work, in spite of its careless style.

Charles Scribner's Sons: "Around the World on a Bicycle," by Thomas Steven, an entertaining and fairly well written account of a unique and interesting trip. "Gibraltar," by Henry M. Field, an historical survey of the town and the fortress, and a description of the picturesque aspects of the place and the social life of the people. The pictures are numerous and rather good. "Otto of the Silver Hand," another of Howard Pyle's charming old-time romances, illustrated by himself.

D. C. Heath & Co.: "Lectures on Pedagogy, Theoretical and Practical," by Gabriel Compayré, translated, with notes, etc., by W. H. Payne. A very good book of its kind.

Henry Holt & Co.: Four new volumes in the "Leisure Hour Series," a series which can always be depended upon by the novel-reader: "The Lassies of Leverhouse," by Jessie Fothergill; "Her Great Idea, and other Stories," by L. B. Walford; "In Hot Haste," by Mary E. Hullah; "A Village Tragedy," by Margaret L. Woods.

Fowler & Wells: "Masterpieces of Pope, Æsop, Milton, Coleridge, and Goldsmith," an absurd sort of compilation, consisting of the Essay on Man, Comus, The Deserted Village, etc., bound together with Æsop's Fables, on no coherent plan, but only because the publishers happened to have these various plates in their safe. Each selection has copious notes, the value of which may be estimated from the fact that the editor calls the "Essay on Man" a celebrated epic.

Porter & Coates: "My Mother's Enemy," by Mrs. Lucy O. Lillie, a quiet but interesting story for girls. "Jottings of Travel in China and Japan," by Simon Adler Stern, the record of a four months' trip through the countries named, in the home-letters of a scholarly, liberal-minded, and observant traveller.

Longmans, Green & Co.: "Pen and Ink: Papers on Subjects of More or Less Importance," by Brander Matthews. The subjects treated of are "The Antiquity of Jest," "The Ethics of Plagiarism," "The True Story of the Preface," "The

Philosophy of the Short-Story," "Two Latter-Day Lyrists" (Locker and Dobson), "The Songs of the Civil War," "On the French spoken by those who do not speak French," and "Poker-Talk." There is an epilogue, so to speak, by Andrew Lang, and a prologue by H. C. Bunner. Mr. Brander Matthews is a clever man, he has good sense, he has read a great deal, he knows how to impart his knowledge in an entertaining manner, he has a happy ingenuity of thought and a dexterous way of expressing himself. These qualities make his book excellent reading, and the good old phrase "there is not a dull page in the book" will have to do duty once more at the hands of a Reviewer who has read every page and knows whereof he speaks.

Cupples & Hurd: "Daylight Land," by W. H. H. Murray, is a handsomely-printed book, with many goodly illustrations in various colors. The title runs as follows: "The Experiences, Incidents, and Adventures, Humorous and Otherwise, which befell Judge John Doe, Tourist, of San Francisco; Mr. Cephas Pepperell, Capitalist, of Boston; Colonel Goffe, the Man from New Hampshire, and divers others, in their Parlor-Car Excursion over Prairie and Mountain; as recorded and set forth by W. H. H. Murray." The Reviewer has gone to the trouble of transcribing the title because it gives a better idea of the book, and of the sort of cleverness, just hovering on the borders of mere smartness, which distinguishes it throughout. Mr. Murray would be an excellent humorist if he only had good taste. But he really does give a great deal of valuable information about the northwestern side of our continent, and, though he occasionally sets our teeth on edge when he becomes a little too "lively and spirited" (*vide* publishers' advertisement), still we bear with him, and follow him to the end with a sense that, on the whole, the pleasure overbalances the pain.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers: "Society Rapids. High Life in Washington, Saratoga, and Bar Harbor." By "One in the Swim." If the pleasure overbalances the pain in Mr. Murray's book, the pain here vastly preponderates. The book is clumsily constructed. It is badly written. It is foolish, and yet not foolish enough to be amusing. This latter want, however, is supplied by the publishers' advertisement on the title-page, from which we learn that "Society Rapids is a romance that has the pop, fizz, and fascination of champagne, and perhaps its intoxication,"—that it is "exceedingly spicy and piquant," yet at the same time carefully avoiding "the dangerous shoals of coarseness and immorality,"—that the dialogue is "sharp, incisive, and frequently quite witty," and that "a more entertaining and vivacious romance would be difficult indeed to find, as all who read it will readily acknowledge." "Run Down," by George Cox, is described as a psychological romance. Its plot is good, and the interest throughout is well sustained. "De Molai, the Last of the Military Grand Masters of the Order of Templar Knights," a sufficiently absurd romance of the type which the great Cobb has familiarized us with.

William R. Jenkins: Two new numbers of the "Romans Choisis,"—"Le Maître de Forges," by Georges Ohnet, and "Perdue," by Henry Gréville; a new number of the "Théâtre Contemporain,"—"L'Ami Fritz, comédie en trois actes," by Erckmann-Chatrian; and a well-printed edition, in paper covers, of Hugo's "Quatrevingt-Treize."

EVERY DAY'S RECORD.

FEBRUARY.

THE month of February has been the most ill used of all the months of the year. At first without existence in the Roman calendar, it was introduced by Numa as the closing month, but in 452 B.C. the decemvirs changed it from this position and placed it after January as the second month. At this early period the months had twenty-nine and thirty days alternately, while the days thus lost were regained by inserting an additional month in certain years between the 23d and 24th of February. When Julius Cæsar reorganized the calendar he ordered that each alternate month from January on should have thirty-one days, and the intermediate months thirty, with the exception of February, which was given thirty days in leap-year and twenty-nine in the other years. This orderly and sensible arrangement was destroyed by the vanity of Augustus, who, not willing that the month named after him should be shorter than that named after his predecessor, took a day from February and added it to August, and in order that three months of thirty-one days should not come together he reversed the lengths of the four succeeding months. It was thus that February came to have its present length, and the succession of lengths in the other months to be so annoyingly irregular. All Christendom suffers still from the vanity of a Roman emperor.

February derived its name from the word *februare*, to "expiate" or "purify," in consequence of the Roman festival of expiation and purification celebrated on the 15th of this month. The ancient Saxons called it *Sprout-kale*, from the sprouting of the cabbage at this season. Afterwards it was known as *Sol-monat* (sun-month), the sun having now returned from the low latitudes to its higher course.

With the incoming of February the back of the winter is broken. Not that we are yet safe from shivering days and

whirling blasts, that the earth has cast off her shroud of snow or the waters broken their chains of ice. But the sun is daily yielding new warmth, the bitterness of the northwest blasts is abated, and occasional warm winds from the south set trickling rills aflow over the frozen surface, and fill our hearts, weary of winter, with cheering thoughts of spring, as yet in the bud, but sure to bloom as the days warm and lengthen. The latter half of the month in this latitude often brings delightful weather,—positively cold, perhaps, but comparatively warm, as contrasted with what we have of late endured. The snows flow away in rivulets, the streams rise in revolt against the tyranny of the ice, and Nature stirs uneasily in her cold bed, but half awake, yet with her warm heart full of blissful dreams.

Under the ground life is actively astir in root and seed, and here and there hardy pioneers of the plant-kingdom peep up through the surface, as if eager to discover if the winter is yet gone. Life is equally busy in the trees. The early sap is flowing, and the buds show signs of growth. The maple is now full to repletion of its sugary juices, and as far north as Vermont farmers are busily at work tapping the trees, catching the trickling flow of sap, and converting it into sugar in brimful caldrons, that boil in bubbling fury over crackling fires and yield the sweet treasure of their liquid contents.

We know well that the winter is not yet gone. Blustering March is still to come, and the air is full of the seeds of the snows, which may at any moment ripen into a harvest and shower their starry but unwelcome blossoms upon the earth. But we know as well that spring is near at hand, that the violets are swelling under the snows, and February's foretaste of spring enables us to bear with hopeful patience what shreds of winter may yet remain.

EVENTS.

February 1.

1851. Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the second wife of the poet Shelley, died in London. She was the daughter of the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft, whose radical views on the marriage relation have excited so much comment, and was herself a writer of some merit. She was the author of several novels, the best-known being the strange romance entitled "Frankenstein," and of some other works.

1860. The United States Congress which met in December, 1859, did not succeed in electing a Speaker of the House until this date, and its session was one of the stormiest that has ever been held. The violent debates in the Capitol were the prelude to the war which was so soon to distract the whole country.

1864. President Lincoln ordered a draft of five hundred thousand men, to begin on March 10, for three years or the war. On March 15 a call was made for two hundred thousand volunteers, on July 18 for five hundred thousand more, and on December 20 for three hundred thousand, making one million of volunteers called for, and half a million men ordered to be drafted, during the year.

1883. The Kenmare Castle, on her way from England to China, foundered in the Bay of Biscay in a severe storm. Of thirty or forty souls on board, only eight escaped.

February 2.

Candlemas Day, a day kept in memory of the purification of the Virgin, who presented the infant Jesus in the Temple. This day has been observed as a church festival from an unknown date, its establishment as such being ascribed by Bede to Pope Gelasius in the fifth century. It received its name from the number of candles lit in the churches, a practice which was forbidden in England in 1548, but which is still continued in the Church of Rome.

1703. A severe earthquake destroyed the town of Aquila in Italy, five thousand persons perishing in the disaster.

1765. James Francis Edward, son of James II. of England, died. He was called "the Old Pretender," from his as-

sertion of a claim to the throne of England, and was also known as the Chevalier de Saint-George. He entered the French army, and charged at the head of the cavalry at Malplaquet. The Scotch Jacobites took arms in his cause in 1715, but were defeated. He landed in Scotland in December of that year, but, finding his cause desperate, returned to France, and afterwards gave up his claim in favor of his son.

1848. A treaty of peace was signed with Mexico, at the city of Guadalupe Hidalgo. By this treaty the Rio Grande was acknowledged as one of the boundaries of the United States, and New Mexico and California were ceded, the United States to pay for them fifteen millions of dollars.

1865. A meeting of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward with Vice-President Stephens and two commissioners of the Southern Confederacy took place in Hampton Roads, with the purpose of trying to arrange a peace between the two sections of the country. The effort ended in failure, however, the Southern envoys demanding more than the Federal authorities were willing to grant.

1883. Disastrous floods occurred in many parts of the United States, Ohio, Indiana, and Western Pennsylvania especially suffering. Many large towns were inundated, notably the city of Cleveland, and much damage was done in the country districts. On the 17th of February the Ohio rose to an unprecedented height, and sixty thousand persons were driven from their homes. Similar devastations occurred along the whole course of the Mississippi.

1885. O'Donovan Rossa, a prominent leader of the Irish revolutionists, was shot by Mrs. Yeulst Dudley, a young Englishwoman. She had met him by appointment near his office in New York, under promise to contribute to the Fenian fund, and while walking and conversing in Chambers Street she drew a pistol and fired at him, repeating the shots after he had fallen to the pavement. He escaped with a severe flesh-wound.

1886. The American steamer *Rapidan* sailed from New York and was never afterwards heard from. There were about twenty persons on board.

February 3.

1790. The printer of the *Times* newspaper was put on trial for libels on the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York and Clarence. Judgment was rendered against him, and he was fined two hundred pounds and imprisoned for one year.

1804. The frigate *Philadelphia*, of the United States fleet blockading Tripoli, which had struck on a rock in the harbor and been taken by the Tripolitans, was gallantly boarded and destroyed by Lieutenant (afterwards Commodore) Decatur. At the head of a small party he entered the harbor, boarded the vessel before his true character was discovered, drove the Arabs into the water, and, finding that the frigate could not be got off, set her on fire, and sailed away safely through the fire of the Tripolitan forts.

1809. The territory of Illinois was established by act of Congress. It embraced the area occupied by the present States of Illinois and Wisconsin.

February 4.

1783. A disastrous earthquake took place in Italy and Sicily, by which Messina and other towns were overthrown and thousands of people killed.

1794. The first theatre established in Boston was opened to the public on this day. It was called the Federal Street Theatre. A law forbidding theatrical performances had formerly existed, but had been repealed in the preceding year.

1861. Delegates from seven of the seceded States met at Montgomery, Alabama, and by the 8th organized the "Confederate States of America," with Jefferson Davis for President and Alexander H. Stephens for Vice-President. These included the States from South Carolina to Texas. Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas, and Tennessee afterwards joined the Confederacy.

1886. A severe storm raged from this date to the 7th, causing much damage on land and numerous wrecks on the ocean and the lakes. The snow-fall covered the whole country from the Rocky Mountains eastward, in some places to the depth of several feet. The Southern States were snowed up, the railroads generally blocked, and many lives lost.

1886. A strike took place on the New York street-railways for twelve hours' labor a day, the drivers and conductors having previously been working much longer hours. The strike extended to Philadelphia and other cities, and, after some delay and negotiation, was generally granted. Few recent strikes have had public opinion so strongly in their favor.

February 5.

1783. The independence of the United States was acknowledged by Sweden on this day, by Denmark on the 25th, by Spain on the 24th of March, and by Russia in July.

1799. Galvani, an eminent Italian physiologist, and the discoverer of what is known as galvanism, died. The electrical phenomena thus named were discovered accidentally, the muscles of some dead frogs, which he had obtained as food for his sick wife, being affected by the conductor of an electrical machine. Galvani studied the phenomena thus brought to his attention, and excited great interest in the scientific world by the publication of his results.

1881. Thomas Carlyle died. No writer of the century has occupied a larger place in public interest, or called forth more criticism, favorable and unfavorable, than this distinguished essayist and historian. His works are full of thought, but are couched in so involved and difficult a style as to repel many readers, while others are repelled by his reversionary theory of society, which would bring back the rule of the strong as the best system of government for mankind. Vigorous as are these works, their defects of style and lack of harmony with the spirit of modern progress must tell against their permanent standing in literature.

1887. A serious railroad disaster took place in Vermont. A train was derailed near White River Junction, the cars took fire, and thirty lives were lost by crushing or burning, while thirty-seven persons were seriously injured.

February 6.

1788. Massachusetts ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1805. The *Abergavenny*, an East-Indiaman, went ashore in a gale on the Bill of Portland, England, more than three hundred persons being drowned.

1818. Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's marshals, became King of Sweden. He had been elected by the Swedish Diet heir to the throne in 1810, on the death of the crown-prince of Sweden. Bonaparte at first refused his assent, but finally granted it, and Bernadotte became the colleague of Charles XIII. in the government. On the retreat of Napoleon from Russia, Bernadotte joined the allies against him with a Swedish army. On the death of the king, February 5, 1818, he succeeded as king, and was succeeded by his son in 1844. Of the several persons whom Napoleon placed on the thrones of Europe he was the only one who retained his

seat, and he did so only by turning against his old friend in his hour of adversity.

1885. Long-distance telephoning was tried on this day, and satisfactory communications passed between New York and Meadville, Pennsylvania, a distance of five hundred and nine miles. Experiments with Chicago, one thousand miles distant, promised well at first, but ended unsatisfactorily.

1886. The *Edinburgh Courant*, the oldest newspaper in Scotland, ceased to exist as a separate journal, being merged with another paper.

1887. Stanley, the famous African explorer, headed an expedition which set out from Zanzibar with the design of rescuing Emin Bey, who was besieged by Arabs in the interior. Stanley vanished in the African wilds, and for a long time nothing was heard from him other than unconfirmed rumors of his death. Very recently it has been reported that he is a prisoner in the hands of the Mahdi; but this report at the present writing remains unconfirmed.

February 7.

1823. Ann Radcliffe, a popular English novelist of the early part of the century, died. She was noted for the mysterious and ghost-like character of her narratives, in which the sombre and marvellous predominated. Of her novels, "The Romance of the Forest" and "The Mysteries of Udolpho" are still read by those who enjoy blood-curdling situations.

1832. A disastrous flood took place in the valley of the Ohio, beginning on this date and continuing till the 19th, when the water attained the height of sixty-four feet three inches above low-water mark at Cincinnati. The inhabitants of the low-lying districts were forced to take refuge on the hills, and a great amount of property was destroyed.

1845. The Portland Vase was broken, being smashed to pieces with a stone by a man named William Lloyd. This celebrated work of art was discovered in the sixteenth century in a sepulchre near Rome, supposed to have been that of the Roman emperor Alexander Severus. It is composed of glass with figures raised on it in white enamel, and is esteemed as a unique instance of work of this character among ancient remains. It was only by its breaking that the fact of its being made of glass was ascertained, a fact which adds greatly to its archaeological value. It has been skillfully repaired, and is now kept in a safe place where no future madman can have the opportunity to injure it.

1863. The *Orpheus*, a large steamer, was wrecked on the coast of New Zea-

land, only seventy persons being saved out of two hundred and sixty on board.

1878. Pius IX., the pope, died. His papacy had been a long and an eventful one. He was elected in June, 1846, and nearly the whole period of his incumbency was marked by wars and tumults in Italy, ending in the loss of the temporal power of the papacy and the union of all Italy into a single kingdom. Rome was declared the capital of the new kingdom of Italy in 1860, but this city had been occupied by a French army in 1849, sent there to overturn the republican government then formed. This army held possession till 1866, when the French withdrew, though the Italian army did not march in till 1870. There was some resistance to this occupation on the part of those who supported the temporal sovereignty of the pope, but this temporal power was abolished immediately upon the occupation, and the authority of the pope restricted to spiritual supremacy.

February 8.

1587. Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded. This celebrated woman, whose unhappy fate has excited so much commiseration, led a checkered career. The daughter of James V. of Scotland, she was educated in France, with a view to her marriage with the Dauphin. Here she became greatly accomplished, while her rare personal beauty and fascinating manners made her a general court favorite. She was married in 1568 to the Dauphin, who became King of France, as Francis II., in 1559, but who died the following year. On the death of the English queen Mary, Francis and Mary had assumed the titles of King and Queen of England. After her husband's death she repaired to Scotland, and was accepted as queen, though her religious faith of Roman Catholicism made her unpopular with many of her subjects. This was added to by her unwise and seemingly criminal actions, her husband, Lord Darnley, being murdered and his death being followed by her marriage with her favorite Bothwell, who was suspected of the murder. Infuriated by this action, the Scottish lords and people, of all religious faiths, rose against her, and she was taken prisoner and confined on a little island in Loch Leven. She escaped from this prison and was joined by an army, which was quickly routed, Mary fleeing to England and throwing herself on the generosity of her rival Elizabeth. The latter refused to admit her to her presence, as she was not cleared of the charge of murder, and had her confined successively at Bolton Castle,

Coventry, and Fotheringay, her imprisonment continuing for nineteen years. Her old claim to the throne of England had never been definitely abrogated, and she was finally charged with complicity in a conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth. The evidence against her amounted to nothing, yet she was condemned and executed. Elizabeth has been severely blamed for this cruel disposal of a rival whom indeed she had little reason to fear, and sympathy for the misfortunes of Mary's later life has made many forget the flippancy and apparent criminality of her earlier career.

1725. Peter the Great of Russia died on this day. This remarkable monarch proved himself one of the great men of the earth, and by his practical genius raised Russia from the position of an unimportant power into the first rank of European monarchies. He was of unwearying energy, and, perceiving early in his reign that Russia was far behind the remainder of Europe in the methods of civilization, he resolved to overcome its defects. Feeling the necessity of a navy, he not only procured the services of foreign mechanics, but went to Holland, where he himself worked for wages as a ship-carpenter. Returning to Russia, he put his reforms into effect, founded the city of St. Petersburg as his capital, and engaged for years in a severe struggle against Charles XII. of Sweden, whom he finally defeated at the decisive battle of Pultowa. His wisely-devised and arbitrarily-effected measures of reform proved highly beneficial to Russia, which kingdom during his reign began that career of advancement which has brought it to so prominent a position in the European politics of the present day.

1849. A republic was instituted at Rome, the pope being deprived of all temporal power. This was the result of an insurrection in favor of Italian unity which broke out in November, 1848, and which forced the pope to fly in disguise. He appealed to the Catholic powers, and was brought back by a French force, which captured Rome from the revolutionists and re-established the papal authority in July, 1849. This French occupation continued till 1866, when it was forced to be given up in consequence of the growing vigor of the demand for Italian unity.

1864. The Colt small-arms-factory at Hartford, Connecticut, was partly destroyed by fire, the loss being estimated at one million dollars.

1865. A disastrous fire broke out in Philadelphia, at which about twenty persons were burned to death. The money loss was half a million of dollars.

1882. Berthold Auerbach, a popular German novelist, died. Of his works may be named "Village Tales of the Black Forest," "On the Heights," "The Country House on the Rhine," and "Little Barefoot." Most of his works have been translated into English and have been much read in England and America.

1886. A meeting of the "unemployed" of London took place at Trafalgar Square, at which socialistic speeches were made, and which ended in a riot, the mob marching tumultuously through the streets, breaking the windows of club-houses and residences, and wrecking and robbing stores, the damage done being estimated at fifty thousand pounds.

February 9.

1799. In consequence of the hostile feeling between France and the United States, war broke out on the ocean, although there had been no formal declaration. The American frigate *Constellation*, of thirty-eight guns, attacked and captured the French frigate *L'Insurgente*, of forty guns, after an hour's action. On the 1st of February of the next year the same American frigate attacked the French frigate *La Vengeance*. The engagement lasted five hours, and the French ship was silenced, but a storm that arose enabled her to escape, with a loss of one hundred and sixty men killed and wounded.

1863. The George Griswold, a vessel sent from the United States with relief for the distressed cotton-workers of Lancashire, arrived in England. This distress was due to the stopping of cottonshipments by the American civil war, and relief from America was but a just redress of grievances which the war had occasioned to innocent sufferers.

1867. Nebraska was admitted as the thirty-seventh State of the American Union. The bill for its admission was vetoed by President Johnson, but was passed over his veto.

1875. The first train passed through the Hoosac Tunnel, Massachusetts. This tunnel is four and three-quarters miles long, twenty-five feet high, and twenty-seven feet wide through solid rock.

1864. Cetewayo, the King of Zululand, died. This African hero, after killing one brother and causing the death of six others in battle, became king conjointly with his father in 1859, and sole king in 1873. He began to collect and discipline a large army. Sir Bartle Frere, the British governor, having vainly ordered him to desist, a large British army invaded Zululand in 1879, and a bloody war followed, in which the British met with some terrible reverses. In the end,

however, the Zulus were overcome, and Cetewayo was taken as a prisoner to England. He was restored to a part of his old realm in 1882, but was driven out by his subjects, and died in Natal in 1884.

February 10.

1567. Lord Darnley, of whom we have spoken under February 8 as the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, was killed by an explosion, the house in which he was lodged during a fit of illness being blown up with gunpowder. Mary had grown to hate him for his stupidity, insolence, and profligacy, and also for the murder of her favorite secretary Rizzio, and it is believed that this explosion was arranged at her instigation by Bothwell, whom she afterwards married.

1836. The city of Philadelphia was first lighted with gas on the evening of this day. It is remarkable how slow this desirable improvement was in making its way. It had been introduced into London more than twenty years before, and into New York twelve years before.

1840. The marriage of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert was celebrated with great ceremony on this day. Her life with him was a happy one, and he gained the reputation of a prudent and wise counsellor, whom she greatly mourned after his death in 1861.

1840. Upper and Lower Canada were reunited. They had been separated into these two districts in 1791.

1868. Sir David Brewster died. He had attained great celebrity by his discoveries in optical science, particularly by his researches on double refraction and the discovery of the law of the polarization of light by reflection. He edited the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," founded the "Edinburgh Philosophical Journal" and the "Edinburgh Journal of Science," and published a number of important scientific works.

February 11.

1650. Descartes, an illustrious French philosopher, died. He was a mathematician of great ability, published several important treatises containing valuable discoveries in algebra and geometry, and was the first to announce the law of the refraction of light. He gained yet more distinction in metaphysical philosophy, his works on this subject being marked by a daring and original genius which gave a great impetus to succeeding philosophical inquiry. He found the basis of all positive knowledge in self-consciousness, expressed in this dogma, "I think: therefore I am." In 1644 was published his "Principles of Philosophy," in which he advances the theory that the sun is

the centre of a vortex of an all-pervading ether, to whose movement the revolutions of the planets are due. It is probable that this treatise set Newton to thinking on the same subject, and was the instigating cause of his theory of gravitation, which has long outlived the vortex theory of Descartes.

1763. Shenstone, an English pastoral poet, died. He was the author of odes, elegies, and pastorals, among which a poem entitled "The Schoolmistress" is praised by Dr. Johnson as the most pleasing of his productions.

1870. A board came ashore on the coast of Cornwall on which was written a statement that the City of Boston, which had sailed long before from New York, was sinking. It was the sole record of the lost ship.

February 12.

1554. Lady Jane Grey was executed. This unfortunate woman, the victim of the ambition of her friends, was a great-granddaughter of Henry VII. of England. She manifested unusual talents, especially in the study of languages, and was married in 1553 to Lord Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland. Her husband and father (the Duke of Suffolk) prevailed on Edward VI. to settle the crown upon her, to the exclusion of his sisters Mary and Elizabeth. On the death of Edward she was prevailed upon, against her judgment, to accept the crown. But, the people having declared for Mary, Lady Jane and her husband were arrested and imprisoned in the Tower, and executed after several months' imprisonment.

1804. Immanuel Kant, the greatest of German philosophers, and one of the profoundest of all metaphysical thinkers, died. He was the author of numerous philosophical works, the greatest of which is the "Critique of Pure Reason," in which his study of the laws and limitations of the human intellect, to which his philosophy was largely devoted, is most fully set forth. Among his other works is one on the "Theory of the Heavens," in which he advanced an hypothesis somewhat similar to the celebrated nebular hypothesis of Laplace.

1867. Several Fenian outbreaks occurred on this day. An irruption of Fenians took place into the city of Chester, an outbreak in Kerry threatened Killarney, and a futile attack was made on the coast-guard station at Cahirciveen. Sixty-seven Fenians from Liverpool were arrested in Dublin. These movements seemed preliminary to more decided risings which occurred in March.

1880. A severe gale on the Atlantic

caused a terrible loss of life. The most serious disaster was the loss of the British training-ship *Atalanta*, which left Bermuda on the 31st of January with three hundred persons on board and was never more heard of. She is supposed to have foundered in this storm.

1885. A fire broke out in the lunatic ward of Blockley Almshouse, Philadelphia, in which twenty-eight of the inmates, chiefly those confined in cells, were burned to death before they could be rescued. Fifty or more of the lunatics escaped to the city, but were all soon afterwards recaptured.

February 13.

1576. Benvenuto Cellini, a celebrated Italian artist, died. He excelled in the arts of engraving, sculpture, and gold-working, and produced some of the most highly esteemed specimens of Italian work in those arts. Among the most admired of them is his bronze group of Perseus and Medusa. Cellini left an entertaining autobiography, which gives us a graphic conception of the turbulent state of Italy at that time. He was constantly engaged in quarrels, and seems to have killed or badly wounded several of his antagonists. He took part in the defence of Rome in 1527 against the Constable Bourbon, whom he boasts of having killed during the conflict. He was several times imprisoned, escaped, was recaptured, and altogether passed a very active and adventurous life.

1692. The "Glencoe Massacre" of the Macdonald clan took place. This was a Jacobite clan which had failed to obey the king's proclamation ordering a surrender before January 1, 1692. An enemy of the clan obtained from the king a decree for their extirpation, which he is said to have signed without reading it. Every man under seventy was to be slain. This order was treacherously carried out by a party of soldiers who were hospitably entertained by the Highlanders, but rose on them in the night and began a general massacre. About sixty men were slain, and many women and children, turned out half clad in a freezing night, perished. Great indignation was excited by this outrage, and an inquiry was set on foot, but no one seems to have been punished.

1788. The trial of Warren Hastings, the most celebrated of English trials, began. Hastings, who had been Governor-General of India, was charged with high crimes and misdemeanors during his governorship, for which he was put on trial before the peers of Great Britain. Among the charges was his acceptance of a present of one hundred thousand

pounds from the Nabob of Oude. The trial occupied one hundred and forty-five days, but was extended over a period of seven years and three months. It terminated in his acquittal. One of the great events of the trial was Sheridan's celebrated speech on the impeachment, which excited an extraordinary sensation at the time, and is still regarded as one of the most splendid examples of eloquence on record.

1789. Ethan Allen, the famous leader of the "Green Mountain Boys" in the Revolutionary War, died. The deed for which he is celebrated was the surprise and capture, at the outset of the war, of the fort at Ticonderoga, which he demanded from the astounded commander "in the name of the Great God and the Continental Congress." He was afterwards taken prisoner at Montreal and sent to England, where he remained in captivity two years and a half.

1882. A disastrous railroad accident took place near New York from a disarrangement of the air-brake of a train. It was forced to stop, and was dashed into by another train coming at full speed. There were on board many members of the New York Legislature. The cars were overturned and set on fire and a number of the passengers burned alive.

1883. Richard Wagner, the distinguished German musical composer, died. He had original theories about music, which were carried out in his operas, and which have excited much controversy in musical circles. In his view every theme was to be treated as a grand whole, the music being a unity, instead of the disjointed collocation of airs which make up the essential of many popular operas. His music may prove to be the "music of the future," as it has been entitled, but has not yet won a position as the leading music of the present, though it is growing in favor. His operas include "Lohengrin," "Rheingold," "Parsifal," "Siegfried," and a number of others.

1886. Great floods occurred in the New England States from a rapid thaw. Property was destroyed to the value of many millions of dollars, and thousands of persons in the vicinity of Boston were driven from their homes by the rising waters.

February 14.

270. St. Valentine's Day. Valentine is said to have been a bishop of the early Christian Church, who suffered martyrdom at Rome in 270 A.D. under Claudius II., or in 271 under Aurelian, as others say. The origin of the custom of "choosing a valentine" has been much debated, and it remains doubtful how this

day became sacred to love. In the past the day was celebrated by the drawing of a valentine lottery, names of men and maidens being written and drawn. The valentines thus chosen were expected to treat, give balls, etc., to their mistresses, the sport often ending in actual love. The letter-sending custom is more modern. The number of letters which now pass through the mails on this day is something astounding, many of them genuine expressions of a feeling stronger than the fraternal, but many also caricatures, often of a scurrilous and insulting character.

1779. Captain Cook, a celebrated English circumnavigator of the globe, was killed by the natives of Hawaii. He began life as a common seaman, but gradually rose in rank, and served at Wolfe's capture of Quebec as master of a sloop. At a later date he was given command of a vessel sent by the government to the South Pacific to observe the transit of Venus and to make scientific and geographical discoveries. This mission was successfully performed, and in 1772 he was again sent to search for a southern continent. He circumnavigated the globe in high southern latitudes, and discovered the island of New Caledonia. He sailed on a third voyage in 1776, and in 1778 discovered the Sandwich Islands, explored Behring Strait, and reached 70° North. He returned to winter at the Sandwich Islands, and while there got into an altercation with the natives about a stolen boat. While retreating he was attacked, and he and four of his men were killed.

1807. The Ajax, a seventy-four-gun English frigate, was destroyed by fire off the island of Tenedos, two hundred and fifty persons perishing.

1840. An earthquake laid waste the island of Ternate, thousands of the inhabitants losing their lives.

1859. Oregon was admitted as a State into the American Union, its constitution prohibiting slavery within its borders.

1884. Merv, in Central Asia, was annexed by Russia. This was an important step in the persistent southward extension of Russian power in Asia.

February 15.

1804. The legislature of New Jersey passed an act for the gradual abolition of slavery in that State. All persons born after the 4th of July of that year were to be free, and the children of all slaves to become free—males at twenty-five, females at twenty-one years of age.

1833. The Hibernia was burned at sea, one hundred and fifty persons perish-

ing. On the same day of 1858 the steamship Queen Victoria was wrecked near Dublin, sixty-seven being lost out of one hundred and twenty.

1884. The first train crossed the Andes from Buenos Ayres to Chili, a railroad having been completed across that difficult mountain-chain.

1887. In honor of the semi-centennial jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign, twenty-five thousand prisoners were released from prison in India.

February 16.

1826. Lindley Murray, a distinguished American grammarian, died. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and the author of several works which attained great popularity, his "Grammar of the English Language" being long used as a school-book.

1853. The Independence was wrecked on the coast of Lower California, and afterwards took fire. Of those on board, one hundred and forty were burned or drowned. A few escaped, but these suffered dreadfully from the barren nature of the country on which they were cast ashore.

1857. Dr. Kane, the celebrated Arctic explorer, died. He was a native of Philadelphia who, after many journeys over the world, and one visit to the Arctic seas, commanded an expedition sent out in 1853 in search of remains of the Franklin expedition. He reached the highest latitude attained to that time, and discovered what appeared to be an open polar sea. His death was in consequence of the influence upon his health of the hardships he had endured.

1862. Fort Donelson was taken by General Grant. Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, had been evacuated on the 6th, the garrison going to Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland. Grant followed, and quickly reduced this fort, taking ten thousand prisoners. This was much the most brilliant success of the Union arms up to this date, and gave the Federal armies control of Kentucky and in great measure of Tennessee.

1878. The Bland silver bill was passed by Congress over the veto of the President. This requires the monthly coinage of two millions of silver dollars, of 412½ grains each, each dollar being worth considerably less than a dollar in gold. Under this law a vast number of silver dollars have been made, which are in great part stored away in the treasury vaults.

1887. Woman suffrage in Kansas went into effect on this day. The privilege is restricted to voting at municipal elections, suffrage in State and national elections being as yet restricted to men.

February 17.

1564. Michael Angelo, in many respects the greatest artist of modern times, died. He was alike able in painting, sculpture, and architecture, and has left remarkable evidences of his ability in all those provinces of art. His fresco-paintings in the Sistine Chapel of Rome have never been approached in grandeur of design and execution, his statues rival those of the greatest artists of old Greece, and in architecture the greatest building in the world, St. Peter's at Rome, remains as a monument of his genius.

1673. Molière, the greatest of French and by some considered the ablest of all modern writers of comedy, died. He began life as a comic actor, but soon began to write, and produced a large number of comedies, marked by great versatility in devising comical situations and unusual power in the delineation of character. Hallam remarks "that Shakespeare has the greater genius, but perhaps Molière has written the best comedies." Among the most popular of his works are the "Hypocrite" and the "Misanthrope."

1827. Pestalozzi, an eminent educational reformer, died. He was of Swiss birth, and did much towards the promotion of better methods of education, his system having been adopted and perfected by later educators.

1856. Heine, a distinguished German poet and prose author, died. He produced several tragedies, and a work entitled "Pictures of Travel," which became very popular. His lyrics are among the most charming in thought and finish which have been produced by the German muse.

1865. Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, was occupied by Sherman's army on his march northward from Savannah. It was destroyed that night by fire, the origin of which has been charged by each party on the other, but which may have arisen from burning tufts of cotton blown about from the cotton which was burned by the evacuating forces. On the same day Charleston was evacuated by the force under Hardee, the naval and military stores being set on fire. In this case also the fire from burning cotton was communicated to the city, and the flames swept far and wide, almost destroying the city before their progress could be stayed. On the following day the Union forces in the harbor occupied the desolate ruin of the place which they had steadily assailed for four years.

1866. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in Ireland, and about two hundred and fifty persons suspected of Fenianism were at once arrested.

1867. The *Primo*, a vessel of eighty tons' burden, passed through the Suez Canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, being the first vessel, except one or two small craft, to pass.

1874. The *Faraday*, a vessel built for laying electric cables, was launched. It was next in size to the *Great Eastern*, being three hundred and sixty feet long, fifty-two wide, and thirty-six deep, and of five thousand tons' register. It has been much employed.

1880. A daring attempt was made to assassinate the Czar of Russia, an explosion of dynamite taking place in the guard-room under the dining-hall a few minutes before the Czar and his guests, including several persons of royal lineage, were ready to enter. One hundred and twenty-four pounds of dynamite are said to have been exploded, killing two and wounding fifty-three soldiers. Little harm was done to the dining-room, and the royal party would not have been much disturbed had they been there.

1882. A serious conflagration occurred in the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, causing a loss of six lives and of two million dollars' worth of property. On the same day a fireworks-establishment took fire at Chester, Pennsylvania, fourteen persons losing their lives in the explosion that followed.

1886. The Austrian ship *Miroslav* sailed from Philadelphia and was never more heard of. There were twenty persons on board.

1886. Elizabeth Mouatt reached Aalesund, Norway, having been blown across the North Sea in a smack from the Shetland Islands. Two men who were with her were washed overboard, but she escaped after drifting several days and nights before the gale.

February 18.

1546. Martin Luther died. The career of this noted personage was a remarkable one. Dissatisfied with the method in which indulgences were being sold in Germany, he proceeded to hostility to the Catholic Church, and, supported by friends in power, defied the pope. The new doctrines which he advocated were quickly accepted by hosts of people, and Luther was able to withstand the efforts made to punish him for heresy. He was a man of great zeal and unconquerable courage, qualities needed in the leader of a new religious sect in those days. He had, moreover, great literary ability, and his works are looked upon as the earliest worthy examples of German prose. The most important of these is his translation of the Bible into German.

1791. Vermont was admitted into the

Union, being the first State added to the original thirteen. It had been claimed as part of New York, but the "Green Mountain boys" stoutly resisted this claim, and roughly handled and dismissed those who came to establish it.

1874. Disraeli was made prime minister of Great Britain. This was his second rise to power, he having been premier in 1868 for a short term. He was made Earl of Beaconsfield in 1877, and retired from the premiership in 1880, dying April 19, 1881. His career is a remarkable instance of progress against discouragement through sheer force of energy and consciousness of ability.

1887. A fire took place at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, in which thirty thousand bales of cotton were consumed.

February 19.

1841. The Governor Fenner, from Liverpool for America, was run down off Holyhead by the steamer Nottingham, one hundred and twenty-two persons perishing in the disaster. A similar collision occurred on the same day of February, 1860, the steamer Ondine being run down by the *Herbine*, with the loss of fifty persons. On the same day an American emigrant-ship, the *Luna*, was wrecked off Barfleur, about one hundred lives being lost; and in the night of the same day the Hungarian, a new mail-steamer, was wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia, all on board, two hundred and five in number, being lost.

1864. The society of Knights of Pythias was founded at Washington, D.C. The expressed purpose of this society was "to disseminate the great principles of Friendship, Charity, and Benevolence." It has grown rapidly, having in 1885 over two thousand lodges and more than a hundred and sixty thousand members.

February 20.

1815. The United States frigate *Constitution* captured the British ships-of-war *Cyane* and *Levant*. These vessels had been cruising, and their commanders did not know that peace had been declared. The prizes were afterwards restored to the English government.

1856. The packet-ship *John Rutledge* struck upon an iceberg and went down. The passengers and crew, one hundred and fifty-six persons in all, took to the boats. One of these was picked up on the 28th, but only one person was alive on board; the others had died under their privations. The other boats were never heard from.

1878. Cardinal Vincenzo Pecci was elected pope by the College of Cardinals.

He assumed the title of Leo XIII. on taking the office.

1884. A fire-damp explosion occurred in a coal-mine near Uniontown, Pennsylvania, causing the death of nineteen miners.

February 21.

1707. Aurangzebe, the greatest of the Mogul emperors of India, died. He was the son of the famous Shah Jehan, and by his ability added greatly to the dominions and revenues of his empire, but by his religious intolerance and duplicity he eventually brought ruin upon the country.

1848. John Quincy Adams was struck with paralysis while in his seat at the Capitol, and died on the 23d, his last words being, "This is the last of earth! I am content!" He was the eldest son of John Adams, the second President of the United States, and was himself elected the sixth President in 1824. He had been elected United States Senator from Massachusetts in 1808, and spent nearly all the remainder of his life in Congress or in the public service in other capacities. In the latter part of his career he was popularly known by the title of "The Old Man Eloquent."

1864. The *All Serene*, an Australian ship, foundered during a gale in the Pacific, over thirty lives being lost. The survivors took to the sea in a punt, and suffered very severely from privation, but finally succeeded in reaching the Feejee Islands.

1885. The Washington Monument was dedicated with great ceremony, six thousand soldiers being present from all parts of the country and taking part in the exercises. This great obelisk is five hundred and fifty-five feet high, and seventy feet square at the base. It is composed of great blocks of Maryland marble, lined with blue gneiss.

February 22.

1732. George Washington was born on this day, the anniversary of which has, since his death, been kept as a day sacred to American independence, and is now generally observed throughout the United States as a national holiday. His great-grandfather, John Washington, had emigrated from England to Virginia about 1657. His father, Augustine Washington, had an estate on the Potomac, in Westmoreland County, Virginia. Here Washington was born.

1845. Sydney Smith, a celebrated English writer and wit, died. He took holy orders, and was successively curate and rector of several livings, but continued active in literature, being one of the

founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, its first editor, and for many years a contributor to its columns. His chief celebrity now is for his wit, many of his *bon-mots* being constantly quoted as happy instances of conversational humor.

1847. On this day the battle of Buena Vista was fought. General Taylor, with an army of five thousand men, nearly all untrained volunteers, was attacked by Santa Anna with a Mexican army of twenty thousand men. The Americans held a mountain-pass from which their adversaries tried in vain to drive them. The Mexicans lost severely, and finally retreated, leaving the Americans in possession of the field. No other action of the war excited so much enthusiasm throughout the United States.

1856. The first railroad in California was opened for travel on this day. It ran from Sacramento to Folsom, a distance of twenty-two and a half miles.

1859. Sir W. Armstrong was made consulting engineer of rifled ordnance to the British government in consequence of his important achievements in the art of gunnery. After four years' experiments, he had produced "a breech-loading rifled wrought-iron gun of great durability and of extreme lightness, combining a great extent of range and extraordinary accuracy." The range of a thirty-two-pound gun charged with five pounds of powder was a little over five miles.

1868. The impeachment of President Johnson was voted by the House of Representatives, the vote standing one hundred and twenty-six to forty-seven. This was a result of the long controversy between Congress and the President. The latter had dismissed Stanton as Secretary of War and nominated Grant in his place. In this action the Senate refused to concur. The President renewed his effort to depose Stanton, who refused to vacate the office, when the House took the course above stated, on the ground that the President's action was a violation of the Tenure of Office Act.

1882. The Governor of Mississippi issued an appeal for aid for the sufferers from the terrible inundation which had extended throughout the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and caused immense damage to property and the loss of many lives. The Ohio rose to an extraordinary height, though it was surpassed by the flood of the following year, described under date of February 2. The various heights which the Ohio has reached at Cincinnati are as follows: February 18, 1832, sixty-four feet three inches; December 17, 1847, sixty-three feet seven inches; February, 1862, fifty-seven feet

four inches; February, 1882, fifty-eight feet seven inches; and February 17, 1883, sixty-six feet four inches. The Indians speak of a flood that occurred about 1774, when the river attained a height of one hundred feet.

February 23.

1792. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most celebrated of English portrait-painters, died. He is considered as the founder of the British school of painting, and his portraits rank very high among productions in that school of art. He was an intimate friend of Dr. Johnson, and in combination with him founded the Literary Club, consisting of twelve members, among them Burke and Goldsmith. He became President of the Royal Academy in 1768, and was knighted on that occasion.

1807. During an execution which took place at the Old Bailey, London, such were the pressure and turbulence of the mob of spectators that thirty persons were trodden to death, while many more were maimed and injured. It was a lesson that should have brought public executions to an end, though condemned criminals were publicly executed in England as late as 1868.

1819. The treaty for the cession of Florida by Spain to the United States was signed at Washington on this day, but the King of Spain refused, in the following August, to ratify it. He ratified it, however, in 1821. The United States government was to pay five million dollars for this valuable territory, and cede to Spain its claim to the disputed district in Texas.

1833. A revolt of the prisoners took place in the Missouri Penitentiary at Jefferson. Fourteen hundred convicts, led by a ringleader named Johnson, mutinied and set fire to the buildings, cutting the hose of the fire-companies which attempted to extinguish the flames. The people armed and surrounded the prison, most of the convicts surrendering at this show of force. Johnson and a party of followers attempted to break through the line and escape, but were captured and replaced in their cells.

1837. A severe earthquake took place in southern Europe, much damage being done in the district of Italy known as the Riviera, and nearly four hundred lives being lost.

February 24.

1821. Keats, the poet, died on this day, in his twenty-sixth year. His poem of "Endymion" was severely criticised in the *Quarterly Review*, and it is supposed that this criticism, acting on his

sensitive disposition, aggravated the disease of which he died. His poems lack the attributes of great poetry, but manifest a vivid perception of the beautiful, and his "Eve of St. Agnes" and others of his poems have a charm which few poets have surpassed.

1876. General Babcock, secretary to President Grant, resigned his office, being accused of complicity in the "whiskey frauds" on the internal revenue, which had just been exposed and were arousing great indignation throughout the country.

February 25.

1634. Wallenstein, a celebrated German general, was assassinated. Being a nobleman of great estates and wealth, he raised an army at his own expense in 1625, and took part in the Thirty Years' War, supporting his men by pillage and exactions from the enemy. He was very successful, but his pride, rapacity, and cruelty made him so hated that the Emperor dismissed him from his service. But the victories of Gustavus Adolphus forced the Emperor to implore the aid of Wallenstein to save the Empire. He accepted the invitation, was defeated by Gustavus at Lutzen, but gained victories elsewhere, and acted so strangely that he was suspected of treasonable designs. He was deprived of his command, and secret orders were given for his assassination, he being too powerful to deal with openly. He was surprised and killed in the castle of Egra, to which he had retired. His career forms the subject of Schiller's greatest tragedy.

1791. The United States Bank was chartered on this day, with a capital of ten million dollars. It was situated in Philadelphia, and was chartered for twenty years, with the privilege of creating branches in any of the States. Its charter ran out in 1811, and its renewal by Congress was defeated. In 1817 a second United States Bank was chartered for twenty years, with a capital of thirty-five million dollars. President Jackson in 1833 vetoed the bill to renew the charter of the bank, and withdrew the public deposits from it. This action caused much commercial distress throughout the country, and did much towards bringing on the 1837 panic. In 1837 the bank went out of existence as a national institution, but was continued for some years as a State bank, until it ruined itself by cotton-speculations. The massive marble building, of Doric architecture, in which the bank was situated, is now used as the United States Custom-House at Philadelphia.

1862. The President approved the Legal Tender Act, passed by Congress.

The Treasurer was authorized to issue one hundred and fifty million dollars in notes, not bearing interest, which were to be accepted as legal tender for all debts, public or private, and to be received and paid out by the government for all purposes except duties on imports and interest on the national debt, these to be paid in gold.

1863. A conscription bill was passed by Congress, for the drafting into the army of men between eighteen and forty-five years of age.

1871. At a railroad accident in France, near St.-Nazaire, an explosion took place of casks of gunpowder which formed part of the freight, causing the death of sixty passengers.

February 26.

1531. A terrible earthquake took place at Lisbon, in which fifteen hundred houses fell and thirty thousand persons were buried in the ruins. Several neighboring towns suffered the same fate. The great Lisbon earthquake of November, 1755, hardly surpassed this in destructiveness, if we consider the increase in population during the two centuries intervening.

1823. John Philip Kemble, the famous English tragedian, died. "As an actor Kemble excelled in the highest order of tragedy." He first performed as "Hamlet" in 1788, and retired from the stage in 1815. His brother, Charles Kemble, was an actor of good powers, and his sister, Mrs. Siddons, attained one of the loftiest places in the annals of the stage.

1848. A republic was proclaimed from the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, Paris. The opposition to Louis Philippe reached its height on his prohibition of the grand reform banquet of February 21. A revolutionary tumult broke out the next day, barricades were thrown up, the prisons opened, and frightful disorder prevailed. On the 24th the king abdicated in favor of his infant grandson, who was not accepted, and the royal family and ministers fled from France. A republican government was at once decided upon, and proclaimed as above stated.

1852. Thomas Moore, the most celebrated poet of Ireland, died. He was the author of numerous popular poems, among which "Lalla Rookh" and the "Irish Melodies" are most esteemed. The former attained extraordinary popularity, and is notable for splendid imagery and musical versification. Many of his songs are of great beauty. In addition to his poems, Moore wrote a "History of Ireland," a "Life of Sheridan," and "The Epicurean," a romance of ancient Egypt.

1852. The Birkenhead, an English troop-ship, was wrecked off Simon's Bay, South Africa. It had on board six hundred and thirty-eight persons, being detachments from several regiments. Of these only one hundred and eighty-four were saved by the boats. The accident is a notable one from the fact that the men went down drawn up in ranks and standing to their arms. No stronger evidence of the power of discipline has ever been shown, and the sinking of the Birkenhead has become famous.

1882. The trial of Charles J. Guiteau for the assassination of President Garfield ended on this day in his conviction. He was sentenced to be hanged, the execution taking place on June 30, 1882.

1886. A very severe wind-storm, rising at some points to a speed of eighty-five miles per hour, blew over the north Atlantic States. Many vessels were wrecked, and great damage was done to other property.

February 27.

1594. Henry IV. of France was crowned. His career was a remarkable one. Escaping from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, he placed himself at the head of the Huguenots as King of Navarre, and gained victory after victory over the Catholic League, the greatest being that of Ivry in 1590. In 1598 he professed the Roman Catholic religion, thus removing the only remaining obstacle to his possession of the French throne, he having been named as successor by the king, Charles IX., who died in 1589. Many more battles took place before he was acknowledged by the whole kingdom. This took place in 1598, in which year Henry gave religious liberty to all his subjects by the celebrated Edict of Nantes.

1706. John Evelyn died. He was the author of several works of importance, including "Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees," and treatises on engraving and architecture, but is now known only by his "Memoirs," a work of great historical interest and value, it being full of interesting details of public events and social occurrences between the years 1641 and 1705.

1735. John Arbuthnot, a celebrated British author and physician, died. As a humorous writer he has had few superiors in English literature. His best-known work of this kind is the "History of John Bull," an amusing political allegory which has been highly commended. He joined with Pope and Swift in founding the famous Scriblerus Club, designed to ridicule false taste in literature. His "First Book of the Memoirs of Martinus

Scriblerus" is regarded as a masterpiece of wit and irony.

1872. Yellowstone Park was constituted by act of Congress. This park embraces a large tract of the public lands, more than thirty-five hundred square miles in area, in Montana and Wyoming Territories, and including the famous geyser district of the Yellowstone Valley and other interesting phenomena of nature. In addition to its features of attraction, the park promises to become useful as a place of preservation of the bison and other important animals of the West, whose extermination is threatened.

February 28.

1844. A disastrous accident occurred on this day, during an excursion of the United States steamer Princeton on the Potomac. The object of the excursion was the exhibition of the power of a new cannon, which exploded on being fired. Of those standing near, Mr. Upshur, the Secretary of State, and Mr. Gilmer, the Secretary of the Navy, were killed, while many distinguished persons were dangerously injured.

1851. An earthquake took place at Rhodes and Macri. At the latter place a portion of a mountain fell, crushing a village and destroying six hundred of its inhabitants.

1867. Mr. Peabody, the distinguished philanthropist, gave this month one million dollars for the promotion of education in the South. This gift has been usefully applied, and has proved of great benefit.

1869. Lamartine, one of the most distinguished of recent French authors, died. His works embrace poems, travels, and histories, all of great merit. His "History of the Girondists" is an able and brilliant work, which is marked by the greatest clearness and vividness of description. He wrote several other historical works, a book of Eastern travel entitled in the English translation "A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," and many poems, which are full of beautiful imagery and have excited much admiration.

1874. The Tichborne trial, the longest trial known in England, came to an end on this day. Proceedings in the Tichborne claim began March, 1867, the plaintiff claiming to be Sir Roger Charles Tichborne (supposed to have been lost at sea) and demanding the baronetcy and estates, worth about twenty-four thousand pounds a year. He succeeded in satisfying Lady Tichborne that he was her son, but the remainder of the family resisted his claim, and a trial began May 11, 1871, which ended March 6, 1872,

adversely to the claim of the plaintiff. He was then accused of perjury, and indicted as Thomas Castro, otherwise Arthur Orton, for perjury and forgery. This trial began April 23, 1872, and continued with little interruption till February 28, 1874. It ended in the conviction of the defendant (the verdict declaring that he was neither Roger Charles Tichborne nor Arthur Orton) and his sentence to fourteen years' imprisonment with hard labor.

February 29.

Leap-Year Day. This is a day which, occurring but once every four years, cannot be replete with interesting events. It was originally, in the Roman year, placed before the 24th of February, which was reckoned *twice*, and hence called *bissextile*, or *twice sixth*. In the Julian calendar the length of the year was reckoned at 365 days and 6 hours. This was eleven minutes more than the true length, the error amounting to ten entire days in the sixteenth century. To obviate this error, Pope Gregory XIII. ordained in 1582 that *that* year should consist of 365 days only (October 5 becoming October 15), and that the year ending a century should not be *bissextile* unless its figures, omitting the

ciphers, were divisible by 4. Thus, 1700, 1800, and 1900 are not counted as leap-years, but 2000 will be. This arrangement makes a very close approximation to the true time. The "New Style" calendar was quickly adopted by most of the countries of Europe, but by England not till 1752, in which year eleven days had to be dropped, September 3 becoming September 14. In Russia it has not yet been adopted, and that country is now twelve days behind the rest of Europe in its reckoning.

1852. John Landseer, an English engraver, father of the celebrated animal-painter Sir Edwin Landseer, the eminent engraver Thomas Landseer, and the painter Charles Landseer, died. He was himself an engraver of reputation, lectured on art, and published several treatises, one of these being entitled "Sabeian Researches."

1880. The piercing of the St. Gothard Tunnel was completed, after eight years of labor, the headings from the two sides meeting in the centre. The work of the engineers was so accurate that the two levels differed but two inches. This, in a tunnel of nine and a quarter miles' length, is an instance of extraordinary accuracy of engineering. The tunnel was opened to traffic January 1, 1882.

CURRENT NOTES.



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

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HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

FROM THE NEW YORK GRAPHIC.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER is the youngest child of the late Henry G. Hubbard, of Chicago. Mr. Hubbard was one of the first citizens of Chicago, and is yet remem-

bered by every old settler as the most generous and lovable of men. His youngest daughter, the subject of this sketch, was always his favorite child, and, though her father died while she was a little girl, Mrs. Ayer never fails to tell of his indulgent kindness and his pride in the

child who could read as well at four years of age as most children at ten, and who even then knew by heart page after page of the poems.

As a child, Harriet Hubbard was extremely delicate, and on that account her education up to twelve years of age was purposely neglected. She got only such as she could not help receiving from incessant reading and intercourse with people of unusual culture and mind. Gradually, however, growing a little stronger, at the age of twelve she was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Chicago, where, in a few years, she graduated at the head of her class. Married at sixteen, Mrs. Ayer had obviously no girlhood, and the first "grown people's" party she had ever attended was her own wedding-reception. From this time on, she was very much in Chicago society.

It was not, however, until the great Chicago fire that she came into any prominence. A little incident occurred during that first terrible and calamitous day that shows very plainly how this woman, so young and fond of society, had endeared herself to the poor and humble. The flames were consuming everything within reach, and safety lay only in flight. It was absolutely impossible to get a vehicle of any kind for love or money. Mrs. Ayer's own stables, with her carriage and horses, had served only to add fuel to the flame, and her own coachman, yielding to the instinct of self-preservation, had made himself conspicuous by his absence. The humblest cartman had his own wife and little ones to save, and it was a very forlorn hope which Mr. Ayer carried with him when he sallied forth to find whether a great outlay of money could not secure a vehicle of some sort in which his wife and children and their valuables might be conveyed to a place of safety.

After a weary and fruitless search, Mr. Ayer finally encountered a man driving a pair of strong bay horses to a roomy clarence coach. "I stopped him," said Mr. Ayer, in telling the tale, "and begged him to come and save my wife and little ones from the burning street. I pleaded, I coaxed, I bribed, I bullied. He refused. Finally, he said, 'No, sir; 'tain't no use trying to get me. I am going to save the kindest lady on the north side—the lady who took care of my poor wife and children, who cooked their food with her own hands after buying it for them. I ain't a man that forgets a kindness like that. I'll save that good lady, or die in the attempt. Don't be offering me money. I'm going to save Mrs. Ayer and her babies, or know the reason why!'" His loyal determination naturally fitted Mr. Ayer's desire, and, as sometimes happens, the honest man "built better than he knew." A few moments later, when the carriage reached her door, Mrs. Ayer at once decided to save the children of the neighborhood as far as possible. She left her jewels and wardrobe—everything, indeed, except a small box of valuable papers—and, packing six little children with her own into the carriage, climbed in after them. For a short time, the driver had his horses well under control; but, presently, they became totally unmanageable. The immense cinders—if one can so call pieces of blazing wood two and three feet long—flying through the air like fiery demons terrified them. The driver dismounted and declared to Mrs. Ayer his inability to manage "them crazy critters." In vain she begged him to try again. Finding, however, that fear had really demoralized driver as well as horses, Mrs. Ayer alighted, and, with the help of some men who came to her aid, bandaged the eyes of the terrified beasts, using for that purpose the dainty lace-trimmed petticoats of her children. It was useless to try to induce this modern Daniel—for that was the name of this grateful but frightened coachman—to remount the box. So Mrs. Ayer climbed to the driver's seat herself, and, through the once beautiful street, now arched with burning trees and literally carpeted with flame, with pandemonium raging around her, this woman of twenty, upon whom even the winds of heaven had never blown roughly, drove her precious charges to a place of safety, several miles out of town.

Mrs. Ayer lost her second child from exposure during the terrible time of the fire, and for many months it was feared that the young mother would follow. A trip to California, with her sister and a large party of guests, somewhat restored her health. Shortly after her return to Chicago she left that city of ruins, with her surviving child

and her mother, for an extended trip in Europe. During this visit she was presented at several courts. It was at this time that Mrs. Ayer met Sir Drummond Wolfe, who has ever since been so staunch a friend to her and her enterprises. When the awful fever scourge broke out in Rome, it was this eminent English statesman who sent his private car and his servants to Mrs. Ayer, begging her to use them as her own and seek safety for herself and her household elsewhere.

The failure of John V. Ayer and Sons in the iron business at Chicago, and Youngstown, Ohio, completely changed the life of the society woman and brought out those qualities which have commanded the attention of the business-world. Mrs. Ayer, in speaking of this portion of her life, says: "Fancy me then. I was utterly without money, though used to spending it like water. I had my two children to support, and nothing to commence on. I walked the floor of my room, thinking what I could do. Finally, I asked Sypher & Co., of whom I had bought thousands of dollars' worth of goods, if they would not give me a position. They did, and also offered me a commission on all my sales. I remained with them until I found I could do better alone. I then established a purchasing-agency, and my profits ran into thousands. About this time, my health, which had been greatly taxed, failed me utterly. The physician who attended me, one day said, 'Mrs. Ayer, what do you use that so wonderfully preserves your complexion despite your ill health?' I told him of a recipe I had bought in France, and, while I talked to him about it, it came to me like an inspiration: 'Why not put it on the market and make money for my children, while, at the same time, I make it possible for other women to improve and preserve their skins?' Oh, yes, it is quite true, just as I tell it in my advertisements. I did buy the recipe, for a large sum, from a relative of beautiful Julia Récamier. I have always had the greatest admiration for her beauty and charms."

To-day, Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's name in the business-world is a tower of strength. Known to be incapable of a dishonest action, she has gained the confidence and respect of every business-house with which she has had dealings. It has been her motto to always tell the truth: this the public has found out. The result of such a policy is this: Mrs. Ayer is the head of a great and prosperous business founded by her, and to-day by her guided and directed in all its departments.

HOW MRS. AYER ACCIDENTALLY OBTAINED THE FORMULA FOR THE FAMOUS RÉCAMIER CREAM.

One day, in Paris, Mrs. Ayer, while suffering intensely from the scorching sun of a July journey across the English Channel, was offered a pot of cream by an old French lady friend, to be used on her face when retiring, being assured that it would do wonders in softening and beautifying the complexion. Its effects were so magical and so marvellous, that Mrs. Ayer became anxious to possess the formula for the cream, which, she learned, was not an article to be bought. But the old French lady refused to give the recipe, which—so she told Mrs. Ayer—was the one used by her beautiful and famous relative, Julia Récamier, for forty years, and was the undoubted secret of her wonderful beauty—which, as everybody knows, Madame Récamier retained until her death.

"Of course," said Mrs. Ayer, in speaking of the matter to the writer, the other day, "the more I learned about the Cream, and the oftener I and my friends tested its merits, the more anxious I was to possess the formula. The Countess (I am pledged not to reveal her name) was, like most of the old noblesse, poor, and likewise pious. One evening she came to me with a subscription-paper for some church-affair. I offered to buy the formula for the Cream. She refused at first, but finally consented, on condition that I should not say I had purchased it from her. For years I made the Cream for my own and my friends' use, and only after my circumstances had so changed that I was struggling for my own and my children's support did I cease to supply dozens of my acquaintances gratis with Récamier Cream, which was then called, *entre nous*, 'that French paste Mrs. Ayer makes.' When at last I decided to put the Cream on the market, I wrote to the Countess about it, and obtained her consent to my telling how I secured the formula, stipulating only that I should not make her name public.

"Many people," continued Mrs. Ayer, "have thought the whole history of Récamier Cream an invention—but

such is not the case; and I have no more doubt of its being the means by which the famous French beauty, Madame Récamier, preserved her lovely skin than you can have of its marvellous efficacy, if you will take the trouble to read a few of these letters:



To Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer
I am very pleased to receive from you
the
Autograph Letter Engraving
1879.

CRAIG Y NOS CASTLE, October 13.

I must repeat once more my belief that there never has been anything equal in merit to the Récamier Preparations, my skin is so immensely improved by their use. It has grown so smooth and so fair, that I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist. October 31: I use Cream, Balm, and Lotion every day of my life, and could not exist comfortably without them. Récamier Soap also is perfect. I thought other soaps good—but I had never tried the Récamier. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet-soaps. London, December: I hear the Princess of Wales is delighted with the Récamier Preparations. I shall certainly recommend them to her Royal Highness when I next see her. I send you an autograph letter to enclose to the Princess of Wales. Later, from Spain: I cannot tell you how anxious I am to do all I can for the Récamier Preparations. I tell every one, here in Spain, how much they have done for me. I have spoken to the Queen about them, and when I get to South America, I hope to find a letter from you telling me how I can best serve you there. I do want to help you, for I am convinced your Récamier Preparations are the greatest boon ever invented. I could not comfortably endure a day without them.

ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI.

My Dear Mrs. Ayer.—The Récamier Preparations are certainly most delightful to use, and most efficacious in their results. I have tried them faithfully, and endorse them conscientiously and enthusiastically. I shall always continue to use them, and cannot, in justice to you, fail to recommend them as far superior to any toilet-articles of a like nature. A year's constant use of the Récamiers certainly gives me the right to an opinion, and I unqualifiedly recommend them as the very best in existence. Always faithfully,

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

PROVIDENCE, April 7.

Dear Mrs. Ayer.—Purely by accident, one day in Chicago, I bought a pot of your Cream because the jar was so pretty, and, on trying it, I found it the most delightfully refreshing thing I have ever applied to my skin. Most assuredly you have made a marvellous discovery, and one and all of our sex should heartily thank you. find it is not only a refreshing, softening article for the skin at night, but for the day use also. Please send me some of the Balm and another jar of the Cream, to the Brunswick, Boston, and believe me,

Very thankfully yours, FANNY DAVENPORT.

NEW YORK, December 20, 1886.

Dear Mrs. Ayer.—Immediately after my return to open my engagement, I purchased a jar of your Récamier Cream, a bottle of your Récamier Balm, and some powder which I had seen strongly indorsed by Mrs. James Brown Potter and Mrs. Langtry. I also find the Récamier Preparations absolutely peerless, and assure you I shall always use them. If this letter can in any way be of service to you, do not hesitate to use it.

Very sincerely yours, HELEN MODJESKA.

To Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, from Madame Modjeska, Countess of Bozenta.

IMPORTANT.

The great merit and popularity of the Récamier Preparations has caused the market to be flooded with inferior articles and cheap imitations, and incited obscure journals and pseudo-scientists, seeking notoriety, to make false or absurd statements in regard to their ingredients or medicinal effects. Mrs. Ayer cautions buyers of the Récamier Preparations to see that each package has her trade-mark, and asks all who have any doubt as to their ingredients being safe, beneficial, and properly proportioned, to read very carefully the following certificate of three of our most eminent chemists who are known throughout the world as men of science and honor. Their judgment and statements are positive and conclusive.

NEW YORK, July 10, 1888.

Mrs. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER:

Dear Madam.—We have, in accordance with your wish, inspected your works, studied the processes, and examined the materials used in the preparation of Récamier Cream. Our opinions in the matter are as follows:

The constituents of the Récamier Cream are well-known remedial agents, and their properties are fully described and authorized in the American and French pharmacopoeias.

They are combined in a way which, while novel, is chemically correct, the resulting preparation being perfectly safe and beneficial for the uses specified. In the proper sense of the word, Récamier Cream is not a cosmetic, but a remedial agent for the skin.

The average druggist would be unable to put up the Récamier Cream from the correct formula, since the operations involved in its successful production require mechanical manipulations for which he is not prepared, and which would be difficult, if not practically impossible, on a small scale. Nor if he had the apparatus and mechanical appliances required in its production, could he make it as cheaply as you do, unless he went into the manufacture on an equally large scale and bought the ingredients in large quantities. Prepared in small amounts, the selling-price must be considerably higher than that fixed by you.

Yours very respectfully,

HENRY A. MORT, PH.D., LL.D.,
Member of the London, Paris, Berlin, and American
Chemical Societies;

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., PH.D.,
Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology;

PETER T. AUSTIN, PH.D., F.C.S.,
Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers
College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

THE RÉCAMIER PREPARATIONS.

What will the Récamier Preparations do? How many are there? Must we use them all? Must we use them the rest of our lives or will a short time suffice?

The Récamier Preparations are as follows: Récamier Cream, Récamier Balm, Récamier Lotion, Récamier Powder, Récamier Soap, and Récamier Sarsaparilla.

Récamier Cream will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots, or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white, and as soft as a baby's. It is not a cosmetic, but simply an emollient to be applied at night and washed off in the morning. You can have a beautiful complexion by using the Récamier Cream, provided you avoid all cosmetics. It will remove the damage caused by cosmetics. It will remove pimples, liver-spots, blackheads, and redness of the skin. Any of these imperfections on a woman's face is equivalent to a painted sign, saying, "This woman is uncleanly in her personal habits—she does not think it worth while to make herself attractive." Send for free sample of Récamier Powder.

Récamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash. It is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin. Unlike most liquids, Récamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial to the complexion, and would improve its texture and color even though it were used at night and removed in the morning, as the Cream should be.

Récamier Lotion, which has in it a proportion of the almond meal so much talked of,—called, through its wonderful success in removing freckles and moth-patches, "Moth and Freckle Lotion,"—is perhaps the most marvellous in its results of any of the articles known as "Récamiers." It will remove freckles and moth-patches, is soothing and efficacious in any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after an hour spent in the streets or travelling. When Madame Patti was asked to try Récamier Lotion, she said, "Nothing can be better than Récamier Cream and Balm." But, a few weeks later, she called Mrs. Ayer: "Send me more Lotion at once: it is delicious." And in her letter, received a week later, she says, "The Lotion makes the Récamier Preparations now complete. I have not a thing on my table that does not bear the magic name of 'Récamier.'"

Récamier Powder is in three shades—white, flesh, and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured. It is guaranteed free from bismuth, lead, or arsenic, and should be used as well in the nursery as for the toilet of older persons. It is a delightful powder for gentlemen after shaving, and has the great advantage of staying on, and will not make the face shine.

Récamier Soap, made by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, is the most popular, and is known to be *absolutely pure*. Mrs. Ayer advertises her soap only to a very limited extent, as she declares that, considering the ingredients and medication, there is but a small margin of profit; and it puzzles her to know how such large amounts of money can be profitably used in advertising soaps which really sell at apparently low prices. It is of the utmost importance to use pure soap for bathing children, as their skins are tender and susceptible to the powerful poisons often found in soaps that are made to sell to the multitude at low prices.

Madame Patti gives her opinion of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Récamier Soap in the following words:

CRAIG Y NOS CASTLE, October 13, 1887.

"Récamier Soap is perfect. I thought other soaps good—but I had never tried the Récamier. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet-soaps."

ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI.

As to the length of time one should use the different Preparations:

Récamier Cream should be used while there is any active need of it, until the irritation has been cured. The patient will know when it is required; but it should always be at hand for sunburn, chapped lips, etc. Récamier Balm is for the daily toilet, winter and summer, and should be a part of a woman's toilet at all seasons. The same may be said of the delightful Lotion. The Powder and Soap need no explanatory words.

Récamier Sarsaparilla.—It is absolutely imperative, if you would rid yourself of those unsightly so-called liver-spots, or moth-patches, or freckles, and all forms of eruptions that appear on the body as well as the face, that the stomach be in a healthy condition and all of the internal organs performing their functions properly, as no woman can have a beautiful complexion while she has a disordered system; and, although Récamier Cream, I believe, will do more than any other emollient, it cannot perform impossible miracles.

My attention having been frequently called to the necessity of a thoroughly reliable blood-purifier, I have,

after long experiment, prepared Récamier Sarsaparilla, which I can with confidence recommend to my patrons and the public as an article superior to any other on the market. It not only purifies and enriches the blood, but gives strength and tone to the system.

THE NEW YORK HERALD ON OVERWORK.

A GREAT EDITOR EXPRESSES HIS OPINION ON A SUBJECT WHICH INTERESTS ALL AMERICANS.

The *Herald* of August 18 contained an editorial from which we make the following extracts:

"We Americans are a hard-working, ambitious people. Life is a pretty steady grind, without a holiday. The passion for money overrules all other considerations, and we assume terrible risks in achieving our purposes. The jog-trot to wealth does not suit our taste—we must gallop up-hill and down in a breathless, almost joyless hurry. But the excitement tells, nevertheless. This man drops out, and that man, and the other man, with heart-disease or some such diabolical attack; but we keep up the hustling, as though lungs and brains and nerves could be replaced for a price, like the pieces of a Waterbury watch."

The *Herald* would have really benefited its readers if it had inserted the following letter and advised them to follow the suggestions given therein by a man of such capable judgment.

From HON. MORGAN J. O'BRIEN, Judge of the Supreme Court, State of New York.

NEW YORK, September 9, 1887.

MRS. HARRIET H. AYER:

Dear Madam,—Having used your delightful tonic, "Vita Nuova," I desire to add my testimonial to that of many others who have spoken of it in terms of praise.

I found it, during a period of great mental strain, to be of the greatest service as a stimulant and nervous antidote, and can therefore recommend it to persons who object to all kinds of alcoholic stimulants and who feel the need of something to relieve them at such times.

Yours respectfully, MORGAN J. O'BRIEN.

NEW YORK, July 10, 1888.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER:

Dear Madam,—We have, in accordance with your wish, inspected your works, studied the processes, and examined the materials used in the preparation of Vita Nuova. Our opinions in the matter are as follows:

The Vita Nuova is in no sense a wine of coca. It is compounded of an excellent brand of wine, in which are dissolved the substances that impart to it its specific properties as a remedial agent. The substances used in its preparation are all of fine grade, and are obtained from well-known and trustworthy manufacturers.

Vita Nuova is unquestionably a tonic suitable to stimulate and strengthen the nervous system, and is valuable in cases of dyspepsia and indigestion. The Vita Nuova is made on a large scale, and as the ingredients are hence bought in large amounts and the operations are to a great extent mechanical, it has been possible to fix the selling price of this article at a figure considerably lower than that at which it would pay a druggist to put it up from a prescription. Yours very respectfully,

HENRY A. MOTT, Ph.D., LL.D.,
Member of the London, Paris, Berlin, and American
Chemical Societies;

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.,
Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology;

PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph.D., F.C.S.,
Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers
College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist or dry goods dealer does not have the Récamier Preparations and Vita Nuova, refuse substitutes and have him order them for you. If he will not do this, order them yourself, and if you mention Lippincott's they will be sent to you free of express charges. Address Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 33 and 34 Park Place, New York City. Prices: Récamier Cream, Balm and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50 each; Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; half boxes, 50 cents; Récamier Soap, scented, 50 cents; unscented, 25 cents; Récamier Sarsaparilla, \$1.00; Vita Nuova Tonic, \$1.00; Vita Nuova Confections, 50 cents; Vita Nuova Liver Pills, 25 cents. Send money by Postal Order or Registered Letter.

CANARD.—This term, as applied to newspaper inventions, arose in the following manner. Norbert Cornelissen, to try the gullibility of the public, reported in the papers that he had twenty ducks, one of which he cut up and threw to the nineteen, who devoured it. He then cut up a second, then a third, and so on till nineteen were cut up; and as the nineteenth was eaten by the surviving duck, it followed that this one had eaten his nineteen comrades in a wonderfully short space of time. This preposterous tale went the round of the newspapers in France and elsewhere, and so gave the word *canard* ("duck"), in the new sense of a hoax, first to the French language, and then to all civilized tongues. This story may have suggested to W. S. Gilbert his "Yarn of the Nancy Bell."

INVESTMENT life insurance is attracting a very large share of attention at this time, and we assume because it has been conclusively shown that men may in this way have their lives insured for a long series of years, and at the end of the term receive all they have paid to a Company, together with a moderate rate of interest thereon. This is especially true of the Penn Mutual Life, of Philadelphia. We have seen some of the results of this form of insurance, and they would be surprising if they were not true, but they are fully vouched by the statements of the policy-holders.

"UNTIL the ass ascends the ladder" was a favorite expression among the Rabbins for that which can never, or will never, take place: *e.g.*, "*Si ascenderit asinus per scalas, inveniatur scientia in mulieribus*,"—a proposition so uncomplimentary to the better sex that we leave it in Buxtorf's Latin. A similar phrase, with a similar meaning, is found in Petronius: "*asinus in tegulis*" ("an ass on the house-top").

IN the elements of cheapness and security the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company is among the best, if not the best, in the country. As a rule its dividends are allowed in reduction of current premiums, and thus a policy-holder knows the exact cost from year to year. Its splendid surplus, united with economical management, permits the payment of large dividends, and the Company has not and will not resort to plans, as some have done, in which the dividend earnings are concealed for a long period.

CHEDDAR LETTER.—A letter written by the contribution of several friends, each furnishing a paragraph. In Cheddar, Somersetshire, England, all the dairies contribute to make a cheese, which is thus sure to be made of quite fresh milk. The phrase "Cheddar letter" is used by Lord Bolingbroke in a letter to Swift.

THE gross premiums charged in most good life insurance companies are about the same. There is but a trifling variation, if any; and, if the premiums themselves fixed the cost of insurance, it would, of course, be very nearly equal. But dividends regulate cost in life insurance, and the dividends in the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company for many years have been superior to those of competitors. During the year 1888 it made not only the normal increase in dividends, but declared an extra, which is almost without parallel. The Penn Mutual appeals to those who wish the best at the least cost.

"CÆSAR's wife must be above suspicion." This phrase, according to Suetonius and Plutarch, originated with Cæsar under the following circumstances. His wife Pompeia had an intrigue with Publius Clodius, a member of one of the noblest families of Rome and a brilliant and handsome profligate. As he could not easily gain access to her, he took the opportunity, while she was celebrating the mysteries of the Bona Dea ("Good Goddess," a dryad with whom the god Faunus had an amour), to enter disguised in a woman's habit. Now, these mysteries were celebrated annually by women with the most profound secrecy at the house of the consul or prætor. The presence of a man was a hideous pollution; even the pictures of male animals had to be veiled in the room where these ceremonies were performed. While Clodius was waiting in one of the apartments for Pompeia, he was discovered by a maid-servant of Cæsar's mother, who gave the alarm. He was driven out of the assembly with indignation. The news spread a general horror throughout the city. Pompeia was divorced by Cæsar. But when Clodius came up for trial, Cæsar declared that he knew nothing of the affair, though his mother Aurelia and his sister Julia gave the court an exact account of all the circumstances. Being asked why, then, he had divorced Pompeia, "Because," answered Cæsar, "my family should not only be free from guilt, but even from the suspicion of it." (Suetonius.) Plutarch gives it, "Because I would have the chastity of my wife clear even from suspicion." This was very well; but Cæsar had no mind to exasperate a man like Clodius, who might serve his ambitious projects. The judges were tampered with. Clodius was acquitted. Cicero was enraged. "The judges," said he, "would not give any credit to Clodius, but made him pay his money beforehand." This expression made an irreparable breach between Clodius and Cicero, to their mutual undoing. Clodius succeeded in having a law passed for Cicero's banishment, demolished his house, and persecuted his wife and children. Clodius, on his part, was impeached by Milo, the friend of Cicero. The latter was unsuccessful. But Milo and Clodius met, shortly afterwards, on the Appian Way. The servants of both engaged in a general fray, and Milo's faction triumphed. Clodius took shelter in a neighboring tavern, but Milo had the house stormed and Clodius dragged out and slain.

BOOK-PLATES are at least as old as Albert Dürer, who engraved several, the best-known being a wood-cut designed for his friend Billibald Pirckheime, the Nuremberg jurist. Other contemporary engravers executed them. Beham made one for the Archbishop Albert of Mentz, his patron, about 1534. An impression, believed to be unique, is in the Print-Room at the French Bibliothèque Nationale. In England the custom of using book-plates was of much later date, the oldest yet identified bearing the date 1668 and the name of Francis Hill. The 68 is filled in with a pen. The whole number of book-plates in the seventeenth century is very small, amounting only to those of thirteen persons, some of whom, however, had two. As to the name "book-plate," that seems to be of still later date, and cannot be traced back further than the year 1791, when it is used of some of Hogarth's early engravings by his biographer Ireland; though, twenty years earlier, Horace Walpole almost used it,—for he speaks of a "plate to put in Lady Oxford's books" being engraved by George Virtue. Book-plates of an artistic or non-heraldic character are comparatively modern, not to be found, perhaps, before the French Revolution. Men fond of books were contented then with the plain name, if they had no crest or did not care to incur the tax for showing it.

Our Noble Firemen,

Who bravely risk life and limb to save property, deserve all honor and attention. No better proof of our appreciation could be given than to see that "the boys" are well supplied with



Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

They frequently need such a medicine, and so do soldiers, sailors, policemen, drivers, and all whose duties involve broken rest, exposure to inclement weather, great exertion, and nervous excitement. Taken shortly before each meal and also before retiring at night, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a first-class stomachic, tonic, and nervine, and an admirable liver and kidney regulator.

"I have taken a great deal of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I experienced its beneficial effects before I had quite finished one bottle, and I can freely testify that it is the best blood medicine I know of."—L. W. WARD, SR., *Woodland, Tex.*

"I was afflicted for over five years with varicose veins in the right leg, with watery eruptions, forming scales which caused intolerable itching and painful sores. The remedies prescribed by the various physicians I consulted, affording no relief, I was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took eight bottles of this medicine and the eruptions healed and the veins resumed their natural appearance. This was over a year ago, and I have not been troubled with the complaint since."—W. WHEELER, *Construction Superintendent, Washington Mills, Lawrence, Mass.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Sold by Druggists. Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

"Like Magic," the effect produced by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Colds, Coughs, Croup, and Sore Throat, are, in most cases, immediately relieved by the use of this wonderful remedy. It strengthens the vocal organs, allays irritation, and prevents the inroads of Consumption; in every stage of that dread disease, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral relieves coughing and induces refreshing rest.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

THE New York *Herald* thinks that Wm. S. Walsh's "Paradoxes of a Philistine" should be "welcomed by all readers who are competent to absorb sense in quantity but are impatient of quantity of words." The Washington *Public Opinion* says "the style is throughout clear, vivacious, and readable. There is plenty of wit and sympathy with life, and an aptness of literary anecdote and reference which is delightful." *Science*, of New York, says, "The author remarks that the word 'paradox' is usually held to be a synonyme for flippant smartness, but that it really means a proposition that seems absurd but is nevertheless true in fact. His own paradoxes, however, hardly answer to either of these definitions; for only a perverted intelligence could regard the mass of them as true, and, though they are flippant enough, we fail to see any 'smartness' in them. The book is a continuous sneer at men of genius, and at intellectual and moral superiority of every kind. The author adopts a cynical tone throughout, which adds to the disagreeableness of what he says."

THE JUSTICE OF TRAJAN.—Tradition commemorates a bas-relief which once existed at Rome representing the emperor Trajan on horseback, and in front of him a woman sadly kneeling. The suppliant female may in fact have represented a conquered province. Dacia, for example, appears in this guise on one of Trajan's medals. But a popular legend grew up to explain the bas-relief. While starting on a campaign, the emperor, it was said, was stopped by a poor widow, who flung herself on her knees and begged for justice. He expostulated, but finally yielded, and did her justice before resuming his march. This is the first half of the story: the second followed at a later date. Gregory the Great (so the addendum ran) passed through the Forum of Trajan one day, musing on that emperor's many merits, and especially on his charity to the friendless widow; and a great sorrow came over him that a pagan with so many virtues should be lost eternally. Whereupon he prayed loud and long for Trajan's salvation, till at last a voice from on high announced that his prayer was granted, but that henceforth he must pray only for Christian souls; and a later addition to the legend caused Gregory to be punished for his indiscreet though successful intervention by the infliction of certain maladies. The question as to whether Gregory's conduct were justifiable exercised the minds of many mediæval casuists. One affirmative voice thus escaped from the theological difficulties involved: No one can be saved unless he be baptized; now, at the pope's prayer Trajan's soul returned to his body, Gregory baptized it, "and the soul, again quitting its earthly case, went straight up to heaven."

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.—The word "gauntlet," from the French *gant*, "glove," may imply the iron glove of a coat of armor, and is thus directly associated with a military punishment where the delinquent had to run between the lines and the soldiers were only permitted to strike with the gloved hand,—that is, the hand with the gauntlet on. But other etymologists derive gauntlet in this phrase from *gantlope* (Dutch *gang*, a "passage," and *loopen*, to "run"), meaning a military punishment which consisted in making the culprit, naked to the waist, pass repeatedly through two rows of soldiers facing each other, armed with short sticks or other weapons, with which they hit him as he passed.

CHOWDER.—The name and the dish come to us from Canada, the name being a corruption of *chaudière* ("kettle"), in which utensil is made this Norman variety of the Provençal *bouillabaisse* immortalized by Thackeray.

MURDOCK'S LIQUID FOOD *will make blood faster than all preparations known.*

Will relieve the consumptive from hunger, will relieve hunger and exhaustion. Will restore the lost and needed vitality to babies. Will relieve constipation and dyspepsia, and, with the use of our Suppositories, will build the whole system up in a few days, as new blood will always cleanse the system of disease in a few days.

What is it?—LIQUID FOOD and SUPPOSITORIES are made from the best of *Beeves, Sheep, and Fruits*, condensed many-fold, *free from insoluble matter, drugs, minerals, salts, and acids*, making it a food instead of an extract, and is the only raw food preparation known, and so recognized by all medical societies in Europe and the United States that have investigated it.

There never was an essay read before any National or State Medical Society on Raw Food preparations, except on Murdock's Liquid Food. Send for essay and testimonials, also for our Annual Report of our Free Surgical Hospital for Women, containing 114 beds, every bed free, including operations, where we have had between 2000 and 3000 patients, with only a loss of 22 deaths, showing the value of nutrition in restoring the system to health. Liquid food, 12 oz., \$1.00. Suppositories, adults', \$1.20 a dozen; infants', 35 cents a dozen. Kept by all druggists; if not, we deliver Liquid Food by express, free, and Suppositories by mail.

Mothers, if your baby does not thrive, never change its food, but add five or more drops at each feeding of Murdock's Liquid Food, and its lost or needed vitality will be restored in less than thirty days.

THE MAID OF THE MIST was a small steamboat built in 1854 for navigation between the American and Canadian shores of the St. Lawrence just below Niagara Falls. She was seventy-two feet long, with seventeen feet breadth of beam and eight feet depth of hold, and she carried an engine of one hundred horse-power. After seven years' service, her owner desired to sell her. He received an offer of little more than half her cost if he would deliver her at Niagara opposite the fort, and, after consulting with her captain and pilot, Joel R. Robinson, he decided to accept the offer. Robinson consented to act as pilot for the fearful voyage, Jones the engineer agreed to accompany him, and a machinist named McIntyre volunteered to share the risk with them. On June 15, 1861, in the presence of a large crowd, the little vessel left the dock, which was just above the suspension bridge, ran up the eddy a short distance, cleared the smooth water, and shot like an arrow into the rapid under the bridge. When a third of the way down, she was struck by a jet of water which carried away her smoke-stack and keeled her over. But she speedily righted, and, after receiving another drenching from the waves, dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston.

"COCK AND BULL STORY."—The most probable explanation of this term as applied to preposterous tales related in private life is that which refers it to the old fables in which cocks, bulls, and other animals are represented as endowed with speech. Matthew Prior's "Riddle on Beauty" closes with these lines:

*Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales and foolish riddles.*

One of Cowper's fables commences as follows:

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
 If birds confabulate or no;
 'Tis clear that they were always able
 To hold discourse at least in *fable*.
 And ev'n the child who knows no better
 Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull
 Must have a most uncommon skull.

CHAUVIN, CHAUVINISM.—The word "chauvinism," meaning a blatant thirst for military glory, is of comparatively recent origin in France. Chauvin is a character in "*La Cocarde Tricolore*," a comedy by two brothers, Theodore and Hippolyte Cogniard, first produced at the Folies Dramatiques on March 19, 1831. The plot is laid in Africa, and treats of the conquest of Algiers. Chauvin is a young recruit, who talks a great deal, displays considerable courage, and is made to sing couplets with the refrain,—

J'suis Français, j'suis Chauvin,—
 J'tape sur le Bédouin!

The comedy was a great success in its day, and it is not unlikely that the word *chauvinisme* originated in the above couplet. Nevertheless, a contributor to the *Paris Figaro*, well known under the pseudonyme of Vieux Parisien, claimed that the dramatists were not the authors of the name. He himself was personally acquainted with one Nicholas Chauvin, an old Napoleonic soldier with a pension of two hundred francs, who, notwithstanding the many hardships he underwent while in active service,—he was wounded seventeen times,—talked of nothing but the glory of his Emperor. It was from him that the authors of "*La Cocarde Tricolore*" gave the name of Chauvin to their young recruit. The word *chauvinisme* is not to be found in the edition of Molin's *Dictionnaire* published in 1842; but that it had by this time entered into common parlance is evidenced from Bayard and Dumanoir's play "*Les Aides-de-Camp*," produced April 1, 1842, in which one of the characters says, "You have left finance, but since your marriage you have entered into chauvinism, *as they say*."

"MAY AND DECEMBER" is frequently used to characterize the courting of a young girl by an old man. Chaucer has a poem called "January and May" ("*The Merchant's Tale*"), but January is so connected in the public mind with the new year that it symbolizes rather lusty youth than an old man in his dotage. December has therefore become the popular symbol for the mating of youth and age. There is an old ballad recounting the ill success of an old man's wooing, in which each verse ends with the refrain,—

For May and December can never agree.

Hood has a poem entitled "December and May," and as a motto to the verses he quotes from the "*Passionate Pilgrim*,"—

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together.

Shakespeare, in "*Much Ado about Nothing*," in expressing the comparative beauty of Hero and Beatrice, says one exceeds the other in beauty "as the first of May doth the last of December."